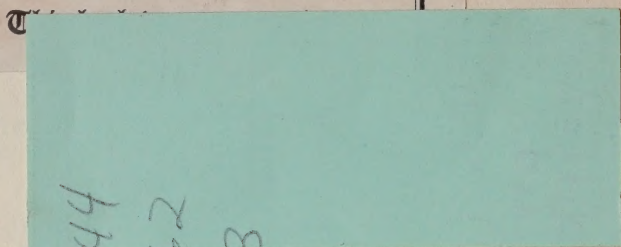


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**DEATH AND ITS MYSTERY
AFTER DEATH**

DEATH AND ITS MYSTERY

IN THREE VOLUMES

I BEFORE DEATH

II AT THE MOMENT OF DEATH

III AFTER DEATH

DEATH AND ITS MYSTERY

AFTER DEATH

*Manifestations and Apparitions of the
Dead; The Soul after Death*

BY
CAMILLE FLAMMARION

TRANSLATED BY
LATROBE CARROLL



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DEATH AND ITS MYSTERY
AFTER DEATH

Death is our common lot. Material riches are won and lost. Let thy life be inspired by the purest justice! Be beyond reproach in relation to others and to thyself. Seize every opportunity to learn. In this way thou wilt lead a most pleasurable life.

Ponder these thoughts. When thou art filled by them thou wilt be enabled to conceive of the nature of God, of men, and of things, and to account for the unity of all creation. Thou wilt then know this universal law, that everywhere in the world matter and spirit are in principle identical.

Continue the work of liberating thy soul by making a judicious and well-considered choice in all things, to the end that thou mayest assure the triumph of what is best in thyself—the triumph of the spirit. Then, when thou leavest thy mortal shape, thou wilt rise into the ether and, ceasing to be mortal, wilt thyself assume the form of an immortal god.

PYTHAGORAS.

DEATH AND ITS MYSTERY

I

A GENERAL INVESTIGATION

The truths of mathematics can be passed upon only by mathematicians. I despise the judgment of ignorant mathematicians.

COPERNICUS.

OUR volume "At the Moment of Death," the second of this metaphysical trilogy, left its readers *certain* of the reality of phantasms of the living, of apparitions and manifestations of the dying,—occurring at every variation of distance,—and of telepathic transmissions. It ends with this question: Shall we obtain the same absolute proofs, the same *certainly* as to the real existence of the dead?

"This is a book written in good faith," said Montaigne in his unforgettable "Essays." The same affirmation must be made concerning the present work.

We now reach the door of the closed temple. But in our journeys to the frontier of the two worlds that door has already seemed to open half-way. The purpose of this third volume is to prove survival after death, *by scientifically observed facts*, by the same experimental method, apart from all religious beliefs.

Reason, meditation may aid in the search for truth, but they do not suffice, have not sufficed, up to the present time, to discover truth. Positive observation is indispensable to

insure conviction. Theories mean nothing if they are not based upon realities.

It is remarkable that the supreme question of whether we are ephemeral or lasting, of whether or not we survive death, has remained, so far, outside the sphere of the recognized sciences. The dweller upon this earth is a strange being. He lives upon a planet without knowing where he is, and without having the curiosity to ask himself—without seeking to know his own nature!

It is time to assault the stronghold of time-honored ignorance, without concealing any difficulty, any objection.

Before plunging into our investigation, and in order not to run the risk of wasting our time—for nothing is more absurd than waste of time—it seems to me that my first duty, out of respect to the numberless readers who are doing me the honor of following me, is to take in at one glance of recapitulation the thousands of communications which have been sent me. I must then add to these, mentally, the thousands of observations made in all countries and at all epochs, and see if some few of them offer such a weight of evidence that they give us promise of the desired certainty, free us from the fear of spending our time fruitlessly, and warrant our continued consideration of the subject of inquiry. Later we shall have occasion to classify by categories the phenomena observed. Let us, then, first make a rapid survey which will in itself throw some light upon our field of investigation.

Out of the four thousand eight hundred letters which I have received from correspondents with whom I was—or found myself afterward—in touch, and whose sincerity and moral integrity I have had reason to esteem, I have selected only a few hundreds of manifestations from among those which seemed to me unquestionable. I have proceeded exactly as we do in scientific journals when we make public an astronomical observation, a meteorological or a geological observation. I have been much more exacting, even. Here is

no romance, no phantasy, but rigorous observation. Those readers who might accuse me of a lack of method in this work, or in the preceding work "*L'Inconnu*" ("*The Unknown*"), will show themselves to have been too indolent to go into the subject thoroughly, or prove that they are completely lacking in the power of analysis.

Let us have no preconceived convictions, either religious or anti-religious. In the most irrational beliefs one often discovers a basis of misinterpreted truth. Let us investigate freely and draw our conclusions. There are people with closed minds. Let us not adopt their point of view. "As for me," a certain obdurate denier said one day to a free seeker, "I believe only in what I can understand."—"And every one knows you believe in nothing!" replied the free seeker.

The principles of the scientific method bid us accept only with extreme circumspection stories of phenomena that are outside the natural course of events, holding them, at first, under suspicion, precisely because they are extraordinary and inexplicable. And it is difficult to decide at the outset as to the sincerity and perfect mental balance of narrators. I might mention more than one pseudo-historian troubled in no way with a respect for the truth. The signer's name is not always a guarantee. The simple account of an observation made by an attentive, serious-minded witness without literary pretensions is often of greater worth than that of a professional writer. We may even have reason to think that an author of romance, accustomed to writing fiction, is quite capable of putting forward errors as reality, without the least misgivings of conscience. Consequently, all accounts must first be held under suspicion. But to declare all of them inadmissible is simply stupid. There are real occurrences. Despite the inexactness of historical testimony, I take the liberty of repeating the statement that Louis XVI died on the guillotine on January 21, 1793, in Paris, and that

the body of Napoleon lies in a marble sarcophagus in the Invalides. Let us, therefore, proceed, (1) with prudence; (2) with entire freedom of judgment.

The method which we have adopted in our investigation appears to us the most certain, the most unassailable method.

We have ascertained, in the second part of this work, that the soul, when leaving the body, manifests itself in various ways, often at great distances from the spot where death takes place. But the manifestations might come from a person still living, for the precise moment of death is extremely difficult to determine psychologically.

We have read of varied phenomena of the soul in a state *between life and death*, phenomena which do not seem to be manifestations of the *dead*. We have not wished to hide the objections which surround the problem to be solved; we have looked difficulties in the face, for scientific research is, above all, open and honest. We must with the same honesty, the same sincerity, the same independence of spirit inquire into the facts now to be revealed to us.

We must investigate impartially, discuss and interpret a large number of phenomena which appear to be manifestations of the dead. Certain faculties of the soul exist,—faculties that are unknown or little investigated,—such as psychic transmissions at a distance, the will functioning without the medium of word or sign, telepathy, seeing without eyes, hearing without ears, and the foreseeing of the future. The working of these faculties under different conditions has revealed the existence of an individual soul, a soul which, from this time on, must no longer be considered an *effect* but a *cause*. The subject-matter with which we are here beginning to deal will bring us positive and explicit testimony of survival after death. The phenomena which we shall consider, all equally inexplicable, will oblige us to admit the existence in us of a spiritual element differing from the physiological, physical, mechanical, and chemical attributes of the animal organism

—a veritable psychic substance, which the dissolution of the body leaves intact.

But the value of our conclusions is closely bound up with the rigor of our method. We must consider ourselves the less authorized to attribute to the dead *all* inexplicable occurrences, from the fact that the first volume of "Death and Its Mystery" ("Before Death") led us to suspect the existence of human faculties as yet indeterminate.

We shall have before our eyes manifestations and apparitions observed after death; we shall have frequent examples of spirits carrying out intentions expressed when they were alive. Our duty is, unquestionably, to seek first to explain these manifestations as acts of the living, through mental faculties; but we shall realize that with the best will in the world this is not easy, and that, if we have no prejudice, we are forced to admit the existence of will on the part of those dead.

Intercourse between the dead and the living is communication between spirits at a certain phase of existence and other spirits at a totally different phase; communication taking place through a means distinct from that of the physical organs, since in the other world these organs no longer exist. Let us make a careful investigation, without confining ourselves to any rigid system of thought.

In this investigation we shall continue to follow the principle which has guided us up to the present: no empty phrases, no dissertations, no hypotheses, but *facts*.

At the very outset let us state that the posthumous phenomena which we shall examine are not in contradiction to the biological law of continuity. They show, on the contrary, that life goes on beyond the tomb—goes on quite simply, quite naturally. Apparitions at the moment of death have thrown a bridge between the two worlds; they lead us directly, with no break in continuity, to apparitions after death.

Science must investigate psychic phenomena, as it does physical phenomena, without being halted by improbabilities. Before the discovery of Hertzian waves, could we have brought ourselves to admit that an electric wave could be sent, without wires, a distance of thousands of kilometers? Should we not have laughed if some one had asserted that a metal object contained in a thick wooden box could be photographed? Should we not have called any one mad who told us that we should one day see photographs of our bones, taken through our flesh and our clothing? Were not all things open to investigation? Are they not still open?

It is a mistake to disregard manifestations under the pretext that they are infrequent and exceptional; it is unscientific. The discovery of X-rays was due to an accident; that of argon was due to an anomaly in the habitual behavior of nitrogen; it was the variance between the observed and the calculated position of Uranus which revealed the existence of Neptune; and so on.

Do we understand telepathic transmissions at the moment of death? No. Are they absolutely indubitable? Yes. They are of still more frequent occurrence than I have led readers to believe. While I was writing these pages (July, 1921) I received the following letter from my illustrious friend Camille Saint-Saëns, who died several months afterward (December 16th), to the grief of his admirers:

While I was rereading your last volume for the *n*th time, a recollection awakened in my memory, and I shall not wait until to-morrow to tell you of it.

It was in January, 1871, on the last day of the war. I was at the front lines, at Arcueil-Cachan. We had just dined upon an excellent horse, of which we had made a good meat broth, and had gathered a great many dandelions, the roots of which, at that time of the year, are fully developed; in a word, a dinner that had satisfied us all, and we were on that day as gay as we could be in such circumstances. Suddenly I heard, running through my

head, the musical dirge of melancholy chords which I have since made the beginning of my Requiem. I felt in the depths of my being the presentiment that a misfortune was happening to me. A profound anguish overwhelmed me.

It was at that very moment that Henri Regnault had been killed; I was bound to him by the closest friendship. The news of his death caused me such grief that I fell ill and was obliged to stay in bed for three days.

I experienced, therefore, the reality of telepathy before the word was invented. How right you are in thinking that established science does not know the human being, and that we have everything to learn!

Yours with all my heart,
C. SAINT-SAËNS.

(Letter 4565.)

The foregoing is still another psychic occurrence to add to all those which my readers have passed judgment on. The name of the man to whom it happened lends it especial value.

Telepathic communication from one soul to another during life is not to be doubted. Nor is it doubtful after death.

Given our present knowledge of radiations, of physical and psychic forces, and of the atomic structure of matter, it seems to me that from this time on we shall be in a position to analyze our subject-matter with greater profit than would have been possible even a short time ago, in the well-founded hope of attaining results of great importance. Let us, then, investigate this serious subject in all its aspects, avoiding preconceived ideas which might prevent our judging freely.

I shall first present, for the impartial consideration of my readers, a series of observations which appear to me absolutely conclusive. Such must be the logical beginning of this third volume, that it may deserve its title, "After Death."

One of the most conclusive manifestations of the dead that I know of was that described by a positivist and sincere mate-

rialist, Dr. Caltagirone of Palermo. He gave it as his own experience. Let us listen to the personal version which he recounts. (The occurrence took place not long ago, in December, 1910.)

I was a friend of Benjamin Sirchia; his physician, in fact. Sirchia, well known in Palermo, was an aged patriot, and very popular. He had splendid civic and moral virtues. He was, like me, a skeptic, in the widest meaning of the term.

One day, in May, 1910, we happened to discuss psychic phenomena. I answered his questions by assuring him that, speaking from my own experience, certain of these phenomena were real, but that the interpretations given them were debatable. In the course of this conversation he said to me jestingly:

"Listen, Doctor. If I die before you, which is probable, since I'm old and you're still young, strong, and healthy, I give you my word that I'll come and give you proof of my survival, if I still exist."

Laughing, and in the same jesting way, I answered:

"Then you'll come and manifest yourself by breaking something in this room—for example that gas-fixtured above the table. (We were at that moment in my dining-room.) And, to be polite, I added: "I'll pledge myself, too, if I die before you, to come and give you some sign of the same sort, in your house!"

I wish to repeat that all this was said jestingly rather than seriously. We separated, and some days afterward he left for Licata, in the province of Girgenti, where he went to settle down. From that day I had no news of him, either directly or indirectly. This conversation took place in May, 1910.

The following December, the first or the second, toward six o'clock in the evening, I was seated at table with my sister (the two of us compose the household) when our attention was attracted by several slight blows, some of them struck upon the shade of the gas-fixtured which hung from the ceiling of the dining-room and some upon the little movable porcelain bell of the smoke-shield above the glass chimney. At first we attributed the tapping to the action of the heat of the flame, which I tried to lessen. But

the blows increased in force, and continued with a sort of rhythmic noise. I then climbed upon a chair, to examine more carefully what was happening, and I ascertained that the phenomenon could not be attributed to the heat of the flame, which was burning at a very usual rate of pressure. Besides, it was not a question of slight popping noises, like those produced as a result of extreme heat, but of sharp taps of a special tone, suggesting blows struck with the knuckles or with a finger ring with which one might knock purposely upon some porcelain object. I sought to discover the cause of these strange blows. To no purpose. Meanwhile we finished dinner and the phenomenon came to an end.

The following evening the same tapping was repeated, as it was *on four or five consecutive days*; this continued to excite our intense curiosity more and more.

But on the last evening a strong, sharp blow split the little swinging bell in two; it remained in this state, hanging by the hook of the metal counterbalance. I could verify this by standing upon the table to observe closely the effect of the last blow. I remember clearly, as does my sister, that even after we had extinguished the central light around which the phenomenon was taking place and had lighted another branch of the chandelier, the blows still continued with equal force.

I must also declare and affirm upon my honor as an honest man that during the course of these five or six days on which was observed the phenomenon which I could not explain, I never once thought of my friend Benjamin Sirchia, and still less of the conversation of the preceding May, which I had entirely forgotten.

The day following the evening when, as I have said, the little porcelain bell split, I was in my study; my sister had gone out on the balcony to look at something or other in the street; the servant had gone out; when we heard, in the dining-room, a *tremendous bang* as though a violent blow with a club had been struck upon the table.

My sister heard it from the balcony, and I from my study: both of us hurried to see what had happened.

It is strange, but however fantastic this occurrence be, I can answer for its truth: on the table, *and as though it had been placed*

there by a human hand, we found half of the little movable bell, while the other half was still hanging in its place.

Evidently the violence of the blow was out of proportion to the result. This was the last phenomenon; it brought to a climax the strange happenings which had been repeated during five or six days. It had taken place in broad daylight and without the action of heat.

The half of the porcelain bell could not have fallen to the table perpendicularly, for, since it would have had to pass through the center of the shade, it would have struck the gas-jet and its glass chimney. These must needs have broken beneath the shock, to allow the half-bell of the smoke-shield to pass through freely. But the two objects were quite intact and the empty space was not wide enough to allow for the passage. If the smoke-shield had fallen obliquely upon the porcelain shade, which was rather large, it would have been broken, or would have broken the shade. Or, granting that it slid without breaking, it must of necessity have rebounded to a point far from the center of the table, and not fallen in line with the axis of the gas-fixture.

It follows that the noise was a warning of the accomplished phenomenon, and that the fragment of the bell was placed in such a way as to point to the conclusion that what had happened was not due to an accident—an accident which would, moreover, have been contrary to the law of falling bodies.

I must acknowledge once more that I had absolutely forgotten Sirchia and the pact which we had made in the preceding month of May.

Two days afterward I met Professor Rusci; he said to me, "Did you know that poor Benjamin Sirchia had died?"—"When?" I asked anxiously.—"On one of the last days of November—the twenty-seventh or the twenty-eighth."—I then thought: "The last days of November? Strange! Could the phenomena which happened at my home have some connection with his death?" (The memory of our last conversation, with its peculiar details, had come back to me.) The phenomena began on the first or second of December and continued for five or six days. An attempt to break something connected with the gas-fixture of the dining-room had been agreed on between us, in the month of May, and this manifesta-

tion did not end until the final carrying out of the agreement. A thing equally strange was that when the compact had been carried out in this way, almost as though to signal its fulfilment, a terrific blow informed us of the fact! The intentional carrying of the little bell to a spot where it could not have fallen of itself, in ordinary circumstances, thus eliminating the element of chance, completed this strange manifestation.

Such was my personal experience.

My sister and I have decided to keep, as a souvenir of this unexplained phenomenon, the two fragments of the little bell, among those things which are precious and dear to us.

VICENZO CALTAGIRONE.

Such is the witness's story.

It seems to me logical to draw from his experience the natural conclusion, as we do in the case of an experiment in chemistry or physics, and to state that it proves the following: (1) This friend still existed four, five, six, seven, eight days after his death; (2) he had retained his consciousness, his individuality; (3) he remembered his promise; (4) he was able to fulfil it.

Assuredly, we do not know in what form one may exist after this life, with what faculties our ultimate psychic atoms may be endowed, and how it is possible for them to function materially, mechanically, as in this characteristic example. But the facts are before us. There can be no evasion. To explain them is impossible in the present state of our knowledge, but the impossibility of explanation does not lessen their value in the least. We are, with regard to the study of the psychic world, at the point where Newton was when he was seeking to explain the plan of the physical world, and we may apply here his own method of reasoning. He wrote:

Things behave as if bodies attracted each other in direct proportion to the product of their masses and in inverse proportion to the square of their distance apart. How, I do not know."

Let us say, with him: *Things behave as if* the dead man were acting.

Any criticism of the logic of this argument would seem to me of small validity. The old hypothesis of chance coincidences is really no longer tenable. The most thin-spun reasoning leads to nothing. We must either deny the experience or admit that it is inexplicable.

I repeat with Newton: *Things behaved as if* Dr. Caltagirone's friend had kept his promise. That is the true scientific method—not blind, persistent, and systematic denial.

Once again let me state that we do not know how a soul can strike a chandelier, break the little bell of a smoke-shield, and strike a blow, like that of a club,¹ upon a table. These instances exist by hundreds. Those that we have had before our eyes in the first two volumes of this work induce us to think that electrical force comes into play; but the hypothesis leads nowhere, since no one knows what electricity is. Moreover, there are, in nature, unsuspected forces. They may play a preponderant part in these phenomena. It is these forces that we must discover, instead of following the method of certain contemporary savants, who contend that science has a right to explain observed facts only by forces that have already been investigated, without admitting those that are unknown.

I have received a large number of different accounts, from all countries of the world, in all languages, from people of all social classes and of all ages—from that of the most ingenuous and ignorant childhood to years of full power, enlightened by experience and rigid psychological analysis. So numerous are they that it is absolutely impossible for me to doubt manifestations on the part of the dead, under certain conditions, and their survival after death, at least for a certain time.

¹ Is light a body? It acts materially upon Crookes's radiometer, making it turn. It acts upon a photographic plate, decomposing the salts. It may produce a chemical explosion; and so on.

To keep a promise in order to prove to a friend that one still exists after one's last breath, is, plainly, a definite enough indication. What more could we ask?

The blows, the mechanical movements, the physical phenomena are manifestations of a force emanating from the spirit. We have seen a very great number of examples of them in Volume II—manifestations of a psychic force.

This term "psychic force," which I had brought into vogue in 1865 through the publication of my first short work, "*Les Forces naturelles inconnues*" ("Unknown Natural Forces"), was discussed, and even made fun of a little, by certain writers who were particularly conventional, methodical in their habit of thought, and ultra-prudent. A philosopher,—justly esteemed, moreover, for certain works on the history of astronomy,—Monsieur Th.-Henri Martin, dean of the Rennes faculty of letters, and a member of the Institute,—wrote, among others:

It does not seem necessary to me to discuss seriously the existence of the unknown natural forces which Monsieur Flammarion calls psychic—forces which are supposed to bring about intelligent movements on the part of tables, and the other prodigies attributed to mediums.¹

The celebrated Rennes professor does not admit the existence of these unknown forces. After a long dissertation on the experiments of Agénor de Gasparin, Thury, and other observers,—experiments he did not understand in the least,—and only as a last resort siding with R. P. Matignon and the partizans of the intervention of the devil, he writes: "I see strong probabilities which might lead one to attribute these marvels in part to illusion and in part to deception."² In

¹ Th.-Henri Martin: *Les sciences et la philosophie* (Paris, 1869), p. 438.

² *Idem*, p. 472.

other words: nothing. Such were our authoritative predecessors in this sort of research.

The occurrence of which we have just read is characteristic. To attribute it to unknown human faculties or to chance would seem to me extremely rash. Assuredly, one would have liked to *see* the cause of these purposeful blows. Does one see phantoms? Yes, sometimes. Here is an example, precise and definite. The letter given below was sent me from Lyons on April 25, 1921.

DEAR MASTER:

Allow me to state, first, that in my youth (long ago) I used to laugh heartily when, by chance, those about me spoke of manifestations from the "beyond": I had the skepticism of—let us say the word—imbecility.

My youth passed, maturity came, and if, among the people with whom I found myself, these questions were brought up, I no longer laughed, but I believed no more than before. There was some progress. Well, this is what happened to me personally:

One autumn night (the temperature was already low) I was seated near the fireplace where some logs were burning. Before me was my wife, in an arm-chair; her back was turned to a window opening on the passageway leading to the rooms on the first floor of my house. I was not dreaming I assure you, for I had just run through a treatise on "Electric Transformers" which hardly lent itself to revery. I was, therefore, far from thinking of phenomena of the other world, when my dog, a Pomeranian, lying before the hearthstone, jumped up and began to howl, looking toward the window, then came to lie down, still growling, near my chair.

I looked toward the window quickly, and behind it I saw, silhouetted, a shade. Its contours were delicate; it might have been drawn in soft pencil by Henner. It went toward the door giving into my room. I could not restrain an exclamation. The shade—the light from a fairly distant gas-jet shone through it feebly—came forward slowly. Its manner of walking showed a slight limp, and in spite of myself I cried, "Why, it's Father!"

There were both the bodily contour and the gait of my wife's father, who had died two years before. It was indeed he. I got up hurriedly, threw myself toward the door, opened it abruptly and—nothing!

This could not have been an hallucination. The book which I had just run through and which I still held in my hand did not lend itself to that. Besides, my wife had turned around sharply at my cry, and like me, had perceived this shade, dear to her memory.

When I had entered my room again, my dog had taken refuge under the bed and continued to growl.

Since then I have seen nothing more.

Please accept, dear Master, my admiring homage.

BALLET-GALLIFET,

12 montée du Greillon, Lyons.

(Letter 4462.)

Not all the letters I have received have the value of this last one. The observer is scientifically inclined. His spontaneous experience was duplicated by that of his wife, and—this is not negligible—by the dog's excitement. All this is hardly commonplace.

According to my rule, I wished to make an independent investigation of the incident. Among the persons in Lyons with whom I am in touch, one seemed to me particularly well fitted, by reason of her work and her ability, to assist me in the research: Madame Rougier, my esteemed colleague of the Astronomical Society of France, and of the Metaphysical Institute. I wrote to her, without giving her any details on the subject, to be so good as to go, on some pretext or other, and pay a visit to the author of the preceding communication. I told her to bring the conversation round to the subject of apparitions, and to listen attentively to the personal account which he might give of his experience.

I select the following passages from the answer Madame Rougier so kindly sent:

The letter you did me the honor of sending me arrived this morning (May 2d). I am beginning this reply at five minutes to six, and take pleasure in informing you that my husband and I have just returned from paying a call on Monsieur Ballet-Gallifet. That gentleman received us graciously, and it was not long before he referred to the astounding apparition which he and Madame Ballet-Gallifet saw—the apparition of that lady's father. This is the story he told us:

“At nine o'clock in the evening my wife and I were at home, when suddenly my dog gave tongue on seeing some one enter. It was a man, coming forward slowly. I was struck with astonishment when I recognized my father-in-law, for not only was this person really he, but he even *limped* as he did. My father-in-law was afflicted with lameness. If I had not noticed at once this detail, which made me recognize him from afar, I should have taken up a weapon, thinking him a thief. My wife was also a witness of the ‘apparition.’”

It was your last two books which made Monsieur B.-G. tell of this occurrence which happened fifteen years ago! He is an intellectual, keenly interested in all that has to do with progress, either in science or in art; he seemed to us worthy of being trusted in every respect. Later we shall go and call on his wife, who was not able to appear, because of the short time my husband had at his disposal, but I caught sight of her, though I did not hear her speak.

T. ROUGIER.

(Letter 4470.)

I am now able to state that on May 20th I made a second call. Madame B.-G. whom I had not been able to see the first time, confirmed all the facts related by her husband, and seemed keenly interested in the investigation for which you are insisting on precision in observation. I must add that Monsieur B.-G. also said to us, “The phantom glided rather than walked.”

T. ROUGIER.

(Letter 4514.)

Another letter from Monsieur Ballet-Gallifet gave me the date of his father-in-law's death: March 19, 1904. The oc-

currence described took place in the course of the autumn of 1906. With the additional letter (Number 4484) was a map, which it seems to me superfluous to reproduce.

Judging from the proofs, the apparition cannot be doubted. As we have remarked, its reality is confirmed by the dog's perception of it. To assume in this instance a triple hallucination would be equivalent to denying the reality of all we see before us at every hour of the day.

I am putting this case before my readers directly after the preceding one because of their dissimilarity. It might be objected that the first was coincidence; this objection would not apply to the latter. It is another sort of attestation. What can we suppose in this instance? An hallucination on the part of the narrator, his wife, and the dog? What do you think?

The variety of these manifestations of the dead would lead us to believe in their reality. Here is a third, altogether different. A manifestation as difficult to question as the two preceding ones will be found in the interesting letter which follows. This communication was addressed to me from Ruelle (Charente) on June 9, 1921. I am selecting the essential passages:

The facts you reveal and discuss are, to me, unquestionably true. You have quoted¹ a letter which I wrote you more than twenty years ago after reading "L'Inconnu." All that I have said is absolutely authentic, but it was not that blow and that movement of a curtain coinciding with a death which convinced me that all is not over after death; it was the experience which I shall relate.

I shall tell you upon what my conviction rests; it is not a thing of to-day, for it is a childhood recollection, but it has remained engraved upon my memory, and I see, in thought, the spot where the occurrence took place as though it were yesterday.

It, too, happened in Isère, in Saint-Gervais, where in former days there was a cannon foundry for the navy. We were living in a

¹ *At the Moment of Death*, p. 254.

dwelling provided by the State. My father was a fervent believer in spiritualism; as for me, I was very young and paid no attention to it—all the more so because my father was exceptional in giving himself up to this investigation.

In Rochefort-sur-Mer he had a friend named Cognet the news of whose death *was given him in a letter*.

One evening, after receiving this letter (I do not remember if it was the same day or later) we were in bed. The two beds were in an alcove, the doors of which were open, but, lying as I was, my back was to the two sections of this folding-door; I could, therefore, see nothing in the room giving on the alcove. I was not asleep. I heard my father speaking in a low tone in his bed, and did not understand the words he was uttering. Suddenly I saw a *glow* which made me utter a cry of terror. My father got up and took me into bed with him. The glow persisted; it was a sort of phosphorescent cloud, without definite outlines.

I remember that very well, for I saw it from my father's bed. It is noteworthy that I had been struck by the glow though my back was turned and no mirror could have reflected anything. My father pronounced these words in a loud voice: "If you are Cognet, strike three blows on the chest of drawers." This piece of furniture, marble-topped (it is still in my possession) was in the room giving on to the alcove. Three loud and measured blows were then struck upon the marble of the chest of drawers. Then, little by little, the glow thinned, melted, and I saw nothing more. I do not remember that my father asked other questions; probably he did, but I have no recollection of them.

Well, this simple happening of which I have thought all my life (I reflected upon it later, when I was able to reason) gave me the conviction, the certainty that death does not end all. People have often said in my presence, "After death there's nothing more."—"Yes," I always answer, "there is something."—"What do you know about it?" they ask. I answer: "I *saw*. I saw without wishing to see; I heard, shuddering with fear."

TEXIER,
Ruelle Foundry, Charente.

(Letter 4528.)

Though there were only two rather vague witnesses of this manifestation, it seems to me that it may be confidently recorded. The recollection of it was precise. My readers are familiar with other, similar examples; for instance, a glow lighting a room, coinciding with a death (Volume II, page 120); the luminous, phosphorescent spot, synchronizing with a comatose condition preceding a father's demise (*idem*, page 134); the luminous aureole surrounding some one dead (*idem*, page 285); an apparition enveloped in a very bright light (*idem*, page 353); the lighting up of a room (*idem*, page 360). This mysterious glow has been perceived rather often; always it came unsought. We are obliged to see in this, as in other similar happenings, a manifestation of some one dead—some one who, in consequence, still existed, as in the case of the chandelier struck by Benjamin Sirchia, who had died eight days before, and the case of the apparition of Madame Ballet-Gallifet's father.

A man who, all his life, has preserved vividly in memory an unforgettable experience, is a witness we should not neglect. These experiences are very varied. Here is a fourth. It is another sort of manifestation and substantiates our first two cases. Is it possible not to give consideration to the following letter, which was sent me from Nantes on March 31, 1921?—possible to suppose that its author fabricated a fantastic tale or had an hallucination?

MY DEAR MASTER:

I am forty-two. I love science too much, I have too much interest in all those questions which you are investigating so impartially and so scientifically, and finally—and this should be enough—I have too much esteem and consideration for the savant that you are, to fabricate or exaggerate anything whatsoever.

I was nineteen, and was living in Nantes, where I am at present. I frequented a café where I spent almost all my evenings; I was on very intimate terms with the proprietor. A charwoman used to

come into this café, to do the heavy work. This woman was not married, and was living in a marital relation with a workman from Marseilles, whose given name was Marius. She was a native of Brittany; Keryado was her family name; but we only called her, familiarly, "Mother Marius." She drank a little. These details have their own importance. She was, on the whole, a good sort, kind-hearted, and she had done for me certain small services.

Every week I used to leave Nantes on Saturday evening and spend Sunday on a farm in the very midst of the country-side. One Saturday I left as usual—took leave of the proprietor, of my friends, and said good-by to this same charwoman, who was in excellent health. So, late on Saturday night, I found myself in the country as usual, but I must explain that this time, through exceptional circumstances, I was to remain there for the whole week. The farm-house had two rooms: a kitchen and another room. On Thursday, at one o'clock in the afternoon, I was talking, in the other room, with the young girl of the house. There was no one in the kitchen. The doors and windows were closed. We were talking, when both of us heard a noise in the kitchen, as though the fire-tongs had fallen on to the hearthstone. Out of precaution, thinking that the cat might be getting into the jars of milk, I went to see what it was. There was nothing; everything was shut up. Scarcely had I come back into the room when there was the same noise. I turned. Nothing. Since I had already taken up spiritualism, I said to the young girl, laughing, "It's a spirit, perhaps,"—attaching no importance to my words, however. I then had the idea of using a little round table, with which we had already experimented, and we waited, both of us sitting at it, our hands upon it. Almost immediately we got a communication through rapping, one that was according to the usual alphabetic code. "Is this a spirit?"—"Yes."—"You lived on earth?"—"Yes."—"You knew me?"—"Yes."—"What was your name?"—"Keryado." At this odd name (I did not remember the charwoman's family name) I was about to leave the table, thinking that the reply was pointless, when the young girl said to me, "That's the family name of the charwoman in the café."—"That's true," I answered, and then I began a series of questions. I was unwilling to believe that she was dead, having left her in perfect health only five days before. I asked her for details and

learned that she had been taken ill at eight o'clock on Tuesday evening, that she had been carried to her home, and that she had died at eleven o'clock, of a hemorrhage. I have already said that she drank. (The young girl knew her, but since going to the country a month before had had no news of her.) This happened on Thursday. On Saturday, when I returned to Nantes, as soon as I got out of the train, I went to the café, and there, to my stupefaction, they gave me confirmation of this woman's death and of all the details she had given me.

Such was the experience I had. I have since told it more than twenty times, when the conversation turned on this general subject. Autosuggestion cannot explain it. I had left this woman in perfect health; I had no reason for thinking of her; the girl who was at the little table had not seen her for a month, and was not in correspondence with her.

NEBERRY,

(Letter 4407.)

Nantes.

The customary investigation which I made, after this communication, allows no doubt of its authenticity. Unquestionably, spiritualistic experiments are at least half the time without intrinsic value and reflect naïvely the mentality of the experimenters, but in this case the manifestation was spontaneous, unexpected, and singularly precise.

The same correspondent became a spiritualist of unalterable conviction, as every observer is convinced of what he has seen, as a mason is sure that the walls which he has built were constructed of stones, and a planter is sure that his fields have yielded him grain. He told me of another occurrence no less remarkable. It concerns a manifestation on the part of a man who committed suicide—one that took place some days after his death. Here is the experience:

My grandparents kept an inn in Bordeaux; sailors were the chief patrons of its restaurant. The captain of a vessel sailing the high seas was in the habit of stopping at this inn whenever he re-

turned from a voyage; he used to spend some days in Bordeaux before rejoining his family in Rochefort.

One day, when he was stopping at the inn, he made the acquaintance, in the city, of a woman of the streets, who stole his pocket-book. Desperate, heartsick at having to go back to his family after this misadventure, he hanged himself from the window-fastening of his room. The next morning, disturbed at not seeing him come down, they went upstairs and the maid found him hanged! The usual formalities were observed, and his family communicated with. Some days afterward my aunt (she told me this story; she is incapable of lying; she is now living in Nantes)—my aunt and the maid were busy putting the captain's room to rights and were talking of him, when suddenly the bedside table was set violently in motion, and the curtains of the bed shook. The maid, terrified, fled to the stairway, and my aunt, frightened, went to hide.

Some time afterward, this same room was occupied by a simple sailor. He had not been told the story (in hotels they try rather to prevent talk of these happenings). Coming in one night, he lighted the candle; it went out. He lighted it once more; again it went out. Thinking there must be a draft (he himself told this story the next day), he went to the window, but it was tightly shut. He lighted the candle once more. It went out still another time. Fear gripped him; he hesitated as to what he should do. Should he go downstairs and tell people what had happened? But it was late; every one was in bed; they would make fun of him, think he had been drinking. He lighted the candle again, and this time it did not go out. He got into bed, and at once the curtains began to shake. The prey of an agitation that may be easily comprehended, he did not sleep, and went down early in the morning to tell what had happened. Then they told him that in that room a captain had committed suicide.

What conclusion must we draw? In my opinion a spirit, a soul—in a word, the captain—manifested itself. What did he wish? Doubtless, something difficult to guess. What do we know about it? Has it not been remarked that persons who have committed suicide have a tendency to return to the scene of their suicide?

G. NEBERRY.

When I asked for an investigation, the author of this narration was good enough to answer:

Nantes, April 14, 1921.

I have been to see my aunt, who was a witness of the phenomena that occurred after the captain's suicide. It was three or four days after the captain's death when, busy making the bed in the room in which this man had killed himself, she saw, as did the maid in the hotel, the bedside table move of itself and make a rather loud noise.

Here I must remark that, while making the bed, the maid talked about the captain; it was at that moment that the phenomenon took place.

And it was five or six days later that the sailor who slept in that room was terrified by his candle going out three consecutive times, and, once he was lying down, by the curtains of the bed moving of themselves. Here is a detail which I had not given you and which my aunt told me: this sailor, according to her account, said that he perceived in a corner of the room a form, a shade which he could not explain.

I am convinced, dear Master, that if all those persons should write to you who have been personal witnesses of the occurrences which you are seeking to elucidate, the sum total of their accounts would fill libraries.

G. NEBERRY.

(Letter 4435.)

This fourth contribution to our proofs of phenomena observed *post mortem* shows us their variety. The case is complex enough. To judge from the information which I have been able to obtain, it is unquestionable. Here is another, still more singular, and rather startling. However, we cannot question it, either. I defy the most skeptical of those who contradict me to explain the following experience, unless they are ready to admit a manifestation on the part of some one dead. The apparition of which we

shall speak came spontaneously, two days after dissolution.¹

A friend of Gurney, the author, with Myers and Podmore, of that important work "Phantasms of the Living,"—a certain Mr. D—— (who begged Gurney not to reveal his name), was the owner of two factories, one in Glasgow, the other in London. He had in his employ a weak and delicate young boy named Robert Mackenzie who had left him, ill-advisedly, after three years. Some years after his departure the following occurred:

One day, in the street, Mr. D—— remarked a young man who was devouring avidly a bit of dry bread. He looked like a starving man, on the point of dying of hunger. It was Robert Mackenzie. The manufacturer halted, and listened to the words of his former employee—words of deep regret at having left a place which had assured him his daily bread. Mr. D—— consented to take him back. Mackenzie expressed his gratitude with deepest emotion. From that time on, without ever making a show of his feelings, he seemed to live only for his employer. As soon as he caught sight of him, his large, pensive eyes fixed themselves upon him, following all his movements. His protector was the guiding star of his life.

The manufacturer went to live in London, where he forgot, after a time, his Scotch workmen. On a certain Friday evening the workmen gave their annual ball. Robert Mackenzie, who did not mingle much with the others, asked permission to serve in the refreshment-room. Everything passed off well, and the festivities continued into Saturday.

The following Tuesday, a little before eight o'clock, in his house on Campden Hill, Mr. D—— received a manifestation which he sums up as follows:

¹ *Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research*, 1885, III, 95. Myers, *Human Personality* (1904), II, 52.

I dreamed that I was seated at a desk, engaged in a business conversation with a gentleman whom I do not know, and that Mackenzie came toward me. Irritated, I asked him rather brusquely if he did not see that I was busy. He withdrew with an air of annoyance, then approached again as though requesting an immediate interview. I reproached him, quite harshly, for his lack of tact. Meanwhile the man with whom I was talking took his leave and Mackenzie came forward.

"What does all this mean, Robert?" I asked, rather annoyed. "Did n't you see I was busy?"

"Yes, sir," he answered, "but I must speak to you at once."

"About what? What is it that's so urgent?"

"I wish to tell you, sir, that I am accused of something I did not do. I want you to know, and to pardon me the thing for which people blame me, for I'm innocent." He then added, "I did n't do what they say I've done."

"What's that?" I asked. He repeated the same words. I then asked him, quite naturally, "But how can I pardon you, if you don't tell me what you're accused of?" I shall never forget the emphatic tone of his answer, in Scotch dialect: "*Ye will ken it soon.*" My question was repeated at least twice; I am sure that his reply was repeated three times, in the most earnest way. I then awakened, with a certain uneasiness as a consequence of this strange dream. I was asking myself if it had a meaning, when my wife rushed into my room, greatly agitated, an open letter in her hand. She cried: "Oh, James! something terrible happened at the workmen's ball: Robert Mackenzie committed suicide." Understanding then the meaning of the vision, I answered calmly and firmly, "No, he did not commit suicide."—"How can you know that?"—"He has just told me."

When he appeared to me I had been struck by the strangeness of his appearance. *His face was a livid blue, and on his brow were to be seen spots like drops of sweat.* I did not know what that meant. But this is what had happened. When he had gone home on Saturday night, Mackenzie had taken a bottle containing nitric acid, thinking that it was his bottle of whiskey; he had poured himself out a little glass of it, which he had drunk at one gulp. He had died on Sunday, in terrible agony. It was thought that he had committed suicide. And this was why he had come to say to me

that he was innocent of the accusation against him. Now, it was a remarkable thing—I had not had the slightest idea of it before—in looking up the symptoms which accompany *poisoning by nitric acid*, I saw that they were practically *those which I had perceived on Robert's face*.

It was soon realized that a mistake had been made in attributing his death to suicide. I was informed of this the next day through a letter from my representative in Scotland.

This apparition was due, in my opinion, to the excessive gratitude of Mackenzie, whom I had snatched from a deplorable condition of want, and to his keen desire to stand well in my estimation.

Such is the Glasgow manufacturer's story. The fact that the workman came, after his so-called suicide, to reveal the truth to him—is this not testimony as to survival after death? It is worthy of note that in England suicide is held to be a crime.

The investigation made by the Psychical Society leaves no doubt as to the exactitude of the account which I have just quoted. Certainly, in this case there was a manifestation of some one dead. This can be neither suggestion that remained latent for a certain time,¹ nor chance, nor anything of the sort.

We have, therefore, four bits of personal testimony as to survival, differing absolutely among themselves. To deny them, four different hypotheses would be necessary.

All those who examine this testimony honestly and fully realize that none of us has the right to consider himself justified in denying it; in regarding the narrators as impostors, or mad, or the victims of hallucinations. We must

¹ The hypothesis of suggestion remaining latent for a certain time cannot explain a delay of forty-eight hours. I agree with Myers, the originator of the theory, who has made a closer study than I of the attendant conditions, that suggestion may remain latent only for a few hours. (See *Human Personality*, II, 13.) We cannot admit, either, that there was thought-transmission on the part of the wife, who had read the letter, since this letter announced the suicide.

acknowledge frankly that there is here a whole order of things as yet unknown to scientific investigation. Let us also read the following account. It was sent me from Paris, on June 14, 1921; I was asked to suppress the names.

My young friend Marguerite —, who is now twenty-two, had the misfortune to lose, in the same year (1918), her father, her mother, and her sister Jeanne, aged sixteen. Jeanne, who had always been in perfect health, began to sink soon after her mother's death; her lungs became infected, and after having languished for five or six months, the poor little thing succumbed in her turn.

Marguerite and Jeanne, who loved each other very dearly and were never separated, slept in the same room. Their grandmother had lived with them since the time they became orphans. About two months after their mother's death, Marguerite woke up one morning about five o'clock, and heard a rustling in the room. She opened her eyes and saw a silhouette, clad in black, glide to the foot of her bed, draw near her sister's bed, bend over Jeanne, who was asleep, and kiss her on the brow. Marguerite sat up, gazed more attentively, and said, "Why, it's Mama!" At the same instant the shade stood erect and vanished as it had come. The young girl, deeply affected, got up noiselessly, that she might not disturb her sister,—already ailing at that time,—and ran to her grandmother's room. Her grandmother was sleeping soundly. She awakened her and asked, "Mémé, was it you who came and kissed Jeanne, in her bed?" And she told her what she had just seen. "No, dear," her grandmother answered; "I did n't stir; you've been dreaming. Go back to bed quickly, and sleep two whole hours longer."

Marguerite went back to her room, trying to persuade herself that she had been dreaming. But as she was getting back into bed her sister awakened and said to her: "Oh, what a pity that you woke me up! I was so happy! While I was asleep Mama came and kissed me. She was dressed in black, as she's always been since Papa died; she brushed against the foot of your bed, then she came toward me. She bent over, and I felt her kiss me on the forehead." Marguerite then told her of her vision.

How shall we explain this vision, if it was not the real presence,

in her children's room, of this mother, dead for two months, who had come back to place a kiss on the brow of her daughter who was soon to join her? Was it a physiological, spiritual, or astral presence? I do not know, but it was an indubitable presence, perceptible to the eyes of the girl who was awake, and to the sensibilities of her who was asleep.

Marguerite still had tears in her eyes when she gave me the details of this scene. She is a healthy, robust young girl, very alert, straightforward, and spontaneous, highly intellectual, and not in the least predisposed to morbid imaginings.

MADAME CORNEILLE.

(Letters 4542 and 4575.)

My correspondence with the narrator showed me that the foregoing account was well founded.

Always to put forward hallucinations as an explanation of these phenomena is no longer in accord with our actual observation. There were in this case two absolutely independent witnesses, since one of the two sisters was awake and the other asleep. Just as, in the preceding case, young Mackenzie manifested himself beyond a doubt, so the actuality of the apparition of the two young girls' mother must be admitted with the same conviction. Let us remember that time and space are not what they seem to us. The mother of these two young girls may have manifested herself without really having been there.

The hypothesis of hallucination is, certainly, no more tenable in the following case: a child of twelve seeing his dead father and dying in his turn.

Tommy Brown was a poor boy, twelve years old, belonging to a numerous and destitute family. His health was shattered; he was stretched on a hospital bed. His father had died, two years before, in a bed near this one.

On a certain night he said to his mother, "Mamma, there's Father."

"No, dear," his mother answered; "there's no one there."

"Yes there is! Why, don't you see him near the bed? Speak to him."

She saw nothing, and the nurse saw nothing.

"What's your papa doing?" the mother asked, at length.

"He's looking at you." And, a moment afterward: "He's looking at me, and beckoning me to follow him, so he can take me away with him."

While speaking to those near her, the mother remarked that the little boy's father had been dead for two years. The child heard this and said:

"No, he's not dead, since he's there and beckoning to me with his hand. He's calling me; he's calling me."

Talking in this way, the child lost consciousness. He died some days later.¹

MRS. CHAMBERS,
Volunteer nurse.

A child's ingenuous testimony is as valid as the testimony of a man.

In the following pages rather a large number of analogous occurrences will pass before our eyes. The souls of the dead exist, see, hear, manifest themselves. The chapters about to be read will offer abundant proof of this.

These attested cases do away with a frequent cause for sadness. The methods of present-day science can establish their truth, but cannot as yet explain them. If photography had not been invented, we should not know that light can stamp upon a plate images which remain latent, invisible, until a chemical poured upon the plate causes them to appear. It may be that the influence of the dead upon our brains gives rise to images, to phantoms, only under certain physical and psychic conditions.

Despite their relative infrequency, manifestations of the dead are, as a matter of fact, numerous and varied. There are all sorts of them. Here is an eighth example, a partic-

¹ *Light*, 1915, p. 502; *Luce e Ombra*, 1919; *Annales psychiques*, 1919.

ularly odd apparition described in Myers's work "Human Personality" (Volume II, page 27).¹ It was told, first hand, to Professors Royce and Hodgson.

The narrator stated that his sister, a young woman of eighteen, had died suddenly of cholera, in Saint Louis, in 1867. On a trip to the United States in 1876—that is to say, nine years afterward—he was busy in his room one day, toward noon, writing orders, and was smoking an excellent cigar, when he thought he saw some one sitting at his left, with one arm on the table. At once he turned in that direction and saw his sister. Instantly he had a feeling of happiness, for he had been devoted to her and had infinitely regretted her loss. But she vanished at once. He asked himself if he had been dreaming; but his cigar in his mouth, his pen in his hand, the ink still wet upon the paper proved to him that, undoubtedly, he was wide awake. To him she had appeared absolutely alive; her eyes had gazed at him with great calmness.

This vision had impressed him so intensely that he took the train at once, that he might go and tell his family of it. His father made fun of him, calling him the dupe of an hallucination, and people listened to him only with incredulity and skepticism. But in describing the vision as it had appeared to him, he mentioned a scratch on the right side of the face, which had appeared to him fresh and recent. His mother was so struck with this detail that she fell in a faint. When she regained consciousness, she declared that she herself had made the scratch on her daughter when she was arranging her burial robes; that afterward she had hidden it by covering it with powder, and that no one in the world could know of it. Her son's vision, therefore, proved to her incontestably the authenticity of the apparition, and she saw in it, at the same time, an announcement of her early death, which came, indeed, two weeks later.

The narrator adds that the impression made on him by the sudden apparition of his sister, seemingly so absolutely alive,

¹ See, also, *Proceedings of the S. P. R.*, VI, 17, and *Annales psychiques*, 1909, p. 325.

was stronger than that made by all the other happenings of his life put together. The clear sunshine which lighted up his room, his contentment with life, the fact that his business was doing well, that a cigar was in his hand, that his state of mind was alert—everything proved to him that the hypothesis of an hallucination was inadmissible.

This, too, is my conviction. All would seem to point to its being well founded, despite possible objections. For example, Mr. Podmore, who does not admit the reality of apparitions, and thinks that he can explain them as thought-transmission, elects to believe that precisely at the moment of this manifestation the dead girl's mother thought of her daughter, of the scratch, and that her idea *was transmitted, afar, to her son*. This hypothesis involves, really, too many suppositions for it to be acceptable. Why should she have thought of all this precisely nine years afterward? And why should the idea have reached her son, on a business trip? We think, also, of the possibility of a sudden optical illusion on the part of the dead girl's brother. But (1) he was not thinking of her; (2) he did not know that the scratch existed. Is it not simpler to admit the reality of the apparition?

We have just said that manifestations of the dead are as varied as they are numerous, and that there are all kinds of them. Here is still another one, particularly remarkable.

It is usually difficult to separate the testimony for survival after death from psychological factors in the minds of the living, and to be certain that some one dead is the undeniable cause of manifestations. The case which we shall now examine seems to me to fall into this category. It was revealed through the valued work of the Nancy Society for Psychical Investigation.

Monsieur P. Bossan, accountant of the telegraph company in Grenoble, wrote me on July 28, 1920:

In the pages which I shall put before your eyes, I declare that all is scrupulously veracious. I am the surviving husband of Augustine Chabert, and I authorize you to make what use you wish of these documents, in view of the service you are doing humanity. I am giving you all the proper names, only some of which were published in the "Nancy Bulletin."

Here is, first, an extract from the official report of the first spiritualistic séance, which took place on January 29, 1913. The witnesses speaking are natives of Nancy; their depositions were summed up by the secretary in these words:

"The table made a few movements, after which the name *Albert Revol* was dictated. We asked this 'entity' if it could prove its identity. By spirit rapping we were told that Revol had been dead for two years; that he had died at the age of fifty-four; that he had lived in Pontcharra (Isère) in the Grande-Rue; had followed the trade of tailor; was married and the father of three children. One of them, Eugène, aged twenty, was in the same trade in which he had been.

"These details," the secretary added, "interested us all the more from the fact that none of us was familiar with the Province of Dauphiné. Only one of the participants had crossed the Department of l'Isère by rail at a time long past, but suspected no more than any of the other persons present the existence of Pontcharra, and still less that of the Revol family.

"*'I died suddenly,'* the mysterious, unknown being continued, *'and I am still uneasy!'* We insisted on details. He added: *'I have two daughters, Hélène and Henriette. I was not buried there. My earthly remains lie in Grignon. It was my native place.'*

"We knew only one Grignon, in Seine-et-Oise. We remarked to Revol that this place is very far from Pontcharra.

"*'No, it's very near. I still have my mother. She is living near us, in Grignon.'*

"This seemed to us unlikely. If the mother of the spirit Revol were living near her son, it could not be at Grignon. We asked Revol to whom we could address ourselves in order to verify these assertions. He answered: *'Write to Madame Goudon.'* Then: *'No, I'm afraid of falsehood; write to the parish priest instead; he*

knows me; you must not tell him why you are writing, or speak of spirits. Speak of the family.'

"I wrote to the town clerk in Pontcharra, asking him for the death certificate of this Revol. I requested him to tell me of what illness he had died; what his profession was; if he had left children; their names and ages. I received the following death certificate:

"COMMUNE OF PONTCHARRA
*"Registry Office of Births, Marriages and Deaths.
 "Death Certificate.*

"Upon the register of births, marriages, and deaths of the parish of Pontcharra, canton of Goncelin, Department of the Isère, it is recorded that Revol (François-Antoine-Albin), son of the deceased François and Gaillard (Adèle), a widower by his first marriage with Billaz (Elisa-Joséphine), the husband, by his second marriage, of Goudon (Philomène-Léontine), died in this commune on March sixth, nineteen hundred and eleven, and that his death was recorded that same day in the town hall of the said commune, number 75.

"Pontcharra, February 4, 1913.

*"The Registrar of Births, Marriages and Deaths:
 "FAUTIER."*

"Thus, Revol had really lived, and had been dead for two years. He had married a Mademoiselle Goudon. The existence of Madame Goudon was confirmed; her name had been mentioned as that of some one able to give information.

"The certificate was accompanied by a letter from which the following has been taken:

"Pontcharra, February 4, 1913.
 "DEPARTMENT OF THE ISÈRE
*"District of Grenoble
 "Pontcharra Town Hall*

"I found no Revol (Albert), but only Revol (François-Antoine-Albin), who died suddenly in Pontcharra on March 6, 1911.

"This Revol was a merchant tailor, and he left three children born of a former marriage. These children are:

- "(1) Revol (Eugène Isidore)
- "(2) Revol (Marie-Hélène-Lucie-Blanche)
- "(3) Revol (Henriette-Marie-Philomène)

"Monsieur Revol died, as I told you, suddenly,—of an embolia of the heart, I believe,—without having had any illness.

"(Signed) FAUTIER."

"It appears from this letter that Revol had really been a merchant tailor, and that he had three children whose sex and Christian names had been given with precision. There is a difference in Revol's Christian name: Albin instead of Albert. I must remark that this given name had been dictated by means of the table, and

all those who have experimented by this method know that people have an annoying habit of wishing to end a word before the dictation has been completed, in order to save time.

"I wrote once more to the town clerk in Pontcharra, asking him to tell me at what age Revol had died and what street he had lived in; I also asked him to clear up a point as to which we were intensely curious: the spot where Revol had been buried. For in spite of my investigation I had been able to discover no parish with the name of Grignon other than the one in Seine-et-Oise.¹ I received the following answer:

"Pontcharra, February 19, 1913.

"MY DEAR SIR:

"In reply to your letter of the sixteenth of this month, I wish to inform you that Monsieur Revol died at the age of fifty-four. While alive, he lived in our city, in the Grande-Rue, and he was buried in the cemetery of Grignon parish, in the commune of Pontcharra.

"While on this subject, I must tell you that our commune is divided into two parishes, each of which has its cemetery.

"(Signed) FAUTIER."

"The mystery of Grignon was thus cleared up. Revol had been absolutely right in telling us that he had been buried in Grignon, the name of one of the parishes of Pontcharra. This letter also confirms the age which he had given us as his own age, at his death, and the fact that he dwelt in the Grande-Rue.

"My investigation established the truth of all information given by 'the spirit Revol' to make known its identity."

Such is the account of the zealous secretary of the Nancy Society.

At another séance, on the fifth of the following March, the communication given below was revealed by a writing medium and not by rapping:

"I am a friend of Revol. I lived two centuries ago. I grew to know him in the Beyond, for I came from the same region. Chabert is my name."

"Have you any descendants?"

"Yes, they live in Grenoble. They are my grandnephews. I watched over my grandniece closely. I protected her, but she died, and I can tell you where her grave is."

¹ I myself know of another one, Grignon near Montbard (Côte-d'Or), where I inaugurated the observatory of Dom Damey, in 1890. C. F.

"What was her name?"

"She was named Marie-Augustine Chabert."

"Was she married? Is her husband still living? If he is, what is his name? What is his profession?"

"Paul Bossan. He is a clerk in the Grenoble post office."

"How long has your niece been dead?"

"For about three years. I haven't yet a precise idea of time. She lived in the Nouveau Jardin School, a boarding-school."

"How old was she when she died?"

"Forty-three, I believe."

"What did she die of?"

"She suffered for a long time; I see, principally, her diseased stomach."

"Had she any brothers and sisters?"

"Yes, but I don't see them; I go, chiefly, to her grave."

"What sort of grave is it?"

"A very simple stone, standing upright. It bears the inscription: Marie-Augustine Chabert, wife of Bossan, died in her forty-third year."

"Was she buried in Grenoble?"

"No, in Chatte."

"This name, as that of a commune, seemed strange to us. We persisted: 'Aren't you making a mistake? Is it possible that there is a district called Chatte?'"

"Yes, her grave is there."

"We asked the spirit to make an effort and to tell us about Augustine Chabert's brothers and sisters. He said that he found difficulty in doing this. At length he added:

"There is Elie. He is in Lans. There is also Isabelle; she is not married; she is a teacher in a district."

"Which one?"

"I can't tell; it's a compound word. There is Monsieur Naud; he is a relative. There is Eugénie-Henri Chabert; there is also a canon; they are people who are very well off. You must all think of Augustine, to hasten her liberation. You must tell the superintendent of the cemetery to put flowers on her grave, for she loved them dearly."

"We asked further questions as to his identity, but the spirit Chabert said to us: 'You don't need all that in order to put flowers on her grave.' And he left us.

"After this unexpected communication, we consulted a gazetteer, that we might find out if the commune of Chatte existed and if there were a Lans in the Isère. All was confirmed. The Grenoble Town Hall sent the following quotation from Madame Bossan's death certificate:

"Upon the register of births, marriages, and deaths of the city of Grenoble, it appears that Marie-Augustine Chabert, married to Joseph-Eugène-Paul Bossan, died in Grenoble on July 7, 1911.

"Grenoble, March 26, 1913.

"We had, therefore, through this document, confirmation of the fact that Augustine Bossan had really existed; that she had been married to Monsieur Paul Bossan and that she died at the address given. The location of the tomb was not revealed, nor how long it had been there."

The judicious, conscientious secretary of the Nancy Society thought that he could easily obtain the additional information by writing to the town hall in Chatte. He wrote, therefore, to the town clerk, asking him to be so good as to send Augustine Bossan's death certificate, details as to her family, her grave, etc. Here is a quotation from the reply he received:

"Chatte, April 15, 1913.

"MONSIEUR THOMAS,

"Secretary of the Nancy Society for Physical Investigation:

"... Enclosed is Madame Bossan's marriage certificate; it takes the place of a birth certificate, since it contains all the information to be found in the latter.

"Madame Bossan's grave: The tombstone is upright upon a vault. It faces the south, and stands beside the path in the middle of the cemetery. The inscription reads: 'Madame Paul Bossan, née Chabert, head-mistress of the boarding school of Jardin-de-Ville, in Grenoble, 1867-1911.'

"Madame Bossan died in Grenoble, in July, 1911, and was buried in Chatte, at that same time.

"She was born in Lans, a commune of the canton of Villard-de-Lans (Isère). She had, in fact, two brothers: one, *Hélie*, who is now a landowner in Lans, and the other *Amédée*, who was a road-surveyor in Voiron.

"She had three sisters: one, *Isabelle*, who was first a lay teacher, then a nun in the convent of the Ursulines, in Tullins (Isère), and is now a lay teacher in La Buisse, near Voiron (Isère).

"Another: *Sophie*, the wife of *Naud*, a landowner in Beaulieu (Isère). And finally, a third, *Eugénie*, married to *Henri Chabert*, her first cousin.

"The Town Clerk:

"DREVONT."

"Marriage Certificate

"On August 19, 1891, were married in our commune Monsieur Joseph Eugène-Paul Bossan, born in the commune of Chatte on September 23, 1865, son of, etc. . . . and Mademoiselle Marie Augustine Chabert, born in the commune of Lans, on December 10, 1867, daughter of, etc. . . .

"Saint-Marcellin, April 15, 1913.

"The Mayor: NACRAIRE."

"These statements confirm the information given by the spirit Chabert, almost in its entirety. His niece, Augustine Chabert, was indeed married to Monsieur Paul Bossan, post-office clerk. She had died when head-mistress of the boarding-school of the Jardin de Ville-de-Grenoble, and was buried in Chatte. The upright stone bears an inscription differing in its wording from that given by the spirit Chabert. This is not surprising, since the spirit had warned us that he could not be exact.

"According to the writing on the tombstone and the marriage certificate, Augustine Chabert died at the age of forty-four, or, to be more exact, at the age of forty-three and a half, since she was born on December 10, 1867, and died on July 7, 1911. The spirit Chabert had said she was forty-three.

"We learn, too, that Augustine really had a brother named Hélié, who was living in Lans; a sister Isabelle, unmarried, and a teacher in La Buisse, a compound word which Chabert had not been able to give; another sister married to a Monsieur Naud, who was, as a matter of fact, a relative, since he had married a sister of Augustine. While giving the names, the spirit Chabert had added: 'There is also *Eugénie-Henri Chabert*.' We find the explanation of this bit of information in the letter from the town clerk, stating that the third sister, Eugénie, had married her cousin, *Henri Chabert*.

"All the details given by the spirit Chabert were thus confirmed.

"We had only to find out, then, what disease Augustine had died of, and if she had a relative who was a canon.

"This information was fully and exactly given."

The upshot of these revelations was to put the Nancy Psychical Society in touch with Monsieur Paul Bossan.

As my readers already know, Augustine Chabert's surviving husband wrote me himself, especially to call my at-

tention to these odd happenings. Since, by the positive method, we must always seek in the minds of the living what might be attributed to those minds, I made the remark that the president of the Nancy Psychical Society, Colonel Collet, was a native of the Province of Dauphiné, and knew the region. I was told that he had not been present at these two séances, which took place at the home of a native of Nancy, with a special group. Nevertheless I wished for more precise information, and I asked Monsieur Bossan, in Grenoble, for further information. His reply, of August 2, 1920, follows:

Colonel Collet did not know my family nor my wife's family *at all*.

During his very short annual visits to Madame Vacher (Grenoble) he never met my poor dead wife at the latter's home.

Monsieur Léon Vacher will, if necessary, corroborate this statement. He is the son of Madame Vacher (who died about fifteen days ago). He lives at number 32, avenue Félix-Viallet, in Grenoble. And it will be corroborated as unreservedly by Madame Collet, who survives her husband (8 rue Sergeant-Bobillot, in Nancy).

As may be readily understood, all this information gave me a feeling of complete certainty.

A letter dated July 28, 1920, ended as follows: "On June 20, 1898, at 10:50, I had the honor of greeting the author of 'Stella' at the little window of the telegraph office in Grenoble, and of shaking hands with him." My correspondent is, therefore, not a total stranger to me. At this date, 1898, already far in the past, the events which have just been related were still dormant in the unknown future.

But what is time?

And this Chabert, dead for two hundred years, Madame Bossan's great-great-uncle, who made the acquaintance, in the other world, of his compatriot of the nineteenth century, Revol, who came to tell experimenters in Nancy that his

grandniece was buried in the Province of Dauphiné in a commune unknown to those who were present, as was the commune first mentioned: Grignon, in the Isère!

Can telepathic transmission from the living to the living explain all that?

Monsieur Bossan concludes, from this long discussion:

(1) That two entities, Revol and Chabert, grew to know each other in the Beyond.

(2) That the entity Chabert was interested in his great-great-niece, while she was alive (my poor dead wife) and that he is still protecting her.

(3) That this entity described exactly the location of the grave-stone, and spoke with accuracy of the husband, children, brothers, sisters, and uncle of my dear wife.

The accuracy is, in general, so striking that, on the advice of friends, who are also your readers, I think I should inform you of this disturbing and extraordinary communication from the Beyond, believing that it will command your attention.

PAUL BOSSAN,
Grenoble.

How can we refuse to ponder with especial care my estimable correspondent's conclusions?

It is altogether natural that we should seek to explain phenomena by means of human faculties, known or unknown. This is, in fact, what a contemporary author, Monsieur Paul Jagot, desirous of solving psychic problems, has had in mind in a recent work of scientific analysis.¹ He even reaches a definite conclusion in the matter, for we may read on page 221: "In these occurrences I see absolutely nothing which could not be explained by the functioning of the medium's own psychic faculties." He gives in this connection remarkable examples of seeing into the past, of instantaneous mathe-

¹ *Méthode scientifique moderne de magnétisme, hypnotisme, suggestion* (Paris, 1920).

mathematical calculations, of thought-reading. Well, I admit that I do not at all see how the Nancy medium could have divined the existence of those who had died, unless we formulate a random hypothesis bolder than the spiritualistic interpretation. It seems to me, moreover, that theories which exclude all but a given number of facts are applicable but rarely to these transcendental investigations.

On the contrary, occurrences of the sort which we have just given in detail, as well as the eight examples put before the eyes of readers as the brief, initial inquiry of this volume, would lead us to grant the reality of survival after death and to think, also, that the life beyond the grave is a continuation of this life. We may, it is true, suppose that minds other than ours exist, minds which know these things; but this would be a much more complex hypothesis.

In meditating upon the state of the soul after death, we regret at times that, whatever this state be, it is our destiny no longer to possess the organs which allow us to enjoy life: the eyes with which we gaze upon the splendors of nature, glorious sunsets, sublime starry nights, woods, mountains, valleys, brooks, rivers, seas; the sense of smell which allows us to perceive the fragrance of growing things on sweet summer evenings, the cut grass, the mown hay; ears charmed by the twittering birds, by the thousand sounds of living nature. We know that we shall no longer have a retina, nor auditory nor olfactory nerves. We dread the loss of all these organs of perception, and ask ourselves what an immaterial spirit can feel.

When, on a beautiful summer day, we have followed the coffin of a dearly loved friend to the cemetery and seen it lowered into the grave, and when, returning to every-day life, we gaze at the country-side lighted by the glad radiance of a splendid sun, we reflect that this friend is under the earth, in the tomb, that his eyes are closed forever and will no longer see this grateful, tender light. This stretch of

country, these trees, these prairies, these fields, these villages, are bathed in radiant beams which no longer exist for him. But a few days before, his eyes were enchanted. To-day, all is over. As a matter of fact, this impression is erroneous. The soul sees, hears, thinks, remains in touch with this terrestrial world. Psychic phenomena have shown us, in Volumes I and II of this work, that *vision without eyes, by the spirit*, exists even during terrestrial, material life; that will power functions without words; that telepathic transmission of thought is indubitable. Those phenomena which we have presented from the beginning of Volume III show us, besides, that the souls of the dead see and hear without the bodily organs of sight and hearing.

How many times have I not read these sentences, marked by traces of tears, in the letters of heartbroken women: "I cannot live without him. Our two souls were one. My mind is torn. Oh, this separation! I am religious. I believe. I hope. But I do not know! If I only knew that he sees me and that he sees his children!"

I have always replied: "Human beings survive death, and souls which love each other are not separated. Those who are invisible are not absent."

As for the explanation, as for the conditions under which manifestations occur—these I do not know.

It is extremely difficult, on this strange planet of ours, to be frank and honest. From the first page of the first volume of the present work I have been declaring that my sole object is to collect *observed facts* and to draw conclusions only from positive proofs; that there is here a new science to be established: psychic science, established upon the same experimental foundations as the so-called exact sciences. Several critics have reproached me with not having drawn conclusions speedily enough; with indecision as to the interpretation of certain facts. Instead of understanding the necessity for this method, they confuse the most unlike phenomena: sub-

stance-production with thought-transmission, the living with the dead. They declare that one should not grant the existence of that which one is incapable of explaining. Indeed, to a few of these critics, all the cases cited prove nothing; nothing at all. *Margaritas ante porcos!* Why do the blind busy themselves with problems of optics when it is so easy to do nothing? If, for example, I declare that it is now impossible for any savant, whoever he be, to divine how some one dead, or even some one alive who is dying a thousand kilometers away, can strike blows upon your window or your table, I do not see why the absence of an explanation should justify any one in declaring that there is here only illusion. In vain we pile up occurrences scrupulously observed; the work accomplishes nothing. People, with one voice, repeat this piece of stupidity: "It is not possible; therefore, it is not true."

We should be in error, mark you, if we thought that there were neither hallucinations nor chance coincidences at times. As for me, I bear in mind, constantly, the usual objections. The scientific method is to consider all, to weigh all. It is none the less true that manifestations of the dead remain indubitable.

The examples I have just elucidated before the jury of my readers can, it seems to me, leave no doubt in any unfettered mind, desirous of learning the truth. No doubt can remain that, in certain circumstances and under observation, the dead have manifested themselves, and have thus proved that they are not really dead. Thinkers have long known this. But we may repeat, one and a half centuries after him, what the philosopher Immanuel Kant wrote, saying once more virtually what Cicero had already said, approximately two thousand years before him:

Philosophy, which does not fear to compromise itself by investigating all sorts of futile questions, is often most perplexed when

it finds in its path certain facts that it cannot *doubt* with impunity, and that it cannot *believe* without making itself ridiculous. Such is the case with tales of ghosts. There is, indeed, no reproach to which philosophy is more sensitive than that of credulity and of belief in common superstitions. Those who claim cheaply the name and eminence of savants make fun of all that which, inexplicable to the savant as well as to the ignorant man, puts both of them upon the same level. As a result of this, ghost-stories are always listened to in privacy but disavowed publicly. We may be sure that an academy of science will never choose a like theme as a subject of competition; not that each of its members is convinced of the futility and falsity of these accounts, but because laws of prudence put discreet limits upon the investigation of such questions. Ghost-stories will always find *secret* believers and will always be regarded *in public* with well-bred incredulity.

As for me, my ignorance of the manner in which the human spirit enters this world and of that in which it leaves this world forbids me to deny the truth of the various stories that are current.

To-day, we may all think as did the author of the "Critique of Pure Reason" and not reject with unjustifiable disdain ghost-stories such as the example I have just given. It is noteworthy that in France the Academy of Sciences no longer rules out such subjects of inquiry, and that it even offers an annual prize (the Emden prize) for works concerned with these great problems. The "ghost-stories" discussed in this chapter are no longer disdained. They may, however, have amazed more than one reader. We shall have many others before our eyes! I shall give them according to that classification which is most logical and most helpful for our study. It seems to me that it will be interesting to relate first, with especial emphasis, accounts of the dead who have manifested themselves after taking an oath and making a promise.

II

THE DEAD WHO HAVE RETURNED ACCORDING TO PREVIOUS AGREEMENTS

I see without fear the grave, with its
everlasting shadows;
For I know that the body finds a prison
there,
But the soul finds wings!

VICTOR HUGO.

WE have already come upon manifestations of this sort, in Volume II of the present work. A case in point is the precise account given by Mademoiselle Ximenez de Bustamante (pages 341-343). We asked ourselves whether the young girl who came so suddenly to announce her death to her friend had already died, or were still on this side of the barrier. We read, too (pages 113-116), of the apparition which showed itself to Countess Kapnist, in St. Petersburg—that of a friend who had promised to come back, and who appeared even before he was dead. We shall devote here a special chapter to manifestations in fulfilment of promises, thus showing the survival, after death, of the soul, and the persistence of memory. The chapter which we have just read offers the first case of posthumous fulfilments of promises—that of the friend of Dr. Caltagirone of Palermo, striking, as he had promised, the chandelier in the dining-room. Such bits of testimony are numerous, and our only difficulty is the selection of those to be investigated.

One of the most remarkable apparitions of the collection which I have long been making is that of Lord Brougham's friend. The story of it was related by this eminent personage himself.

The men of my generation had opportunities to see this fine-looking old man, either in Paris or in Cannes, where he died in 1868. (He was born in Edinburgh in 1778.) Lord Brougham wrote his autobiography and published the following quotation from it on October 16, 1862. No doubt has ever been cast on the exactitude of the recollection.¹ The event took place in December, 1799; the future politician and celebrated English historian was then only twenty-one, and was making a trip through Sweden. He writes:

The weather was cold. Upon arriving in Gottenburg, at an attractive-looking inn, I asked for a hot bath, and while taking it I had such an odd adventure that I wish to tell of it from the beginning.

I had had a school friend, in high school, named G——, whom I particularly loved and esteemed. At times we discussed the great subject of the immortality of the soul. One day we were foolish enough to draw up a contract, written in our blood, stating that whichever of us two should die first, that one should return and manifest himself to the other in order to banish any doubt that he might have had as to the continuation of life after death. G—— left for India, and I virtually forgot his existence.

I was then, as I say, in my bath, in delicious enjoyment of the grateful heat that warmed my numbed limbs, when, preparing to rise, I cast my eyes upon the chair on which I had put my clothing, and what was my stupefaction to see my friend G—— seated there, gazing at me calmly! How I got out of the bath-tub I cannot say, for when I came to myself I found myself stretched out on the floor. This apparition, or whatever the phenomenon was which was a likeness of my friend, was no longer there. So strongly was I impressed that I wished to write down, without delay, all the details together with the date, which was December 19th.

Lord Brougham adds that upon his return to Edinburgh he found a letter from India, telling him of the death of his friend, which occurred on December 19th.

¹ See *Phantasms of the Living* (1886), I, 395; *Life and Times of Lord Brougham* (1871), p. 201.

In his account the learned writer states that he had in this instance a dream which, despite its characteristic exactitude, can have coincided only by chance with his friend's death. But in telling of it Myers remarks, justly, that the description of the bath and of the incident are not in accord with this hypothesis. We might suppose it an illusion produced by the arrangement of the garments thrown over a chair; but the friend's gaze? Was it an hallucination? No, for Lord Brougham declares that during his long life he had never had a single hallucination. We are led to believe, in this case, in the influence of the dead man's soul on his friend's mind, an influence which took the form of an image.

In the present state of our knowledge of psychic phenomena, we must ask ourselves if the apparition appeared at the moment of death or after it. The occurrence took place on December 19th, about two o'clock in the morning (or perhaps on December 20th). The friend died, in India, on December 19th. At what time? We do not know; but we know that the farther east one is, the later is the hour. The probabilities are that there was a more or less long interval after the demise. We can readily understand that Lord Brougham dared not take a definite stand, and took refuge in the hypothesis of a dream—a hypothesis, however, in which there is little probability. We think, naturally, that if we had before our eyes but a single case of this sort, we, too, should doubt. But there are so many! And at every period of time!

We have only to skim through ancient treatises on psychic phenomena to come upon experiences similar to that of Lord Brougham. Let us open, for example, Don Calmet's book, published in 1746: "*Dissertations sur les apparitions des anges des démons et des esprits et sur les revenants*" ("*Dissertations upon Apparitions of Angels, Demons, and Spirits, and upon Ghosts*"). In Chapter XLVI, Part II (page 375),

we find under the heading "Persons who have promised one another to give, after their death, news of the other world," the following lines:

The Marquis of Rambouillet's story, told after the death of the Marquis of Précý, is famous. The two noblemen were discussing the after life, as men who were not entirely convinced of all that is said of it. They promised each other that the first of the two who should die would appear and bring news of the death, to the other. The Marquis of Rambouillet left for Flanders, where war was then being waged, and the Marquis of Précý remained in Paris, kept there by a severe fever. Six weeks afterward, he heard the curtains of his bed being drawn. Turning to see who it was, he perceived the Marquis of Rambouillet in a buff-jacket and boots. He rose from his bed to embrace him, but Rambouillet, stepping back several paces, told him that he had come to fulfil his promise; that all that was said of the other life was true; that he (Précý) should change his way of life; that he would soon die. Précý again made an effort to embrace his friend, but his arms closed on nothing but air. Then Rambouillet, seeing that he did not believe what he had said, showed him the spot where he had received a musket wound in the back, from which the blood still seemed to be flowing.

Précý received soon afterward, by letter, confirmation of the Marquis of Rambouillet's death. When fighting in the civil war, he was, himself, killed in the battle of Faubourg Saint-Antoine.

It is probable that the story was more or less changed and rearranged, especially as regards the phantom's words. But it is probable, also, that it was not made out of whole cloth. One finds it again in a book by Collin de Plancy, written to combat credulity and superstition.¹ After having given it, with even more details, he adds:

While admitting the truth of all the circumstances connected with the happening, one can, however, draw no conclusion in favor

¹*Dictionnaire infernal* (Paris, 1826), IV, 344.

of ghosts. It is not difficult to understand that the Marquis of Pr  cy's imagination, heated by fever and troubled by the memory of the promise which Rambouillet and he had made each other, should have conjured up the phantom of his friend. He knew this friend was in the army and in danger of being killed at any moment; perhaps he even knew that there was to be a battle with the enemy that day. The circumstances connected with the Marquis of Rambouillet's wound, and the prediction of Pr  cy's death, which was realized, must be taken more seriously. Nevertheless, those who have felt the power of presentiments may easily conceive that the Marquis of Pr  cy's mind, disturbed by the heat of the malady, followed the fortunes of his friend in all the hazards of war; that Pr  cy lived in constant expectation of having his friend's phantom announce what must happen to him; that Pr  cy foresaw that the Marquis of Rambouillet would be killed by a musket shot in the back, and that the battle-ardor which he himself felt would lead to his own death at the first encounter. Before believing in occurrences which are outside the natural course of events, we must have certain proof; and in this case we have neither witnesses nor records nor historians that are worthy of entire confidence.

This reasoning is most sagacious, and it is in accordance with this just estimate of things that we are faithful to-day, in our inquiry, to the exactions of the experimental method. Investigation must verify the truth of the facts related. But let us not reject all these accounts by dismissing the cases, though we should, above all, see to it that we accept the facts only for what they are worth. That is why it is important, in our personal investigation, to compare all observations, without prejudice.

It is noteworthy that people take advantage of every loophole: Lord Brougham's is a "dream"; Collin de Plancy's is a "presentiment." Let us remain free!

Perhaps it was the difficulty, or even the impossibility, of granting the real presence of the Marquis of Rambouillet's phantom, in war attire and boots, which prevented this story from being conceded as true. To-day we think that, as in

the case of Lord Brougham's friend, there was no material apparition in the case—merely the influence of a dead man's spirit upon that of a living man.

Before proceeding farther, we may well ask ourselves of what the phantoms consist whose manifestations we have here been examining.

A long study of these phenomena has led me to conclude, with Myers, that nothing justifies us in affirming that the phantom which appears is the person himself, in the ordinary sense of the word. We are here concerned, rather, with those hallucinatory forms or phantoms which we studied in the second volume, projections which we actually see, beyond a doubt. We investigated them without concluding that the apparition is the living person. Likewise, what we call a specter or a ghost is in no way the deceased person himself. There exists, certainly, a connection between the specter and the defunct human being, a connection the nature of which is still to be determined, but the identity is not complete.

All this was presented in Volume II, in the chapter "Thought as a Generator of Images." Myers writes, as his view:

A posthumous phenomenon may be a *manifestation of the persistence of personal energy*, or even an indication merely that a certain force, associated with a person whom we have known during his terrestrial life, continues to manifest itself after his death. Theoretically it is possible that this force or influence which, after the death of a person, creates a phantasmagorial impression of the person, is due not to the actual functioning of the latter, but to some residue of the force or energy which that person generated while still alive. We have examples of this in certain cases of haunting.

As for me, after a long, special study of apparitions (during a period of about thirty years) I have reached this double

conclusion: (1) They are real; (2) in general, they are not material, ponderable.

It will be helpful to pass in review a few cases, without further delay.

At a date already far in the past, an eminent seeker, Monsieur Castex-Dégrange, who was extremely desirous of learning the truth, wrote me as follows (it was in the last century, on March 13, 1899):

Though I value, quite at its true worth, your high personal distinction, and share fully your views as to those who are professionally "credulous" or "incredulous," there is, to me, something lacking in your investigations.

In my view—alas, I am a trifle skeptical!—the supremely interesting thing would be the proof of the survival of the individual *after death*, the scientific proof. This proof would have, for our poor human kind, many consequences that could make it happier and better.

In "L'Inconnu" you speak only of the "living"; for in my view these manifestations of dying people may be the last gleam of a lamp which is going out.

And now you promise that you will also speak of the "dead." Well and good!

I do not know if you have a great many "cases" in reserve. Will you allow me to relate an absolutely authentic one—one which I can vouch for, on my word of honor?

You may do what you like with this story, and what you consider necessary for the purpose of your investigation. I ask you only to keep the names to yourself, if you give this case, and to put down merely initials of some sort.

Two years ago an aunt of mine was still alive,—a fine woman and the best of friends. Her name was Madame A. B——.

This aunt, who died at the age of eighty-three, had as a childhood friend a certain Madame C——, whose daughter is still living. The latter can bear witness to the truth of the account, as can my wife, a niece of Madame A. B——.

These two women had made a mutual promise to pay each other

a visit after death. The first to die was to go to see the one remaining upon earth.

Madame C—— died. This caused my poor aunt great sorrow.

Some days later, my aunt, slightly indisposed, was lying on her bed. A night lamp half lighted her bedroom.

Suddenly she saw her friend, seated in her arm-chair, which was drawn up near her work-table.

But—and this is what is most odd about the vision—*Madame C—— had on, over her dress, a sort of cape with a hood, which my aunt had never seen her wear.* This particular circumstance surprised the latter a little.

One or two days after the vision, the dead woman's daughter came to inquire as to my aunt's health. My aunt told her of her experience, adding that it was probable that she had been the victim of an hallucination. Then Mademoiselle C—— said to her: "No, Madame. My poor mother was put in her coffin with a hooded cape on, which she only wore in the evening, when she was alone. She'd had a preference for it for a long time."

It seems to me (1) that there was no hallucination in this case, but a real intention on the part of the person to show herself, as well as to give absolute proof that she had really done so; (2) that since the vision took place *several days after death*, it would imply the continuance of the soul's existence.

CASTEX DÉGRANGE.

My readers are already familiar with the signer of this letter. (See "L'Inconnu," page 84, and "Les Forces naturelles inconnues," pages 512-525). He is no longer alive (1840-1918). He was head of the Lyons National School of Fine Arts. His observations of psychic phenomena, which I have just recalled to my readers, are particularly instructive, but I shall not repeat them here. They end with the statements just given, which I have not previously made public.

Yes, these visions are really produced by the dead, whose spirits act upon ours. In the same way, in our second volume, we proved that this was the case with telepathic transmission during life.

Let us investigate other occurrences.

A minister plenipotentiary, whose perfect sincerity I well know, related to me, in 1900, the following disturbing little adventure:

Father N——, parish priest of O——, in Moravia, had a niece whom he particularly loved; she had lived for some time at his home. When they parted, the priest said to her, jestingly: "Well, if you die before I do, let me know."

It happened that some time afterward this niece fell ill of a severe malady. A fatal outcome, however, was not expected.

One day, Father N——, quite overwhelmed, went to the young priest who was his assistant and told him that while he was quietly seated at his desk a short time before, and was, consequently, thoroughly awake, he had seen his niece appear before him, and that she had said good-by to him. He had recognized her at once and was convinced that she had died.

The news which he received confirmed this supposition, and the time of her death coincided with the day and the hour of the apparition.

I am giving you the names in the case, as well as my own name, because I, too, detest anonymity, and I wish you to know that there is here no mystification. However, you will, I am sure, take into account my wish, prompted by the regard due others, that in case you publish this account, the names be omitted.

Allow me, dear Master, to express my high regard for you.

BARON DE MARICOURT.

(Letter 964.)

(In conformity with my correspondent's wishes, I give only the initials of the names, in order to avoid indiscretion.)

Simply to deny these stories, as is so generally done, is not honest, though it is the simplest method of avoiding all explanation. It is our opinion that this apparition at the moment of death was connected with the compact that had been made.

One hears the objection, at times, that members of the clergy are more readily disposed than others to admit the reality of manifestations from beyond the grave. This is an error. Some of them are more skeptical than their calling would lead us to suppose (I have letters); others are believers, admitting the existence of hell, purgatory, and paradise, and refusing to grant the truth of these occurrences, because they attribute them to the devil. (I have letters in substantiation of this, too.)

The following manifestation, which took place after an odd promise, may be compared with the preceding one. The account was sent me, on March 25, 1899, by a correspondent whose sincerity can be questioned no more than that of the previous ones.

Do not think that members of the clergy are over-credulous.

About twelve years ago a colleague and friend of mine, who was a strong partizan of the cause of spiritualism, said to me at a gathering at which there were both laymen and clergymen, that several of his friends, in dying, had pushed his shoulder with their hands. Since this communication was received by us all, and by me, particularly, with a smile,—or, rather, a burst of incredulous laughter,—he turned to me, addressing me in particular, and said, laughing, that he would reserve his first reappearance for me.

When we parted, after shaking hands, no one gave another thought to the matter. Six months afterward, on an evening in February, when I was kneeling before a seat in church, I felt a sudden push on my shoulder, a push which made me bend forward sharply.

I turned around at once, to see whence had come this ill-timed familiarity. But I realized that it could have come from no one of the persons present, for the one nearest me was at least six meters away.

I then thought of the conversation which I have mentioned. I reflected that it was possible that some one I knew had produced this supernatural or extra-natural manifestation. Some days after-

ward I learned of the sudden death of my estimable colleague, which had come with lightning swiftness. He had died on precisely the day and at the hour of this manifestation.

BOUIN,

Honorary Canon, Pastor of Douze, Dordogne.

(Letter 4.)

This narration interested me doubly. It bears all the marks of absolute sincerity. We can attribute it not to some one living or to some one dying but to a worthy man who had just died and who kept his fantastic promise. We might conclude from this, too, that there is nothing disagreeable about the transition from life to death, and that it leaves us a certain freedom.

I am taking the following statement from another letter, which was sent me at the same period:

A young woman, a paralytic, would often spend the afternoon at my aunt's home. My cousins, who knew how good-natured she was, and who liked to laugh, would make from time to time some little jest as to the position in which she might find herself in the other world.

"You don't seem to believe in the other world, much," she answered, smiling, "and you're making fun of me. That isn't nice, you know. But I'll have my revenge: when I'm dead, I'll come and frighten you."

She died a short time afterward. Some weeks went by, and no one thought any longer of her little threat, when, in a thick cupboard door, a strange noise made itself heard. It sounded like a series of blows, purposely struck. Called by my aunt, my cousins hurried to her, and examined the piece of furniture. There seemed nothing unusual about it. But when they expressed their impatience, the noise answered so loudly that they drew back, terrified. I am telling you of this happening, though it is of such slight importance, because it is unquestionable and because we know that you overlook nothing in order to discover all, and because we all

have, for you, a feeling of profound veneration: I have named my child Camille, to commemorate my having read your works.

J. VIVOUX,
Digne, March, 1899.

(Letter 386.)

The following was a similar occurrence. A correspondent who said that his name was for my eyes only wrote me from Paris on April 30, 1899:

I have the honor of telling you of the following experience, which bears out the results of your investigation. My clear recollection of it justifies me in guaranteeing its authenticity.

I had Monsieur Netom, a printer, at breakfast at my home. He said to my wife and me:

"I was most disagreeably surprised last night. I was waked up, suddenly, by a feeling as though my feet were being pulled violently; you can't think how painful it was."

I attributed this feeling of his to nerves or muscles affected by some physical cause, as happens, at times, during sleep. Then the conversation took another turn, but Monsieur Netom again brought up the experience of the night before, as though it had impressed him strongly.

We were not thrown together again until a year from that date. Then we saw him and he said to us:

"Since we were last together, I have learned of some one's death. . . . Well, his death coincided day for day—or, rather, night for night—with the night on which I felt that odd sensation of my feet being pulled!"

"What connection was there?"

"It's extraordinary! We'd always told each other that the one who died first should go and pull the other's feet!"

"Are you sure of the coincidence in dates?"

"Heavens! if you speak to me like an examining magistrate I'll have to admit that I didn't make a precise note of the date. What I'm *certain* of is that the date of the death was within the period when you extended your hospitality to me; I can answer for that.

And, besides, I can state positively that I was no more thinking of that friend than of the Sultan of Turkey, at the moment when the phenomenon occurred."

(Letter 648.)

One of my readers residing in Paris, who wishes that his name should not be made public, wrote me on March 26, 1899:

My relatives were living in the country. A first cousin of my mother, who had attempted to commit suicide after her fiancé's death, and had failed, had taken refuge with my grandmother, her aunt, in order that she might escape ill-treatment by her father, an inveterate drunkard. She was waiting until she should be summoned to a convent, which she had made application to enter.

She was a temperamental woman, and I have often heard it said that at night she would go to the cemetery, to her fiancé's grave.

All my relatives had many and many a time tried to dissuade her from the idea of shutting herself up in a convent,—she who was so charming, so captivating. By her work, she made her presence useful as well as a pleasure, for she knew how to do everything. There was no sacrifice which we would not have made to keep her from so sad an end.

We said all we could, but it had no effect. So she left, on a foggy day which heightened our sadness. She took all our hearts with her.

"To think that I shall never see you again!" said my mother, before her departure. "To think that I shall never see you again!" said my grandmother.

"My dear cousin," she replied to my mother, "I should like to come back and see you, for I can't live long. I've had so many shocks, and, what's worst, I have this poison in my blood; but as you're timid, I shan't trouble you by my presence. As for you, my aunt," she said to my grandmother, laughing, "I know you're not afraid; I'll make an outrageous racket for you."

On a certain evening, some time afterward, my grandfather and grandmother were about to get into bed, when they heard a *terrible uproar*. Everything seemed in a turmoil; the bricks seemed to be knocking against one another violently, *the roof seemed to have*

fallen in. They ran to open the door: all was intact. They were amazed and terrified. They went back to bed; there was the same noise. "Clémentine is dead!" my grandmother cried. The noise ceased at once. The next day, about noon, the telegram arrived. She had died on the previous day, at the very hour of the uproar, in a convent in Amiens.

The witnesses are still living.

J. L.,
Paris.

(Letter 79.)

The readers of this work are familiar with loud noises of the sort and will not be astonished. The first part of our present investigation furnished many examples.

The foregoing manifestation also corresponds to the announcement of a purpose which was carried out, to an intention, to a previous promise.

Here is another incident, equally strange, which occurred after a promise had been made. It was sent us by that excellent review "*Luce e Ombra*"¹:

In 1882, Count Charles Galatéri grew to know a certain Virgini, a former officer in the grenadiers. Their conversation turned at times to a discussion of spiritualism. Monsieur Galatéri tried in vain to convince his friend on the subject. One day, half seriously, half jestingly, the two comrades promised each other that the first who should die would warn the other of this fact. And how? *By tickling his feet!*

Several years went by. In November, 1887, Monsieur Virgini told his friend that he had again taken service with the troops in Africa.

On the night of Sunday, August 5, 1888, Monsieur Galatéri was in bed, when his wife, who was beside him, said to him a trifle crossly, "Keep still!" Her husband asked her if she were dreaming, for he had not stirred. She said again: "Keep still, I tell

¹ *Luce e Ombra* (Rome), Nov., 1905. *Annales des Sciences psychiques*, Dec., 1905.

you! Don't tickle my feet!" Since Monsieur Galatéri continued to deny doing this, they thought that some insect might have got into the bed; they lighted a candle and looked carefully. Nothing! They blew out the candle and got back into bed. But at once Countess Galatéri started and cried out: "Look! Look at the foot of the bed!" Her husband looked and saw nothing, but she persisted: "Yes, look; there's a tall young man, with a colonial helmet on his head. He's looking at you, and laughing! Oh, poor man! What a terrible wound he has in his chest! And his knee is broken! He's waving to you, with a satisfied air. He's disappearing!"

The next day, Countess Galatéri *told some friends and relatives of the experience*. On Tuesday, August 14th, the newspapers announced that a band of native troops commanded by Captain Cornacchia and by Lieutenants Poli, Brero, *Virgini*, and Adam Aga had been attacked near Saganeiti by the Abyssinians; *Virgini*, the last surviving officer, had been *struck on the knee* and then killed *by a bullet in the chest*.

Monsieur de Vesme remarks, in giving this account, that it would be desirable to have the written attestation of the different persons who were in some manner connected with the occurrences; but that nevertheless the unquestionable trustworthiness of the Galatéri family and of several of the people concerned—people whom he knows personally—gives the case a certain importance, even apart from the truthful tone of the narration. Count Charles Galatéri belongs to an honorable family of the Piedmont.

We may ask ourselves whether the officer who was killed, and who remembered his promise, chose the wrong feet by mistake or did so purposely, or if telepathic influence were exerted upon two minds near together, one of which perceived nothing. Certainly the story is an odd one, but *it was not fabricated*.

What proof is there that we have no caprices after death, and that we are of necessity sad, or even always serious?

Manifestations occur in every imaginable variety. The one just related is rather amusing; but that which we shall have before our eyes is really dramatic and frankly gruesome. I am taking it from Bozzano's excellent work on "*Les Phénomènes de hantise*." It is substantiated by Professor Hy-slop's investigation and the attestations of five witnesses connected with the strange experience. Let us listen to one of them, Dr. H. A. Kinnaman:

My uncle, John W. Kinnaman, my father, Jacob Kinnaman, and a young man named Adams were students of medicine, and intimate friends. One day they made a compact that if one of them should die young, the others should have the right to take possession of his body for purposes of scientific study, on condition that the skeleton should always remain in the keeping of friends; if the day should come when this condition could no longer be observed the skeleton was to be buried. Adams had declared that for his part he would insist on the scrupulous observance of the compact; otherwise he would protest by making a noise.

Some time afterward young Adams died; my uncle John, by his right as eldest brother, took possession of the body, prepared the skeleton and kept it until his death. After him it was kept by my father, Dr. Jacob; then by his brother, Dr. Lawrence; then by Dr. Jackson, then by my brother Robert, and, finally, by my other brother Charles. During this long lapse of time it was noted that when the conditions fixed by the compact were complied with, Adams remained quiet, but if they were neglected, people were tormented.

I remember that in 1849, when I was a child, my father was obliged to go to California for a time, and the skeleton was relegated to an attic. This did not satisfy Adams. That very night heavy, noisy steps were heard, mounting and descending the attic stairway, or coming and going in the attic itself. These manifestations seriously disturbed my mother, because they kept the family from sleeping. She begged my uncle to free us from Adams's bones. He consented, and as soon as he took them into his care, quiet reigned once more in the family.

My uncle kept them in his office for a long time, but one day he thought he would put them in a distant corner of the house. Two families which were living in this part of the building soon had to move out as a result of the inexplicable noises heard during the night. After these families had left, no one could live in this haunted house. When my father returned from California, he took Adams's skeleton back and put it in his office. There was silence once more.

My father died in 1874, and my brother Robert inherited the bones; he put them under the bed, in a room adjoining his office. One day, he thought he would carry them into a neighbor's cellar, which was used as a store-room for building materials. They were put there without the workmen of the establishment knowing it; but a short time afterward these workmen refused to go into the cellar in the evening, because of the mysterious noises heard there. My brother took the skeleton back, and once more the place became quiet again.

Adams's mortal remains are still in the possession of my family.

Another witness, Dr. C. L. Kinnaman, describes with a great abundance of detail the noises heard in the attic when Adams's remains were put there. He writes:

. . . The attic contained hundreds of bottles from a drug store. It happened that one night, when every one had gone to bed, extraordinary noises were heard, coming from the top of the house; noises of bottles knocking together with violence, breaking, and falling to the floor. Then we thought we heard a large cannon-ball roll downstairs to the dining-room, strike against the door, and then mount the stairs again, leaping from one step to another! A member of the family went up into the attic, with a candle in his hand; but the noises ceased at once; everything was found in its place. When we had gone to bed again and blown out the light, the manifestations began once more. Some one made the remark that the object that was rolling downstairs must be very heavy, to judge from the noise that it made; instantly the uproar diminished to the mere echo of a light touch, moving up and down from one step to another. The manifestations changed according to our re-

marks; they continued until we went to bed again, overcome by fatigue and sleep. From the day on which the bones were taken out of the attic, tranquillity reigned once more in the house.

Dr. R. C. Kinnaman testified in his turn:

I was the first to be awakened by the dull sound of a fall, as though some one had leaped out of bed in his bare feet; then there was a rustling of garments, a slightly louder noise, and at length the sound of a heavy body rolling over the floor, going down the stairs by leaping from one step to another, and up again, with frequent variations in force and tone. My mother chanced to come into my room then, with Olivier; although she was a vigorous woman, she seemed terribly affected. Both of them, taking lighted candles, ventured into the attic; their presence made the noises stop. After a fruitless investigation they went away, closing the door; at once the noises began again. They returned; the noises ceased. Again they left; the uproar began again as loudly as ever, the moment they closed the door.¹

Such is, in abridged form, the extraordinary case investigated by Professor James Hyslop. Doubt is not possible. The threat of a manifestation, part of this student's singular compact, was fully carried out by the deceased man. The uproar did not come from the living, without their knowing it. This is proved by the fact that it came to an abrupt halt in the presence of the living, only to begin again when they went away—a thing frequently noted in phenomena of the kind.

Observed happenings, therefore, prove that the dead return after making pledges, promises, and threats, and consequently that they continue to exist. Where are they when they bring about these phenomena? I know nothing about that. Where was this skeleton's soul? I do not know. But it was evidently that soul which manifested itself.

We have just given, above, cases of visible manifestations,

¹ Bozzano, *Les Phénomènes de hantise*, pp. 50-52.

of apparitions, and we have already furnished (Volume II, Chapter IV) examples of the generation of images by the thought of the dying. These phenomena are extremely numerous; there are images that are visible, objective, external—considered real and material by those who see them. The images are nevertheless subjective, arising in the mind of the observer, though they cannot be called hallucinations, being neither unauthentic nor illusory. They proceed from a cause: the will of the dying or dead person, which produces them. They are psychic projections with the aspect of physical projections.

The case we shall relate is as significant as the preceding one, though less gruesome. It concerns a church singer, who, was, on a certain Saturday, to rehearse some musical selections with a colleague. He died the day before the appointment—in the street, of a stroke of apoplexy. He was then fifty years old. He appeared to his colleague, a roll of music in his hand; his colleague did not know of his death. The account was sent to Professor Adams of Cambridge (U. S. A.).¹ Let us read it:

St. Luke's Church, San Francisco,
September 11, 1890.

Some weeks ago our choir-leader, a man robust in health and of a most skeptical turn of mind, saw, positively, the apparition of one of his singers who had just died:

Mr. Russell, the bass of the choir, had a stroke of apoplexy in the street, on a certain Friday at ten o'clock; he died in his home at eleven o'clock. My wife, learning of his death, sent my brother-in-law to the home of Mr. Reeves, the choir-leader, to discuss the music to be played at the funeral. He arrived at the choir-leader's house at about half-past one. Suddenly he heard an exclamation in the vestibule. Some one had just cried out, "*Good God!*" In

¹ *Proceedings of the S. P. R.*, VIII, 214. Myers, *Human Personality*, II, 45.

the middle of the stairway, sitting on a step, was the choir-leader, in his shirt sleeves, showing signs of great terror.

When Mr. Reeves had come out of his room, he had seen Mr. Russell standing on the stairway, one hand on his forehead and the other holding a roll of music out to him. The choir-leader went toward him, but the phantom vanished. It was then that he uttered the exclamation mentioned above.

He knew nothing of Mr. Russell's death.

This is the most authentic ghost-story that I have ever heard. I know all these persons very well, and can swear to their sincerity. I have no doubt that the choir-leader saw something, subjectively or objectively: it made him ill for several days, in spite of his usual fine health.

To state my own personal conviction, Mr. Russell was a man of very regular habits, very loyal and very dependable; he had sung in the choir for years without pay; his last thought must have been: "How shall I let the choir-leader know that I cannot rehearse to-morrow evening?" He died in an hour, without having regained consciousness.

The attitude in which he showed himself bears out this hypothesis; it indicated his malady (pain in the head) and his desire to perform his duty.

W. M. W. DAVIS,
Rector.

The "San Francisco Chronicle" gave in the following terms its version of the curious story:

On Friday morning, Edwin Russell, a well-known Englishman, had reached the corner of Stutter and Mason streets, when he had a stroke of apoplexy, and died before noon. He had lived in our city for ten years and was respected in the commercial world. He was a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church and had a magnificent bass voice. For this reason he was a great asset to the choir of St. Luke's Church, and was in constant touch with the Rev. W. W. Davis, rector of the church, and with Harry E. Reeves, the new choir-leader.

It was to Mr. Reeves that the sensational thing happened which

people are all talking about. I interviewed him at the home of his sister, Mrs. Cavenagh, on California Street. He told me that he was not a spiritualist, and gave me the following account:

"I had seen Russell on the Saturday before his death. He had come to rehearse. I had asked him where I might find a good cigar, and he had taken me to a cigar store. Then I had invited him to my home—or, rather, to my sister's home—to rehearse, and we arranged to meet on the following Saturday. I thought no more of the matter until Friday afternoon. As it is my custom to look through my volumes of music one or two days beforehand, for selections to be sung on Sunday, I chose two *Te Deums*. I left my room and saw on the landing, which was half lighted as it is now, my friend Mr. Russell, so real, so alive, that I went forward at once to give him my hand in welcome.

"He had a roll of music in one hand, and the other was before his face. It was really he. I am absolutely sure of it. Well, he melted away like a cloud which vanishes into the air.

"I was about to speak to him, but was struck dumb. I sank down against the wall, crying out: 'Oh, good God!' My sister, my niece, and another person came up. My niece asked, 'Uncle Henry, what's the matter?' I wished to explain, but could not speak. Then my niece said to me, 'Did you know that Mr. Russell is dead?' I was literally stupefied by this. I saw this Russell three hours after his death as well as I see you in that arm-chair."

The investigation made by the English Society for Psychological Research—one in which every possible precaution was taken—left no doubt as to this spontaneous apparition. The cry uttered by Mr. Reeves was heard by witnesses; the vision was perceived in an absolutely normal state, and the hypothesis of an hallucination is utterly inadmissible, given all the circumstances attendant upon the phenomenon.

We are concerned here, as in cases in which promises and pledges to appear were fulfilled, with a very definite intention not to miss a meeting agreed upon. To refuse to accept the occurrence, to go on indefinitely seeking flaws, would lead us nowhere.

Manifestations of the dead are numerous and varied, as we have ascertained. Here is still another, which greatly astonished the beholder. An Indian half-breed appeared to a traveler, a woman, after having sworn to her to do so. He was in Colorado, and she, having gone back to Europe, was then in Switzerland. Mrs. Bishop, née Bird, a well-known traveler and writer, related the following incident.¹ While traveling in the Rocky Mountains, Miss Bird had grown to know an Indian half-breed, James Nugent, called "Mountain Jim," and she had had considerable influence upon him. She writes:

On the day of my departure, he was much affected. I had had a long conversation with him on the subject of this mortal life and immortality, a conversation which I had ended with some quotations from the Bible. He seemed to me to be greatly impressed, and had cried: "I'll not see you again in this life, perhaps, but I'll see you when I die." I reproved him gently for his violence of speech, but he repeated the same words even more vehemently, adding: "I'll never forget your words, and *I swear I'll see you again when I die.*" On this, we parted.

For some time I had letters from him; I learned that his conduct had improved, then that he had fallen back into his savage customs; that he had been wounded in a brawl, then that he was better and was meditating plans of revenge. The last time I heard from him, I was at the Hotel Interlaken, in Interlaken, Switzerland, with Miss Clayton and the Kers. Some time after this (it was in September, 1874) I was stretched out on my bed one morning, writing a letter to my sister, when, lifting my eyes, I saw Mountain Jim standing before me. His eyes were fixed on me, and he said to me in a low voice, but very distinctly: "Here I am, as I promised." Then he made a gesture, and added, "Good-by!"

When Miss Bessie Ker came to bring me my breakfast, we noted the date and time of the happening. News of Mountain Jim's

¹ *Phantasms of the Living*, I, 531. *Hallucinations télépathiques*, p. 185.

death reached us some time afterward; taking into account the difference in longitude, the date coincided with that of his apparition.

In reply to inquiries concerning this story, Mrs. Bishop wrote that she had never had any other sensory hallucination. She had seen Mountain Jim for the last time in St. Louis, on December 11, 1873. At Fort Collins, in the state of Colorado, where he died, it was ascertained that his death took place on September 7, 1874. The half-breed's promise, or threat, was exactly fulfilled.

We cannot, however, refrain from remarking that these pledges, these compacts, these promises, are far from always being kept. As for me, people have made me a certain number, and I have never perceived anything. Is this the fault of those who have died, or my own fault? Is it always possible for some one dead to manifest himself? Is it always possible for a living person to perceive manifestations? They are produced by vibrations, and the harp-strings capable of being touched by them are doubtless rare enough.

While on the subject of the difficulty and rarity of apparitions we may, with Myers, take note of the experience of Countess Kapnist, and observe that the fulfilment of agreements of this sort is often made through intermediaries—a strange enough fact.¹ For example, it was Countess Kapnist's sister who saw the apparition, not she herself. It is probable that a good many attempts have not succeeded because of the maladaptation of the subjects, and that they would have ended in typical manifestation if the one who wished to appear had chosen more sensitive subjects.

It is the same in the following instance, the indirect fulfilment of a promise. A lady who had made a compact with a friend, was seen in phantom form after her death, by the

¹ *At the Moment of Death*, p. 113. *Human Personality*, II, 51 and 350, Sec. 727 A. *Proceedings of the S. P. R.*, V, 440.

friend's husband but not by the friend herself. This curious example was furnished by the Rev. Arthur Bellamy of Bristol, in February, 1886.¹ His account follows:

When she was a school-girl my wife had made a pact with one of her comrades that the one who died first should appear to the surviving one, God willing. In 1874 my wife, who for years had neither seen her school friend nor heard of her, learned of her death. This news reminded her of the compact which they had made, and she then began to dwell upon it, and spoke of it to me. I knew of this agreement of my wife, but had never seen a photograph of her friend, nor heard anything concerning her.

One or two nights afterward we were sleeping quietly; a bright fire shone in the room and there was a lighted candle. I awakened suddenly and saw a lady seated beside the bed in which my wife was sleeping deeply. I sat up in bed and gazed at her; I saw her so clearly that I can still remember her form and her attitude. If I had an artist's skill, I could paint her likeness upon canvas. I remember that I was struck particularly with the careful way in which her hair was dressed; it was arranged with a certain elegance. I cannot say how long I sat gazing at her; but as soon as this odd phantom vanished I got out of bed to see if the garments hung over the head of the bed had caused some optical illusion. But there was nothing, in my line of vision, between me and the wall. Since I could not think it an hallucination, I did not doubt that I had really seen an apparition.

I got back into bed and remained there until my wife awakened, some hours afterward. Only then did I describe to her the face which I had seen. Complexion, stature, etc.—all was in exact accordance with my wife's recollection of her childhood friend. I asked my wife if there were anything particularly striking in her friend's appearance; she answered at once, "Yes, at school we used to tease her about her hair, which she always arranged with special care." It was precisely this which had struck me.

I must add that I had never seen an apparition before this, and have not since.

ARTHUR BELLAMY.

¹ *Human Personality*, II, 350, Sec. 727 A.

We may suppose that the apparition was caused by the psychic influence which Mrs. Bellamy's deceased friend had upon her, and that she transmitted it to her husband, since there was no reason why the dead woman should manifest herself to this gentleman, who was a stranger to her. But other considerations perplex us. What strikes us above all is that the manifestation intended for the wife was seen by her husband and not by her. We have already noted ("At the Moment of Death," page 348) that an apparition intended for Mrs. Clerke was seen by her negro servant and not by her. And how about the case of Madame Galatéri's feet being tickled? And my readers have also been reminded of Countess Kapnist.

I have before my eyes five or six times the number of cases I have given, cases in which the dead fulfilled promises that they remembered precisely and were able to carry out—among others, the very touching story of General Thiébault, published in his *Memoirs* (Paris, 1893; Volume I, pages 43–47), as to the apparition of his brother, followed by this sentence: "I have never been able to believe in it, and nevertheless I have never been able to doubt it." Space is lacking for their publication. The examples just given are sufficient, it would seem to me, to convince us of the reality of the manifestations. Other cases will add nothing to the proofs. We must admit the authenticity of the phenomena. As for explaining them, that is more difficult.

I shall select one more letter from among those received. It was sent me from Kaliche, Russian Poland, on June 27, 1913.

MOST ESTEEMED MONSIEUR FLAMMARION:

My father, after his death in 1879, proved to me that he was still alive, through signs which we had agreed upon beforehand:

(1) The window-pane which we had designated cracked in a straight, horizontal line; it broke with a noise like the firing of

a gun; (2) the clock which we had selected (its strokes were ordinarily rapid and gay) began to strike the hours slowly and sadly, and for several weeks continued to do so.

I must be silent no longer, because I am old. And since you, the champion of truth, are no longer young, either, it is your duty not to be silent, for the world is listening to you.

NICHOLAS STEPANOW.

(Letter 2358.)

If in 1913 my advanced age constituted a reason for not keeping silent, there is still greater reason in 1922, and I bow to my duty by classifying all this testimony for the sake of our store of general knowledge.

In the face of the facts we have the impression, as Oliver Lodge said, that the souls of the dead are striving to enter into relations with us, as we with them, and that on both sides such efforts resemble those of pioneers who in order to open a tunnel through a mountain work at both ends of the tunnel. The wall separating the ends of the two passages is still thick, but we are beginning to hear, from this side, the blows of pickaxes on the other side. It would even seem that the barrier is already being penetrated by X-rays.

So we have seen, indubitably, cases of the dead returning by reason of mutual pledges or promises. It seems to me that this second chapter, read after the first, cannot fail to strengthen the foundations upon which the new science must be built. Let us go on with our investigation by proving, now, that the dead also return on account of personal matters, quite apart from the declared intentions of which we have spoken.

III

THE DEAD WHO HAVE RETURNED TO ATTEND TO PERSONAL AFFAIRS

Truth may, at times, appear
improbable.

BOILEAU.

THIS heading may surprise more than one reader. We have just had before our eyes varied examples of the dead who have manifested themselves because of promises made during life. The examples which we shall present in this chapter will show us posthumous phenomena no less worthy of our attention, having as an object the setting in order of personal affairs. Here, as before, the first objection which we must bring forward is that an explanation may be found in the observers' own minds; but it has seemed to us that this objection would not apply to the foregoing accounts, such as Lord Brougham's, the apparition of Rambouillet, Monsieur Castex-Dégrange's statement, that of Monsieur de Maricourt, of Canon Bouin, the apparition of Russell the singer, and so on. It will be the same with the following cases. Nevertheless let us make a careful examination, that no obscurity may remain after our inquiry.

Since we are seeking truth, whatever it be, our duty is to admit any hypothesis, while protecting ourselves through analysis. Let us compare, let us investigate everything.

A "possibility" which presents itself as an explanation of these manifestations, is that of thought-transmission from the living to the living. The solid body of testimony as to this sort of phenomena, supported ceaselessly by new occur-

rences, constitutes a foundation of the highest importance for our psychic investigation.

This thought-transmission may explain certain phenomena attributed to the dead, who appear to return from beyond the grave, and take a hand in our affairs, although the manifestations may be due, in many cases, to emanations from our world of the living.

Our "unconscious mind," or, if one prefers, "subconscious mind," is a receiving apparatus; its sensitiveness varies according to the particular person under consideration. It is, besides, a prodigious storehouse of latent impressions. Some of them, by reason of certain physical or psychic external influences, emerge from the inmost, mysterious depths of our psychic being, through a process that is still little known; others—the greater part of them—remain buried there and are absorbed.

A debtor's thoughts may, while he is alive, be transmitted to his children and remain for months in their minds—impressions that are hidden, unguessed, lost amid all the other latent impressions but not destroyed. Then, for some unknown reason, and in favorable circumstances, they may detach themselves—above all, in dreams—clarify, and emerge, distinct and definite, from the obscurity of the subconscious. It may be the same with knowledge of a secret hiding-place for money.

This is only a hypothesis, but it is worthy of our attention. Even if, in the manifestations, there were but new testimony as to the unknown faculties with which living beings are endowed, the acquisition to the new science, however modest it be, should be given due consideration. Before plunging into the future life, let us strive to know terrestrial life better.

Words are not indispensable for the expression of thought, for unformulated thought is at times transmitted. I, for

one, know of a number of cases scientifically verified by experiments.

Words are one of the last conquests of mankind. Before making use of articulate speech, our remote ancestors made themselves understood by uttering cries with a meaning, like animals. To-day, with language as our tool, we are incapable of understanding all that is hidden in the sounds of the animal world.

On the subject of thought-transmission, my learned friend Dr. Coste de Lagrave sent me an account, among others, of the following experiment, which he himself made. He said:

I choose the leaf of a tree. I fill my mind with its aspect; I make it a part of me *psychically*, so that I shall be sure to know it, afterward, among a hundred thousand others. I go back to the sensitive subject, who is standing about fifty meters away. He puts a bandage over his eyes, I take his wrist, place my fingers on his pulse, and, thinking of the designated leaf, follow him. He runs swiftly, drawing me after him, halts at the spot where the leaf is, stretches out his free hand and places it carefully on the leaf which I have chosen mentally some minutes before. This is the result of the transmission of unformulated thought.

I have, so far as possible, put myself in touch with those capable of transmitting thought, above all to discover if there were not some deception, and to make experiments myself. The power of transmitting unformulated thought is a faculty which really exists, but which is more or less developed according to the individual. With certain subjects, it is greatly developed; the power of receiving unformulated thought may be equally developed, and certain subjects give remarkable results.

The foregoing is what Dr. Coste de Lagrave has to say on the matter; in Paris his course in psychology has long been valued. In days gone by I myself made similar experiments with Ninof and Clovis Hugues ("L'Inconnu," page 316), which prove the reality of thought-transmission. And

readers may remember my experiment with Charcot at the Saltpêtrière Hospital; I told of it in the chapter entitled "Thought as a Generator of Images," in the volume "At the Moment of Death" (page 84).

In the course of more than a century, twenty-eight important works on *dreams* have been written, the first by Maine de Biran (1792), the last by Yves Delage (1920). The list includes one of the most authoritative books, Alfred Maury's (1861); I have all of them before me, and I must give it as my opinion that not one of them has yet furnished a complete and definite explanation of dreams.

How shall we decide whether an apparition, or a similar manifestation, of a deceased person is anything more than a simple subjective manifestation, or, if a dream, is caused by a mind exterior to ours?

We can reach a conclusion only by careful analysis.

Let us consider a few significant cases.

I have long been calling attention to psychic occurrences. My readers have already had an opportunity to read, in "Uranie," of the following odd episode, taken from the life of Swedenborg:

In 1761, Madame de Marteville, widow of a former Dutch minister to Sweden, received from one of her husband's creditors a demand for the sum of twenty-five thousand Dutch florins. She knew that this had been paid by her husband; to pay it again would have placed her in the greatest straits, would have almost ruined her. The receipt could not be found.

She paid a visit to Swedenborg, and, eight days afterward, saw her husband in a dream. He showed her the piece of furniture in which the receipt was, together with a hair-pin adorned with twenty diamonds, which she had believed was lost also. This happened at two o'clock in the morning. Joyful, she rose, and found everything in the spot indicated. She went back to bed, and slept until nine. About eleven o'clock, Monsieur Swedenborg was announced. Before learning anything of what had happened he

related that on the previous night, he had seen Monsieur de Marteville's spirit, who had told him that he was going to his widow.

These experiences are not so rare as people think. I have, at this moment, a great number of such accounts before my eyes. In the very era of which we are speaking, we may find in the story of the Seer of Prévorst (less unreal than it seems), the description of several.

Is there an immanent justice?

Can one be absolved of a theft committed? Can the theft be nullified?

Among the documents which I have received or collected, several communications from deceased persons would indicate that they were uneasy, and came back to demand that certain things be restored to their rightful owners.

Since we began this chapter with posthumous revelations of financial troubles, let us bring together, here, various occurrences of the same sort.

At the beginning of my inquiry, I received, from Algeria, the following letter (April 1899) :

We know in our immediate circle of a curious happening having to do with Monseigneur Pavie, who, when he died, was Bishop of Algiers.¹ He was reading in his study, when he heard the door open behind him. He turned and saw a shade or vaporous form. Its contours were definite enough to enable him to recognize, in it, one of his parishioners who had been dead for some time, and of whom he had been particularly fond. Then he heard, distinctly, these words: "You who loved me, help me! I left a debt unpaid. [He gave the amount, as well as the creditor's name and address]. Discharge this debt, that I may cease to suffer."

The observer, much moved, could not, on account of the lateness of the hour, go that very day to the address indicated. He went the next day. The information given proved to be exact, and since

¹ I made this incident public, for the first time, in the *Revue des revues* of July 15, 1899.

the amount of the debt corresponded exactly with the sum mentioned by the deceased, the Abbé Pavie paid it.

There can be no question here of an hallucination. We might suppose that the priest learned of the debt, in the confessional, and that, through a "pious fraud," he wished to settle things thus. But that is hardly probable; it would seem that in this case he would have attributed the revelation to a dream. His precise account warrants a totally different interpretation.

I have received more than one communication similar to the foregoing. The following account was sent me from Nice on June 23, 1899:

A most estimable, pious lady, living in Paris, told me that her father, who had been dead for several years, appeared to her at eleven o'clock one night, while she was lying awake in her bed. (She was dreaming, doubtless.) Having first calmed the terror that had come upon her, he requested her to pay a definite sum (his daughter knew absolutely nothing of it) which he owed a certain person; he designated the person. Preoccupied by the extraordinary occurrence, the lady rose early. When she opened her window, the first person she saw was the very creditor named by the deceased. She asked him in hurriedly, though the hour was unseasonable, and requested him to inform her if her father did not owe him such and such a sum. He answered in the affirmative, and mentioned exactly the sum which the deceased had spoken of the night before.

I can vouch for this occurrence, since I was told of it by a lady in whom I have entire confidence. Without believing in apparitions of ghosts, one cannot, all the same, help thinking of these things, related by perfectly reasonable persons, quite sound in mind and body. I do not feel that I have the right to set down the name of this person, whom I am as sure of as I am of myself. But I am signing my name, and giving you my address.

PERETTI.

(Letter 732.)

Such dreams are usually explained on the supposition that people remember things they already know. But the narrator

took care to remark that this person *did not know* of the existence of the debt.

The following letter brings forward a serious argument in favor of survival. I leave my readers to judge of its contents:

Romanow, Province of Volkynie,
October 13, 1899.

DEAR MASTER:

Since I wish to aid you in your honest, sincere inquiry as to manifestations from beyond the grave, I am taking the liberty of telling you of a happening that is well known in my family. I have frequently heard my relatives talk of it.

My grandfather's brother, Count Thadée Czacki, after the death of his father, saw the latter in a dream. His father told him that he had borrowed one hundred ducats from a neighbor, M. N——; the lender had not wished to take a written receipt for the sum. He asked his son, therefore, to pay the debt, that his soul might find rest.

My great-uncle treated this dream as any other dream, and paid no attention to it.

The next night he had the same dream, exactly in the same way. At once, my great-uncle had the horses harnessed to his carriage, to go and pay his neighbor a visit. Questioning him, he learned that he really had lent one hundred ducats, but had no written proof. My great-uncle paid him, and his father appeared to him once again, to thank him.

I should be delighted if this story were of use to you. I can guarantee its authenticity, for all the members of my family have always considered it indubitable.

HENRI STECHI.

(Letter 774.)

We may object that the son might have heard his father speak of the loan of one hundred ducats, might have forgotten the fact, and have remembered the debt in a dream, a dream into which his father entered in another form.

The lender's generosity and disinterested sentiments might have struck him when he heard his father mention the loan. But the objection is only a hypothesis. Another hypothesis (one which we have no right to disdain) is that the deceased man, being honest, told his son of the debt and asked him to pay it.

We are making an investigation. Let us consider and discuss every case. The objection just made would not be applicable to the following account, taken from a valued work by Dr. Binns. He published it with the remark that it had been completely verified. It concerns a letter written on October 21, 1842, by Charles M'Kay, a Catholic priest, to the Countess of Shrewsbury. The Earl of Shrewsbury had sent the letter to Dr. Binns. Dale Owen, too, had quoted it in his book "Footfalls" (page 294). Here is the narration, in abridged form:

In July, 1838, I left Edinburgh for the Perthshire Mission. Upon my arrival in Perth, I was summoned by a Presbyterian woman, Anne Simpson. For more than a week she had been extremely anxious to see a priest, because one of her friends, a woman named Maloy, had appeared to her for several nights, and begged her to ask a priest to pay a small sum of money (three shillings and ten pence) which the dead woman owed when she died. There was no other source of information.

I began to investigate, and found that a woman of that name had died; that she had been a laundress in a regiment. I ended by discovering the grocer with whom she had had dealings, and asked him if a woman named Maloy owed him anything. He consulted his books and told me that she owed him three shillings and ten pence. I paid this sum. The woman came to see me, to tell me that the apparitions had ceased.¹

These cases of the dead who have returned to see to personal matters are significant and absolutely undeniable. I shall

¹ Myers, *Human Personality*, II, 348.

add the following one, taken from that work by Bozzano, so full of information, "*Les Phénomènes de hantise*." He himself took it from Robert Dale Owen's well-known book "*The Debatable Land*" (page 226). This explanation, by the author, precedes it:

The following case was brought to my attention by the protagonist in person, Miss V——, in the winter of 1869-70; I obtained her full consent to the publication of names and dates. Nevertheless, when Miss V—— spoke of the matter to her aged aunt, the latter feared the notoriety which it would give to their names. Miss V—— was obliged, in consequence, to withdraw her consent.

Owen continues in these words:

An unmarried lady whom I know, young and cultivated and belonging to one of the oldest families of New York (I shall call her Miss V——), was spending about fifteen days at the home of an aunt, who owned a very large and very old house on the banks of the Hudson River. This dwelling, like many European Châteaux, had the reputation of being haunted. This was spoken of as little as possible in the family, but a certain room was never used save in exceptional cases. At the very time of her stay, so many guests arrived that there were no more vacant rooms. The aunt asked her niece if she had the courage to move from her own room to the haunted room for two or three days, thus running the risk of a visit from a ghost. Miss V—— acquiesced without hesitation, adding that ghostly visits did not disturb her much.

When the appointed night came, Miss V—— got into bed and went to sleep without the least anxiety. She awakened at midnight and perceived the form of a grown woman walking up and down in the room, wearing a chambermaid's dress that was very clean and rather old-fashioned. At first she was not at all frightened, thinking it some one of the household who had come in to look for something; but, on reflection, she recalled that she had locked the door. This thought made her shiver, and her fear increased when she saw the form draw near the bed, bend over her, and

vainly attempt to speak. Absolutely terrified, Miss V—— hid her face under the covers and when, a moment afterward, she looked again, the phantom had vanished. Then she sprang from the bed and ran to the door; she found it locked, and the key on the inside.

Some time afterward, at the home of one of her intimate friends who was interested in spiritualism, she took part in the experiments, through curiosity. On a certain evening an entity manifested itself, which called itself Sarah Clarke, a name unknown to the experimenters. This personality explained that, long before, she had been a chambermaid in the home of Miss V——'s aunt, and that when Miss V—— had gone to visit her relative, she had vainly tried to speak to her, that she might confess that she was guilty of having stolen from the aunt, and beg the aunt's forgiveness. She added that the desire to confess her fault was so strong in her, that it compelled her to haunt the room in which she had lived when alive. She then said that, when living, she had allowed herself to take several household articles, among them a silver sugar-bowl and other objects which she enumerated. She ended by saying that she would be eternally grateful to Miss V—— if she would be so good as to take this message to her aunt and say that she felt a deep repentance and implored her forgiveness.

At the first opportunity, Miss V—— asked her aunt if, by chance, she had known some one named Sarah Clarke.

"Certainly," she answered. "She was a chambermaid we had thirty or forty years ago."

"What sort of girl was she?"

"She was good, industrious, and faithful."

"During the time she was with you, did you never miss any silver tableware?"

After a moment's thought the old lady cried:

"Yes, I remember, now; at that time a silver sugar-bowl disappeared mysteriously, and several things of that sort."

"Did you never suspect your chambermaid, Sarah Clarke?"

"Never. It's true that she had free access to everything; but all of us knew that she was very honest and above suspicion."

Then Miss V—— told her aunt of the message sent through the medium. They found that the list of the thefts, furnished by the

so-called spirit of Sarah Clarke, corresponded with the objects actually taken from the aunt's home. After this discovery the old lady said, merely, "If Sarah Clarke was really guilty, I'll pardon her with all my heart."

The most remarkable thing about this episode is that from that day on *the manifestations in the haunted room ceased* and Sarah Clarke no longer appeared to any one.

I repeat that I can vouch for the truth of these facts, since I know personally the two ladies chiefly concerned.

In this case, apart from the manifest proof of a causal connection between the dead woman's fixed idea and the haunting of the room—a proof confirmed by the spirit's words to the effect that the desire to confess her fault was so intense that it compelled her, in spite of herself, to haunt the room in which she had lived when alive—apart from this, we must also note a very important additional proof. This lies in the fact that the manifestations in the haunted room ceased immediately after the spirit gained its compelling desire for pardon.¹

The story, related with so much detail, is instructive from more than one point of view, like all the foregoing ones.

The phenomena similar to this are too numerous not to be taken into consideration: apparitions of the dead in dreams, demanding that certain services be performed—asking people to do errands, we might say. It is often difficult, not to say impossible, to attribute the incidents to autosuggestion, to some recollection, to the dreamer's subconscious mind. In the little narration which we shall now give, the author attributes the manifestation not to the deceased, for he does not admit the existence of ghosts, but to a genius, a spirit, the existence of which has never been proved, either. Here it is. Though it happened in the seventeenth century, it is not to be disdained. People often say, "That's a very old story." But can they really think that Montaigne, Descartes, or Molière observed less keenly than we?

¹ Ernest Bozzano, *Les Phénomènes de hantise*, pp. 154-157.

The Abbé de Villars, author of "Comte de Gabalis" (1670), states that the account was given him by the observer herself, the wife of Marshal Grancey.¹

A spirit showed itself to her as she slept, in the guise of her late husband. He did not speak long; he said only: "Madame, have my clothes-closet searched. There is a letter in my breeches pocket which is of the utmost consequence to one of our good friends; be careful to burn it." The marshal's wife tried to ask questions as to the other life; the phantom disappeared without replying. She awakened, greatly troubled, and called her attendants. They ran to her bed; she told of her dream. She had the deceased marshal's body-servant get up; he had remained in the house after the death of his master. He obeyed Madame de Grancey's summons; she asked him if any of the marshal's garments were still in his clothes-closet. He answered that there were none; that he had sold them for as much as he could obtain. The marshal's wife ordered him to make a thorough search. He left, and came back empty-handed. He was sent again, with no greater success. But at last, having gone a third time because of his mistress's urgent solicitations, he looked so thoroughly that he discovered, in the darkest corner of the clothes-closet, in the midst of a heap of sweepings, an old pair of black taffeta breeches with eyelets, such as were worn in former days. He gave these breeches to the marshal's wife; she put her hand into one of the pockets, from which she drew a letter. She opened it, read it, and, understanding its importance, threw it into the fire, that she might spare a friend of the household the grief that might have been caused him had its contents been divulged.

The narrator refuses to admit that the marshal himself appeared to his wife, and attributes the phenomenon to a spirit, a genius. (This refusal reminds us of our reflections on the subject of Lord Brougham and the Marquis of Ram-bouillet, page 49). As for me, I am giving the incident as it was related to me, and asking my readers to compare it

¹ *Le Comte de Gabalis, les génies assistants*, II, 87 (edition of 1742).

with other, similar ones. Let us investigate without prejudice; but let us be logical. Is it not more probable, in this, as in preceding cases, that the dead man's soul played a part, rather than some other spirit?

Such cases show us that the dead have returned to see to intimate personal affairs, to ask that long-neglected debts be paid, or to confess to thefts for which they were responsible. I have before my eyes many others more or less similar. Let us broaden our inquiry to include, also, testimony as to the discovery not of debts to be paid but of sums of money, disclosed through posthumous revelations.

The following manifestation, three days after death, would seem to be well authenticated. An account of it was sent me from Hyères, on May 31, 1899. The story was told to the narrator by a neighbor, a woman estimable from every point of view, "simple, truthful, and sincere." She said:

"Three days had passed since we lost our father through sudden death. (He had died of congestion of the brain.) Since it was customary in our house for my father to pay all expenses, he alone had charge of the money. He was in the habit of putting it—his ideas were a little odd—in certain places more or less hidden from us.

"After the funeral, when we wished to settle up everything, my mother, in order to pay pressing bills, began to look for the sum from which household and all other expenses were taken. We were certain that my father had hidden it somewhere. It was probable that the amount was very small.

"The whole family—my mother, myself, and two boys—began a search. We looked from attic to basement, with no more result than if we had not looked at all. My mother was in despair, since she had counted on the money to pay household and other expenses with. We did not know which way to turn, and were all in the deepest misery.

"In the course of the third night, between eleven and midnight, I heard, suddenly, steps descending the stairs which led to the hay-loft. These steps halted on the landing before the door of

my room, and immediately I heard the latch lifted and the door creak. And my father's well-known voice reached my ears, calling three times, 'Baptistine, my child!' As you may well suppose, I was more dead than alive. My girl cousin was sleeping with me; I pushed her with all the strength I had left, trying to waken her. It was useless; she slept on undisturbed. Then I answered my father, but in a voice so choked by emotion that only with difficulty could I utter the two words 'My father!'

"'Listen, my child,' he said. 'Since I left you, you have been greatly worried and have suffered most terribly because you can't find the money. Well, it's in an old packing-case that once had oranges in it; the box is in the room behind the kitchen. It is divided into compartments; there are bags of several kinds of grain on one side of it. And on the other side, at the very bottom, under some rags, is the money which is causing you so much suffering! Good-by, my child.'

"I need not add that the whole family was at once up and about; some minutes afterward we found the hoard.

"Such is my story. I shall neither retract from it, nor add to it."

HILARION MARQUAND, Landowner.

(Letter 710.)

Place des Palmiers, 34.

Following my usual methods of inquiry, I requested the writer of the foregoing to ask for confirmation of the account. I received the following reply:

I am very happy to oblige you. This morning I went to the Widow Eugène Ardouin's garden (née Baptistine Pons); she was picking strawberries. In a few words I explained to her the reason for my visit.

I read her the letter which I had the honor of writing you; I asked her if the account contained in it were identical with the one she had given as to her father's apparition. She answered, "That was it."

Then I said: "You must do me a kindness. You must send Monsieur Flammarion a simple story of the incident, as you remember it now." She began to smile, saying that that was quite impossible, since she did not know how to write! I was most dis-

tressed. I had her tell me, once more, how it had all happened; she did so with pleasure, but with much emotion. "Were you sure you weren't asleep?"—"Oh, quite sure; he made a loud noise, coming down the attic stairs; you'd have said he was dragging chains with him."—"But how was it that your bedroom—a young girl's bedroom, particularly—was closed only with a latch?"—"Why, you see," she answered, "we weren't in the habit of locking the doors, in our home."

"And the sum of money," I said to her. "How much was there?"—"Fifteen hundred francs. I still seem to see that old worm-eaten box, full of bags of grain on one side, and on the other the sum that had worried us so."

I asked, finally: "Could n't it have been your intense desire to find the money which made you dream of this sum and of your father?"—"No, no," she answered. "I was too young, then, to think of anything so practical as money. And then, how could my wish have made me discover the hiding-place?"

Such, my dear Master, is the occurrence which happened in this place. I may say, without flattery, that we all admire you too much to distort, in any way, the information we give you, that we may aid you to enlighten humanity.

MARQUAND.

(Letter 719.)

More than one discovery of the sort has been made in dreams. Was this a dream? The narrator declares that she was awake, that she heard the sound of footsteps, that the door of her room opened, that she heard but did not see her father, and that he told her of the hiding-place, *known to him alone*. Nevertheless it seems to me that all this took place in a dream. This would not, however, mean that there was no intervention on the part of the father.

The foregoing was a case of a voice heard subjectively,—but really heard,—a phenomenon caused by the deceased.

Because of my wish to consider only that which is indubitable, I related (Volume II, page 259) a curious incident

concerning a ring stolen from a dying man's finger, but classified the phenomenon among those attributable rather to the living than to the dead. A letter from Général Berthaut (dated July 22, 1921) requested me to refer to it again, in this third volume. He wrote:

We have here a clearly defined apparition, in a dream. It took place after death, since it was confirmed by the subsequent avowal. Occurrences of this nature are of immense value to those who wish to prove survival after death, because they are, unfortunately, least numerous.

(Letter 4583.)

I accede to the request with pleasure, and shall ask, simply, that pages 255 to 259 of Volume II be read once more, with care.

It would, indeed, seem virtually certain that the brother manifested himself to his sister, in a dream, about two months *after his death*.

General Berthaut had already sent me, in September, 1920, the following account. It was taken from G. Chardel's "Essai de psychologie physiologique." The author was a councilor of the Court of Cassation, and a former deputy from the Department of the Seine (Paris, 1841).

During the disturbances in Brittany there died in the village of la Garenne, near La Chèse, a weaver named Jean Goujon. He was a widower without children, and his thatched cottage was left empty and abandoned. It was harvest-time. A girl of nineteen, returning from the fields, was going to the farm next the cottage, when she drew back, screaming. She said she saw Jean Goujon, lying across the threshold of his door, looking at her. He asked that masses be said for him, and pointed out money which he had put, for this purpose, in the chimney-corner, behind a stone. The money was found, and the masses said.

(Letter 4270.)

It would be interesting to know *how* the request was made. Did she hear an inner voice? We are to-day rather exacting in our demands for precise information, all the more so because the manifestations take every form. In any case, the above incident belongs in the present chapter.

Let us read the following letter from a certain Mrs. P—— (who did not wish her name revealed) to Mr. Myers.¹ It is an account of a father who appeared to his son at a moment of great perplexity.

Married in 1867, my life was calm and happy until the end of the year 1869, when my husband's health failed and he became irritable. He answered all my questions evasively. On Christmas Eve, about half-past nine, he had gone to bed. He had left the lamp lighted because I was lingering for a moment near my little girl's cradle. Suddenly, to my great amazement, I saw a man in the uniform of a naval officer, with a pointed hat on his head. His face was in the shadow; it was all the more in obscurity from the fact that he was leaning on his elbow upon the head-board of the bed, supporting his head with his hand. I asked myself who this man could be. My husband had his back turned to me; I touched him on the shoulder and murmured, "Willie, who is that man?" He turned, gazed at the intruder, stupefied, then sat up suddenly and cried out, "What are you doing here?"

The form straightened slowly, then, in an imperious, unhappy voice said, "Willie! Willie!" I looked at my husband. He had grown livid and was greatly agitated; he rose from the bed as though to attack the stranger, but stood still at once, either in perplexity or fright. The form, impassive and solemn, crossed the room, moving at right angles to the wall. When it passed before the lamp, a shadow fell upon the wall and upon ourselves, as though it had been a real person. In spite of this, the phantom vanished mysteriously through the wall. My husband, still agitated, took the lamp, saying, "I'm going through the house and see where he went." I, too, was terribly agitated; however, re-

¹ *Proceedings of the S. P. R.*, VI, 26. *Annales des Sciences psychiques*, 1909, p. 325.

membering that the door was locked and that the mysterious visitor had not gone in that direction, I said, "But he didn't go out by the door!" Nevertheless my husband drew back the bolts, opened the door, and went out to search the house. Alone in the darkness, I thought: "We've seen an apparition. What can it portend? Perhaps my brother Arthur is ill. [He was a naval officer and was on a voyage to India.] I've always heard it said that these things happen." Such were my thoughts as I trembled with fear, pressing my little girl against me; she had awakened. Then I saw my husband coming back, more livid and more agitated than ever. He sat down on the edge of the bed, put his arm around me, and murmured, "Do you know whom we saw?"—"Yes," I answered, "a spirit; I'm afraid it has something to do with Arthur, but I could not see the face." He answered, "It was my father!"

My husband's father had been dead for fourteen years; he had been a naval officer in his youth, then, on account of his health, he had been obliged to leave the service before my husband was born, and the latter had seen him in uniform only once or twice. As for me, I had not known him.

The next day, we told our uncle and aunt of the incident, and we could all see that my husband's agitation was not lessening.

As the days went by, my husband lost strength and was obliged to take to his bed, seriously ill. It was only then that, little by little, he confided his secret to me. For some time he had been in serious financial difficulties, and at the time when his father appeared to him he was about to heed the fatal advice of a man who would have led him to ruin, or perhaps to something worse. I cannot help seeing in this a providential warning given my husband by means of the voice and the features of the man he had most revered in his life, and the only man whom he would have obeyed.

The narrator's husband answered as follows the inquiries sent him: "I shall add nothing to my wife's story; it is rigorously exact, and the occurrence took place just as she described."

We have here the apparition of a phantom who showed

himself to be familiar with his son's affairs, thus proving himself to know things that had *happened after his death*, but which *were in his son's mind*. But the phantom was first seen by the very percipient who was ignorant of the facts in question.

Monsieur Bozzano observes that the hypothesis of telepathy must not be wholly ruled out in explaining this case, though the hypothesis becomes, here, too complex, too tangled, to be readily accepted. We should have to suppose that the percipient's husband, on the point of venturing into an undertaking which would have jeopardized his honor, thought instinctively of his father's revered memory. This brought about a corresponding telepathic hallucination on the part of his wife, who in turn, calling her husband's attention to her own thought, made objective, transmitted it to him. Thus the husband, seized with remorse at the sight of his father's phantom, must, by this supposition, have been the dupe of a supplementary *verbal* auto-hallucination, through which the phantom rebuked him in an imperious, unhappy tone—an auto-hallucination which the husband re-transmitted to his wife.

It is all very complicated! Is it not simpler to admit that there was intervention on the part of the deceased father, though such a thing be incomprehensible? Here, too, there was a financial question, and, above all, a son in a desperate position. This phantom was, apparently, real; it cast a shadow, and vanished through the wall (the fourth dimension).

We might compare this experience with more than one similar manifestation. A man on the point of being shipwrecked, with his vessel, was saved from peril by a protector long dead. Aksakof has told us how the vessel *Harry Booth*, commanded by Captain Drisko, who told the story, was saved from shipwreck while on a voyage between New York and

Dry Tortugas, in 1865. Here are the essential passages of his statement¹:

Seeing that everything on the bridge was as it should be, I turned the command over to my first mate, an absolutely trustworthy officer, and went down to my cabin for a little rest.

At ten minutes to eleven I heard, distinctly, a voice saying to me, "Go up on the bridge and give orders to cast anchor."—"Who are you?" I demanded, running up on the bridge. I was surprised to receive an order. Up above, I found everything as it should have been. Nobody had seen any one at all go down into my cabin.

Supposing that I had been the dupe of an auditory illusion, I went down again. At ten minutes to twelve I saw a man clad in a long gray overcoat enter my cabin; he had a broad-brimmed hat on his head. Gazing at me fixedly, he ordered me to go up and have the anchor cast. Thereupon he went away calmly, and I heard distinctly his heavy steps as he passed in front of me. I went up to the bridge once more, and saw nothing out of the ordinary. Everything was all right. Since I was absolutely sure of my course, I had no reason for heeding a warning, no matter from what quarter. So I went back to my room, but no longer slept; I did not undress and was ready to go up, if there were need.

At ten minutes to one, the same man entered and ordered me, in still more authoritative tones, to go up on the bridge and give orders to cast anchor. I then recognized in the intruder *my old friend Captain John Burton*, with whom I had gone on voyages as a boy, and who had been extremely kind to me. With one bound I reached the bridge and ordered the sails lowered and the anchor cast. The sea, where we were, was fifty fathoms deep. It was in this way that the vessel escaped running on the rocks of Bahama.²

First, an auditory illusion; so much could be granted. In the second place, an optical illusion; this is going a little

¹ *Animisme et spiritisme*, p. 426.

² The details may be read in *Light* (1882), p. 303.

farther. But was this definite apparition imaginary? Events proved the contrary.

It is difficult to challenge the fact that we are here concerned with a manifestation on the part of some one dead. Surely, my readers have not forgotten the typical episode, similar to the foregoing one, of the phantom which gave this command: "Steer to the northwest." ("Uranie," page 214.)

Aksakof has told, elsewhere, how an important will was found through information furnished by the deceased person himself. On July 5, 1867, Prince Wittgenstens related the incident in the letter given below¹:

A friend of mine, Lieutenant-General Baron de Korff, who has been dead for some months, manifested himself to me through a medium (without my thinking of him in the least). He ordered me to point out to his family the place where, through malevolence, his will had been hidden. It had been concealed in a certain cupboard of the house in which he died. I did not even know that the heirs were looking, without success, for the will in question. It was found at the exact spot designated by the spirit of the deceased. It was a document of the greatest importance for the management of the family estate, as well as for the solution of questions which would arise upon the sons' coming of age. Here is an occurrence that defies all skepticism.

In giving this remarkable instance of a communication from beyond the grave—supported by vouchers—Aksakof reminds us of the case of Dr. Davey's son, who revealed to his father that there were seventy pounds sterling in his pocket-book instead of the twenty-two declared to have been there. Aksakof reminds us, too, of the phenomenon connected with the carrying out of a will, made public by the London Dialectic Society. Under the heading "Identity of a

¹ *Animisme et spiritisme*, p. 566.

dead man's personality established by the communication of facts which could have been known only to the deceased himself, and which only he could have communicated," he gives a certain number of typical occurrences, among them the following:

Mrs. G——, the wife of a United States army captain in command of regular troops, was living with her husband, in 1861, in the city of Cincinnati. In December, 1863, her husband's brother "Jock," as he was called familiarly, died suddenly. In March, 1864, when Mrs. G——, out of curiosity, was making spiritistic experiments, she found that she was a medium. Jock's name was given her by rappings. Mrs. G—— asked him if he wished anything. By way of reply he gave her a list of debts to be paid; the details of these took up two large-sized pages of the last-mentioned work. This same chapter contains several other proofs of identity. But we already have too much testimony to warrant our giving more.

The famous hypnotist Deleuze who was, as is well known, librarian of the Paris Museum of Natural History (my readers are, surely, familiar with his principal works), related the following as an instance of the apparition of some one dead¹:

A young woman who was a somnambulist and who had lost her father, saw him twice very distinctly. He appeared in a dream and gave her important advice. After praising her conduct, he told her that an opportunity for getting married would present itself; that this marriage would seem right and proper, and that she would like the young man, but that she would not be happy with him. Her father advised her to refuse him. He added that if she did not avail herself of this opportunity, another would occur soon afterward, and that all would be concluded before the end of the year. It was then the month of October.

¹ See Charpignon: *Physiologie, médecine et métaphysique du Magnétisme* (Orléans, 1841), p. 317.

The first young man was proposed, as a suitor, to the mother, but the daughter, struck by what her father had told her, refused him.

A second suitor, who came from the country, was introduced to the mother by friends. He asked for the young lady's hand, and the marriage took place on December 30th.

The foregoing was a premonitory dream; I have given a great many examples of dreams of the same sort. Usually they originate in the mind of the dreamer himself. But was that true in this case? Is it not plain that the father intervened?

I shall give still another case. A dead man who had just been buried appeared and made a personal revelation having to do with his son and daughter. The case was investigated with special care by Hodgson, and made public by Myers in Volume VIII (page 200) of the "Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research," in "Human Personality," Volume II, page 36, and by Bozzano in the "Annales des Sciences psychiques" of April, 1910. The following is an abridged account of it. We are now in the United States.

On February 2d, a certain Michael Coulay, a farmer living in the environs of Ionia, was found dead in the livery-stable of the Jefferson Inn. After the customary inquest, held by Mr. Hoffmann, an examining magistrate, the corpse was placed in the coffin, ready for burial. The old, soiled clothes which the farmer had worn were thrown into the yard.

When the deceased man's daughter learned of her father's death she fainted away, then came to and cried: "Where are our father's clothes? He appeared to me in a white shirt, a black vest, and satin slippers; *he had sewed a packet of bank-notes into his gray shirt*, and in doing that he'd used a piece of red cloth cut from one of my old dresses. *He warned me that the money is still where he put it.*" Then she fainted once more.

The members of the family thought this only an hallucination.

Nevertheless the doctor advised them to send for the garments, in order to calm the ill girl. The son telephoned to Hoffmann, the judge, who found them in the yard. His sister had exactly described the costume in which the dead man had been clothed, including the slippers, although she had not seen her father after his death, and although those related to him had seen his face only, through the lid of the coffin. The gray shirt was found, and in the inside of the part over the chest was found a packet of bank-notes (thirty-five dollars) sewed up in a piece of red cloth, like that of which one of his daughter's dresses was made. The stitches were long and irregular, as though made by an untrained hand.

The Rev. Amos Crum, a pastor in Dubuque, sent an attestation as to these incidents, with supplementary details; they were further confirmed by Judge Hoffmann, by the Rev. R. A. Green, Messrs. Ham and Carver, owners of a newspaper, "The Herald," Mr. H. L. Sill, a writer for this same newspaper, and Mrs. George Brown, a farmer's wife. All these lived in the same town with the Coulay family.

This account led to an immediate, careful investigation; it revealed the fact that the deceased communicated two essential bits of information, one of which (concerning the garment in which he had been clothed) was known only to persons whom the seer had never met; the other (the existence of the inner pocket and the sewed-up money) was known only to the dead man himself.

The apparition of the father and the daughter's clairvoyance are two phenomena equally remarkable.

Testimony as to identity is rare and precious; to reject it through prejudice is not honest. Some testimony emanates from particularly estimable quarters. The following account, it seems to me, is worthy of the highest consideration. Monsieur de la Roulière, residing at the Château des Loges (Saint-Christophe-sur-Roc, in the Department of Deux-Sèvres) wrote me on July 16, 1920:

I had the misfortune, last year, to lose my daughter, who was twenty-four. She was very good; she died like a saint. I also had a son, who was killed at Douaumont. He was charming, very splendid. It happened that my cousin, Madame de G——, said to me one day: "Don't grieve so about your children's death. They are very happy. Their souls are in brightness; they know perfect happiness. Your dear daughter spoke to me the other day. She said to me: 'My poor *little papa* is crying on my account; tell him I'm very happy. He tried to keep a promise he made me, but he didn't keep it.'—'What? Why, what is this promise?'—'Speak to my *little papa* about it; he'll know what I mean.'"

I was greatly agitated by my cousin's words. It was true that on the day before my daughter's death I was telling my beads with her and she said to me, "*My little papa*, promise me you'll tell ten beads for me every day."

After a month I stopped doing this. No one in the world knew of this promise. How could my cousin have known of it? It follows that my daughter told her of it.

I answered my cousin: "That's true; but I've lost the rosary that my daughter gave me."

"Come to my home this evening; I'll give you another one."

My cousin took out a box in which there were twenty or twenty-five rosaries which she was planning to give to children in the nuns' charge; she offered me one of them, a silvered one.

"Ah," she said to me, "your daughter does not wish me to give you this rosary, for my hand encountered resistance."

My cousin gave me another rosary, a black one.

"Why," I said, "that's odd; this black rosary is exactly like the one my daughter gave me."

It was true. I had found the rosary again.

Explain that, Monsieur Flammarion.

There is a further problem. My son was killed on March 4, 1916, near Douaumont. My cousin said to me one day: "My poor cousin, you think that Jean is a prisoner. Well, he is not. He was killed by a bullet that pierced his heart. His last words were addressed to his dear wife: 'Ah, Renée! My poor wife!'"

Two months afterward my son's orderly (a prisoner in Germany)

wrote me: "Your son, my brave Lieutenant, fell ten paces from me. He said as he fell: 'Ah, Renée! My poor wife!'"

How could my cousin have known his last words, which were sent me by letter three months after his death?

From that day on, without being what is called a spiritualist, I have believed in spiritualism.

DE LA ROULIÈRE.

(Letter 4200.)

I agree with my esteemed correspondent, and with his relative the Marchioness of G—— (who did me the honor of coming in person to tell me of her experiments), that the manifestation on the part of this pious young deceased woman is worthy of attention. It would seem as though she herself came to remind her father of his promise. And as he was not with the cousin, he had to be informed. But can Monsieur de la Roulière be absolutely certain that he never spoke to his cousin of his conversation at his dear child's death-bed? Then, too, could there not have been a telepathic transmission from the brain of one to the brain of the other? Would it not seem that there is, about the case, something very human? One can see how careful we must be in investigations of this sort, in order to draw indubitable conclusions.

The episode of his son, who fell on the field of battle, is equally deserving of an adequate explanation. The entire structure of psychic science is still to be built up.

The following manifestation is that of some one dead protesting against an unjust accusation. An account of it was sent me from Curityba, Brazil, on May 21, 1921, in this letter:

DEAR MASTER:

Must not all thinking men aid you in your work, no matter in what latitude they live?

I consider it a duty to tell you of the incident given below. It

happened some months ago in Rio de Janeiro, and was much talked of.

It concerns the death of a police officer who had, in his keeping, certain army accoutrements. After his death it was found that these had vanished. This led to a meeting of superior officers, to decide on the liability of his widow.

While this meeting was at its height, and was not proving favorable to the deceased man, suddenly *an extraordinarily violent blow was struck upon the table—so violent that the ink-stands rolled to the floor.*

It was discovered afterward that the dead man was in no way responsible for the disappearance of the accoutrements.

GASTON CORD'HOMME.

(Letter 4511.)

One of our colleagues, Monsieur Léon d'Einbrodt, sent me, in reference to this phenomenon, the following comment:

It would be helpful to know if the widow of the incriminated officer were present at the inquiry, if she were there at the moment of this violent blow, because, if she were, we might believe that the blow was produced by this lady's subconscious mind—an explosion of reserve psychic force. In case she were not present, it would be easier to attribute the blow to the intervention of her deceased husband.

I recall that in his book "Vies des Dames galantes" ["Lives of the Courtesans"] Brantôme tells a story which would seem to prove the possibility of defending oneself psychically. A young woman, seeing her jealous husband rushing upon her, sword in hand, had only time to call upon the Virgin, and instantly the husband was sent rolling over the ground; but instead of getting up more furious than ever, which would have been natural, this man grew, suddenly, as mild as a dove. He was content merely to ask his wife what could have saved her.

Every one may read the story in the book by Brantôme (Dissertation I). Doubtless, we should not have gone in search of it there, except for my painstaking correspondent's erudi-

tion. . . . There was here a typical and definite mental phenomenon which comes within the scope of our investigation.

By sending letters of inquiry to Brazil, regarding the police officer's case, I received confirmation of the exactitude of the above account. But I was not able to learn if the widow were present. We may ask how her "subconscious mind" could have struck a resounding blow. We are concerned here with invisible forces. A manifestation on the part of the accused man would seem the most probable explanation.

What shall we think of the following?

On the very day of her death, a young woman who had died in bringing a baby into the world, appeared to one of her friends (a woman) and said to her, "I am dead, but the baby will live." Some days previous to this, she had said that she was frightened on account of her condition and feared she was going to die. It was in the month of June, 1879. The narrator was Mrs. Smith, head of the children's boarding-school in Amble, Northumberland (England). The apparition went around her bed, moved toward the door, which was hidden by hangings, and vanished. Much affected by this vision, Mrs. Smith rose to make an investigation, ran toward the door without finding any one, then called her sister, who was in bed in a room near by; the latter took care to make note of the occurrence in her memorandum-book. Professor Sidgwick and his wife made a careful inquiry and published a report of it. The narrator was then twenty-nine years old and in perfect health. Children were taken into her school and brought up with especial care.¹

We have already noted, in Volume II (page 314) an odd case similar to the one above. A young mother died in Bruges. In a vision, her new-born baby was presented, together with its elder brother, to their mother's sister-in-law in England, Miss Lucy Dodson. In this instance Miss Dodson's own mother held the children out in her arms; she

¹ See Myers, *Human Personality*, II, 33 and 342.

had been dead for sixteen years. But we took care to state that the apparition could not with certainty be said to come within the scope of this third volume. There may have been here only thought-transmission on the part of the dying woman, together with an association of ideas (thought as a generator of images). The phantom of the mother holding the two children in her arms would seem to us, then, a telepathic manifestation proceeding from the mind of the woman in childbed. This fits in with what we said above, as to the visioning of phantoms (page 51).

As we see, such cases are always those of the dead, manifesting themselves because of personal affairs. It is instructive to bring them together and to compare them.

There are sometimes, among these posthumous manifestations, examples of revenge taken—dramas, tragedies. Space is lacking in which to give all of them. I should not like, however, to neglect to place before the eyes of my careful readers the following manifestation on the part of a man who had been assassinated. He appeared to revenge himself upon his murderer. Monsieur Bozzano himself witnessed it, at a spiritistic séance in which he took part. The account of it was published very recently, for in order to make it public it was necessary to await the death of the hero. Monsieur Bozzano writes¹:

To-day I can speak of it in the general interest of metaphysical research, omitting, however, the name of the person chiefly concerned.

Séance held on April 5, 1904.—The following were present: Dr. Giuseppe Venzano, Ernesto Bozzano, the Cavaliere Carlo Peretti, Signore X—, Signora Guidetta Peretti, and the medium L. P. The séance was begun at ten o'clock in the evening.

From the beginning we noted that the medium was troubled, for some unknown reason. The spirit-guide Luigi, the medium's father,

¹ *Luce e Ombra* (Rome, 1920). *Révue spirite*, 1921, p. 214.

did not manifest himself, and L. P. gazed with terror toward the left corner of the room. Shortly afterward he freed himself from his "spirit-controls," rose to his feet, and began a singularly realistic and impressive struggle against some invisible enemy. Soon he uttered cries of terror, drew back, threw himself to the floor, gazed toward the corner as though terrified, then fled to the other corner of the room, shouting: "Back! Go away. No, I don't want to. Help me! Save me!" Not knowing what to do, the witnesses of this scene concentrated their thoughts with intensity upon Luigi, the spirit-guide, and called upon him to aid. The expedient proved effective, for little by little the medium grew calmer, gazed with less anxiety toward the corner of the apartment; then his eyes took on the expression of some one who looks at a distant spectacle, then a spectacle still more distant. At last he gave vent to a long sigh of relief and murmured: "He's gone! What a bestial face!"

Soon afterward, the spirit-guide Luigi manifested himself. Expressing himself through the medium, he told us that in the room in which the séance was being held there was a spirit of the basest nature, against which it was impossible for him to struggle; that the intruder bore an implacable hatred for one of the persons of the group. Then the medium exclaimed in a frightened voice: "There he is again! I can't defend you any longer. Stop the—"

It is certain that Luigi wished to say, "Stop the séance," but it was already too late. The evil spirit had taken possession of our medium. He shouted; his eyes shot glances of fury; his hands, lifted as though to seize something, moved like the claws of a wild beast, eager to clutch his prey. And *the prey* was Signore X—, at whom the medium's furious looks were cast. A rattling and a sort of concentrated roaring issued from our medium's foam-covered lips, and suddenly these words burst from him: "I've found you again at last, you coward! *I was a Royal Marine. Don't you remember the quarrel in Oporto? You killed me there. But to-day I'll have my revenge, and strangle you.*"

These distracted words were uttered as the hands of the medium, L. P., seized the victim's throat, and tightened on it like steel pincers. It was a fearful sight. The whole of Signore X—'s tongue hung from his wide-open mouth; his eyes bulged. We had

gone to the unfortunate man's assistance. Uniting our efforts with all the energy which this desperate situation lent us, we succeeded, after a terrible hand-to-hand struggle, in freeing him from the desperate grip. At once we pulled him away, and thrust him outside, locking the door. We barred the medium's access to the door; exasperated, he tried to break through this barrier and run after his enemy. He roared like a tiger. It took all four of us to hold him. At last, he suffered a total collapse and sank down upon the floor.

On the following day we prepared to clear up this affair—to seek information which might enable us to confirm what “the Oporto spirit” had said. We were, in fact, already quite certain of the truth of the accusation, for it was noteworthy that Signore X—— had not protested in the least when the serious charge of homicide had been hurled at him.

The words uttered by the furious spirit served me as a means for arriving at the truth. He had said, “I was a Royal Marine.” And I knew vaguely that Signore X—— had, himself, in his youth, been an officer of marines; that he had witnessed the Battle of Lissa, and that after resigning his commission he had devoted himself to commercial enterprises. With these facts as a basis, I proceeded to ask a retired vice-admiral for other details; he, too, had fought at Lissa. As for Dr. Venzano, he questioned a relative of Signore X——, with whom the latter had broken off all relations years before. Between us we gathered separate bits of information which tallied amazingly, and which, brought together, led us to these conclusions:

Signore X—— had, indeed, served with the Royal Marines. One day, being upon a battle-ship on a training cruise, he had landed for some hours at Oporto, Portugal. During his stay, while he was walking in the city, he heard a noise of drunken, furious voices coming from an inn. He perceived that the language was Italian, and, realizing that it was a quarrel between men of his vessel, he went into the room, recognized his men, and commanded them to return to their ship. One of the drinkers, more intoxicated than the others, answered him back and even went so far as to threaten his superior officer. Angered by his attitude, the officer drew his sword and plunged it into the insolent fellow's breast; the latter died soon afterward. As a result of this adventure, the officer was

court-martialed, was sentenced to six months' imprisonment, and, on the expiration of his term, was asked to resign his commission.

Those are the facts; it follows from them that the disturbing spirit had not lied. He had exactly stated his rank as a Royal Italian Marine. He had remembered that Signore X—— had killed him. He had, moreover,—and this was a particularly remarkable statement,—indicated the place where he had died, the setting for the drama, Oporto.

A painstaking inquiry confirmed the authenticity of all this. By what hypothesis could one explain occurrences so strikingly in agreement—those which were revealed to us at the séance of April 5, 1904, and those which had taken place in Portugal many years before?

ERNESTO BOZZANO.

That was, beyond a doubt, a dramatic manifestation. I have no criticism to offer, unless we suppose that the officer's remorse created a phantom *in the medium's mind*! This is scarcely probable. We know of threats to Dr. Gibier still more savage than this, perhaps. The carrying out of these threats was actually begun.¹

It is time for us to call a halt in our special investigation of "the dead who have returned to attend to personal affairs." Like all our chapters, this one might well contain three or four times as many accounts of conclusive occurrences. Those we have just read amply suffice to prove that dead persons have manifested themselves for personal reasons, just as the dead of the preceding chapter returned to carry out promises they had made. It seems to us that the petty affairs of earthly life should no longer disturb those who are gone, and that they should enjoy everlasting rest (*Requiem æternam dona eis Domine*). Yes, so it would seem; but this is not so. They are still living. The possibility of communication with the dead is shown to be as unquestionable as that of telepathic communication from one living person to another. Among

¹ See *Analyse des choses* (Paris and Philadelphia, 1890), p. 196.

the cases omitted from this chapter, for lack of space, I must mention (it may be read in the book on "Maisons hantées" "Haunted Houses") that of Monsieur Sainte-Foix, father of the translator of "La Mystique," by Gorres. He was tormented by the spirit of one of his parents, until he had assumed the guardianship of his children. These manifestations are unquestionable, and doubt is no longer possible.

The various occurrences given here show us dead persons who returned for personal reasons. In interpreting them, the only objection which presents itself is the unknown part that the living may have had, without their knowledge, in the odd manifestations. These first three chapters state the problem clearly, and in most of the cases we have eliminated this objection.

While admitting, naturally, that we do not at present know the whole range of a living man's faculties, can we logically attribute to these faculties all phenomena the nature of which we do not know? Shall we suppose that we are making a perpetually false interpretation of that which seems real? Let us recapitulate. The unknown being which returned to strike upon the gas-fixtured, as Sirchia had formally announced he would do (page 11) would seem really to have been the deceased Sirchia; the phantom seen and recognized by Monsieur and Madame Ballet-Gallifet was actually identified (page 16); the worthy woman from the café in Nantes actually came to state that she had been dead for two days (page 22); Robert Mackenzie, said to have committed suicide, actually appeared to clear himself of the false accusation (page 27); the scratch upon the body of the young American woman was quite real (page 32); Monsieur Bosan's wife, Augustine Chabert, who died in Grenoble, actually manifested herself in Nancy (page 38); Lord Brougham's friend kept his promise to show himself (page 47); the old lady in the shawl was actually seen and recognized (page 53); Canon Bouin's deceased colleague actually pushed him

on the shoulder (page 55); Adams's skeleton actually caused an uproar (page 61); Russell the singer really showed himself (page 64); Pavie, Bishop of Algiers, really paid a debt revealed by some one dead (page 76); Sarah Clarke really returned to accuse herself of theft (page 81); a father who had been dead for fourteen years actually showed himself to his son and his son's wife (page 88); Captain Drisko really avoided shipwreck through a command which came from somewhere outside himself (page 91); Mrs. Smith's friend, who died in giving birth to a child, really provided for her children's future (page 99); and as for our last case, the marine's revenge (page 102), it was equally spontaneous, and as unexpected as it was disagreeable. The hypothesis that the living—those present, those making the experiments—are responsible for such manifestations would seem, in most of the cases, not only unlikely but inadmissible. As we have already said, an incomprehensible fact is still a fact, but an incomprehensible explanation is no explanation.

We see that the investigation begun with the purpose of studying these problems has led to interesting results. I am happy to have instituted this investigation, despite the banter, the sarcasm, and even the insults of a large number of ignorant persons.

What are all of us seeking? The truth. We wish to know. What is life? What is death?

I paid a visit one day to Westminster Abbey, in London, the burial-place of great men. I read there, on the monument erected to John Gay, the following inscription—odd, for a tomb:

Life is a jest; and all things show it.
I thought so once; but now I know it.

Whether life be a jest, a bit of sportive humor, whether it be buffoonery, irony, mystification, comedy or drama, farce

or tragedy—if those on the other side of death's door know, like John Gay, let us continue to question them.

We shall now consider a rather large number of diverse happenings, and, the better to analyze them, we shall classify them according to how long after death they occurred. We shall begin with those just after death—a continuation of Volume II. But before proceeding farther, let us not forget that by reason of what has been proved we shall know from this time on that dead persons manifest themselves, that their acts prove they see us and hear us. We say *dead persons*, and not *the dead*, for there is nothing to prove that it is the same with all. The life beyond the grave is more complex than one might think; all souls are not alike, and do not proceed along the same path. Let us continue our inquiry; let us adhere to the same rigorous, scientific method which has led us to the results already obtained.

IV

MANIFESTATIONS AND APPARITIONS FROM A FEW MINUTES TO AN HOUR AFTER DEATH

Except for facts, all is but a matter of opinion. For Man there are no positive truths save those facts which he can learn through observation.

LAMARCK.

AS we have just said, we shall cite in chronological order all cases to be investigated. There is a necessity for our method. The subject is a serious one. We must discover reality; the three preceding chapters have already furnished us with remarkable revelations as to this reality. The subject concerns each one of us, and that which awaits each one of us, to-morrow or later, at an inevitable hour. The earth will not have turned a hundred times around the sun before you and I, dear readers, shall have entered upon a future life.

No one can have seen, in Venice, Canova's splendid and sublime tomb—so penetrating in its symbolism is the setting forth of the human soul into the unknown—without feeling deeply moved before this door partially opened upon an eternal night. Who has not experienced the same emotion before Bartholomé's magnificent monument to the Dead, in the Père-Lachaise Cemetery, which symbolizes with equal eloquence the disturbing mystery of death?

All those who think have felt the importance of the subject, and every one feels that the problem, not yet solved, can from this time on be approached only by the positive method which we have adopted; by ascertaining facts and discussing

them. The new psychic science has need of the same reasoning which the natural sciences needed at the time of the reform proposed by Lamarck. That profound naturalist wrote in 1809, in his "*Philosophie zoologique*," which transformed the whole of natural history, from mollusks to Man: "Except for facts, all is but a matter of opinion. For Man, there are no positive truths save those facts which he can learn through observation."¹ That is the principle I have adhered to in these pages, from the very first line of our first volume.

The scientific and philosophic importance of this is not understood by every one. How many times have people not tried to divert me from my research, thinking it could lead to nothing? Well, have not the three preceding chapters sufficed to induce us to continue our investigation?

It is only through comparative research that we may arrive at a solution of the problem. The subject thrusts itself upon us. What question-mark has ever been more challenging than this one?

But the letters which I receive from deniers and those who contradict astonish me. They come from two groups that are poles apart: ecclesiastical spiritualists and radical materialists:

Here are two examples of such letters:

Barcelona, July 15, 1900.

DEAR AND ILLUSTRIOUS MASTER:

Those about me speak of you in these terms, and in Spain unbelievers venerate you as a god. The triumphal journey you have just made there because of an eclipse of the sun is a proof of this.

But you are not a master but, rather, a slave of the devil.

It is incredible that so famous a savant should lose time, which might be put to better uses, in seeking what was revealed to us nearly two thousand years ago.

¹ *Philosophie zoologique* (Charles Martins Edition, 1873), I, 16-17.

No one can have any doubt as to our destiny after death. One must be totally ignorant (allow me to tell you this) not to know that the good go to heaven, the wicked to hell, and those neither one nor the other—that is to say, the greatest number—to purgatory. If these last are able to manifest themselves, it can be only with God's permission. Otherwise, they are fallen angels.

Have you never read the Gospel? Do you not know that our Savior descended into hell on Good Friday, after having poured out his blood for the salvation of the world?

What need have you to seek, then? The Church has been entrusted, by the Holy Ghost, with the mission of teaching, and it alone has the right to teach. You are a renegade, like Julian the Apostate, and you will end like him, with your Sun Cult.

You are disturbing men's souls. Let them slumber upon the pillow of Faith.

Yes, you serve Lucifer, Satan, Beelzebub, and Ashtoreth, like the Free Masons; you are a slave, while believing yourself free and a master.

Then renounce these barren investigations, which can lead you nowhere and which are compromising your reputation as a savant. This is the earnest solicitation of a former admirer, who was greatly deluded concerning you.

CANONICO DELLA VENTURA.

(Letter 1049.)

This is rather like the ideas, cited in our first volume, concerning Lourdes and the healing attributed to the Virgin Mary. Opinions are divided. A very devout Christian—one who is eager, even, to make converts—Monsieur Jean Vetter, wrote me from Switzerland, on October 7, 1921 (Letter 4710): "Only Jesus is in question. As for his mother, Mrs. Joseph, or Mrs. Mary, who does not deserve the name of Virgin because Jesus had brothers and sisters, her influence is non-existent."

These various interpretations do not concern us here. The myth of the Virgin mother is a Hindu and also an Egyptian myth which came long before Christianity. Let us give *facts*.

Here is a protest identical with the preceding one, though its antithesis:

Lyons, September 10, 1900.

MY DEAR SIR:

I did not reply to your solicitation, published by the newspapers, regarding so-called psychic phenomena, because it depressed me greatly to see a man of science, like you, seeking to begin a second such book as Julius Obsequens's "*De prodigiis*." You are doing this by the worst of methods: by evoking the lucubrations of all the farceurs, of all the impostors, of all the practical jokers, of all the neurotic and hysterical persons in the world, and of all those who are weak-minded, crazy, and given to hallucinations.¹ I can discover no explanation of what you might hope for, unless you are seeking large sales for your book; such sales you will certainly have, but at the sacrifice of your dignity as a savant.

I have not the honor of knowing you, but have been a careful reader of your works since your first book appeared. At that time I myself was a student in Paris, living at my father's publishing house, number 5 rue de Tournon, where Allan Kardec (Monsieur Rivail) was bookkeeper. He was also bookkeeper for the newspaper "*L'Univers*"—incognito, of course. He was a good sort, but, apart from his work, absolutely crack-brained.² I used to enjoy talks with him. The clergymen and the prelates who used to come to our house, because of the nature of my father's business, believed firmly in spiritualism, in the existence of spirits, in manifestations from beyond the grave, but stated positively that all these phenomena were manifestations of the devil. You will understand that between the clergymen and book publishers there was a professional antagonism as well as a blind and wilful faith in statements which both groups took care not to verify seriously, for fear of destroying the lucrative framework of the two professions, about which there was more coöperation than rivalry.

¹ Which of these epithets could be applied to a single one of the published accounts? As for Obsequens's book, my readers have long since known what I said of it.

² That is not my own opinion. I knew him personally (1861-69).

From my boyhood these visits have drawn my attention and my curiosity to so-called psychic or supernatural phenomena.

But my emphatically critical turn of mind allowed me to believe nothing without proofs. Nobody has been able to give me a single one. Every time I wished to verify, by scientific methods, some story, some account of an apparition, an evocation, or whatever so-called psychic phenomenon it was which passed beyond the sphere of the known natural laws, I found myself face to face with a void, a distressing and often painful void.¹ Sometimes I had no "psychic fluid," sometimes the presence of a person who did not believe halted the "spirits," sometimes I was not ready to receive their communications. Sometimes persons such as Madame Blavatsky and the theosophists admitted to me, honestly, that it was necessary to torment oneself, to addle one's brain, to hypnotize one's powers of reasoning for long years in order to work oneself into a state of—besottedness, capable of putting one into communication with the principle of universal intelligence. In short, I heard fine things talked of, but each time that I got to the bottom of such stories, I always found either gross illusions, or farces, or second-hand testimony accepted without verification by weak or disordered minds, or lies, the originators of which ended by believing in them seriously, after having told them; this last happens very often. I am not speaking of deliberate and wilful imposture, like that of the mother superior of the commune of ——², who, in order to hide her nocturnal meetings with the head mason who had built the school-house, terrorized the whole village for eighteen months—even the archbishop, who did not know what exorcism to resort to.

Later I traveled in the Orient, to do research work in natural history and the history of religions; there, Indian fakirs showed me things that were absolutely astonishing: the phenomenon of the mango-tree, levitation, the invisible carrying of certain objects to a designated spot, etc. But there is an important difference between

¹ The known natural laws? Where do they stop? This statement presupposes that all the men of science who have ascertained the reality of psychic phenomena have not known how to observe! To declare that these phenomena *do not exist* is contrary to truth.

² I am omitting the name given by my irascible correspondent.

all these prodigies and the study of our so-called psychic manifestations in the Occident. The Oriental marvels may be repeatedly brought about by the will of the person causing them, and may therefore be classed at once with scientific applications of natural laws.¹ Certainly we do not know the forces by virtue of which they are produced, but we see clearly that they are caused not by a capricious and unknowable entity, but by the working out of a general natural law. This distinction is the best criterion by which we may distinguish the true from the false—the phenomena of a scientific nature, which must be investigated, from imposture which must be exposed and deception which must be brought to light.

If the dead could come back, all of them would do so. They would come back, above all, to do useful things for those they had loved: to save innocent persons unjustly accused, to reveal treasure which they had hidden and the secrets which they know would be useful to their suffering loved ones; these apparitions would not appear to a very few persons, merely, and talk nonsense to them. As for the payment of debts, the advantage in deception is only too evident: *is fecit cui prodest*. Besides, Monseigneur Pavie may well have thought of this way of doing a service without hurting a person who he knew was worthy of his interest.² On the other hand, it is very evident that if the dead could return, they would do so entirely naked. Where could they procure the clothing, long since rotted away, in which people assert that they see them? These apparitions can only be subjective; they can exist only in the minds of those who see them. Then how can they leave material traces upon furniture, upon photographic plates? There is here a dilemma from which it is impossible to escape. In short, there is in all this absolutely nothing that can be taken seriously, nothing worthy of a man of science. And as for those who have taken or are taking delight in childish nonsense of the sort, they will find

¹ I have often refuted this error. To think in this way is to confuse *observation* with *experiment*; astronomy and meteorology with chemistry and physics. Can one reproduce, at will, spontaneous phenomena such as the fall of a meteorite, the appearance of a new star, a magnetic solar eruption, a flash of lightning which tears a man's clothes off without killing him, etc?

² The writer is referring to an article which I had published in *La Revue des revues*, July 15, 1899. (See above, p. 76.)

much more of it in the *Acta sanctorum*; it would seem quite superfluous to compile a new edition of that work.

All this, my dear sir, is not my reason for writing this letter, which is already very long, but simply my pretext. What I wish to discuss with you is a question exclusively scientific; in this matter you may, if you will, render an incomparable service to the science of which you are master . . .

This letter, interesting from more than one aspect, held nothing new to me in the way of subject-matter, the sort of thing which has been considered and refuted a hundred times. It went on to ask me to found an observatory on Bourbon Island, upon Mount Bénard, at a height of three thousand meters—one similar, as to situation, to the Flammarion Observatory established in 1880 in Bogota, on the equator (also at a height of three thousand meters), by José Gonzalez. The letter (Number 770) was signed by that man of most estimable judgment, Monsieur E. Pélagaud, President of the Lyons Anthropological Society, Doctor of Letters and of Law.

I wished to place these two protests (selected from a large number of analogous ones among the four thousand, eight hundred letters received since 1899) before the eyes of my readers, who are well informed as to psychic phenomena. It is my wish that they themselves should judge whether reason lies on the side of those who deny, or those who seek.

I have made allowance, naturally, for cases in which there was a possibility of there being concerned farceurs, liars, and minds that were disordered or given to illusions. I have for years made careful note of such cases. (See "L'Inconnu," page 81, and "Les Forces naturelles inconnues," page 201: *Cheating, Deception, Mystification*.) Such cases exist, but constitute a minimum. In almost every instance in which I have been able to make a personal investigation I have encountered perfectly trustworthy people. A few of them may have suffered from self-deception, may have been

the dupes of illusions; but they themselves had taken the possibility of illusions into account.

Among those who have told of the occurrences given here, it would be absolutely impossible to find a farceur, an impostor, a practical joker—the terms used in the second of the letters.

It will be readily understood that the arguments just cited did not stop me. I have been considering and reconsidering them since 1865 (the date of the first edition of "*Forces naturelles inconnues*"). I have received a certain number of criticisms of this sort; I grant that most of them have been prompted by the desire to do me a service, and I sincerely thank my unknown friends. It is not to be doubted that established science, as well as the opinion of the worldly-minded, is opposed in spirit to these investigations. I have found this to be the case every time I have called attention to the problems, in various French and foreign reviews. The fruit is not yet ripe. People are afraid. Often their scruples are prompted by father confessors. Believers as well as rationalists fail to understand that my investigation concerning the existence of the human soul and its survival after this life that is so transient, so fleeting, so easily destroyed, is a study of the greatest importance—that it is conducted in a manner rigorously scientific. Such investigation constitutes the first duty of savants. People will understand some day—in a hundred years, perhaps.

We may find consolation in the fact that Lamarck was in exactly the same position when he set out to transform natural history. He was not understood before the time of Darwin.

Since I have never written anything nor done anything from personal interest, and although my independent investigations are in general taken in bad part, I shall continue my research in the belief that I am laboring in the cause of general enlightenment and freedom of conscience.

But we are not concerned with my ephemeral self (I regret to bring myself forward so often); we are concerned with the *method* here extolled, one very different from that underlying ancient beliefs and sentimental considerations. Let us study in all freedom the manifestations and apparitions of the dead. To suppose, as people do sometimes, that an apparition is an illusion because they cannot admit the existence of phantoms, comes down, simply, to this: "I do not believe because I do not believe." What logic! Is it not time to proceed as free men?

Let us begin our chronological exposition by giving the occurrences which followed closest upon the moment of death. They belong, in naturel sequence, after the accounts set forth in Volume II, of apparitions and manifestations at the moment of death. After careful analysis we attributed them to the dying, to those still alive. Nevertheless we gained an impression from several that they may have taken place after dissolution. For example, this would seem true of the last manifestation (Volume II, page 331)—that of the madman Landry, who made an uproar when the nun in the hospital came to bring breakfast to his former neighbors in the adjoining cells. Then, too, there was the apparition of the servant who had been drowned, and who showed herself to her mistress, dripping water (Volume II, page 366); and also the statements made by dead persons, expressed in these words: "*I am dead*," in the cases given on pages 282, 285, and 287 of the same volume. There was also (Volume II, page 308) the young soldier from Ivry, who was killed in the war by the bursting of a shell, on June 16, 1915, and who announced his death by three blows struck upon the door of his mother's room. There was the case of Madame Pierre Ulric's son, killed on the famous Hill 304 (upon which our attention was fixed so desperately during the whole of the German war); the manifestation followed immediately after the young sergeant's death. His mother did not hear the

noises in question before the ball struck him; probably she did not hear them long afterward. In all likelihood, she heard them at the very moment of his death: they were telephonic blows. Moreover, a question we have often asked ourselves always arises, that of time. What is duration of time? As we have said, a minute of analysis is longer than six hours of sleep.

The cases of manifestations on the part of persons who have come to announce their death are so numerous, so varied, so wholly without connection one with another, that it is impossible to doubt them. Let us consider those which followed immediately upon the moment of dissolution. I shall present in this chapter only occurrences which took place *during the first hour after death*.

Here is an odd happening, an account of which was sent me in 1900 by a Russian correspondent:

My grandfather took real pleasure in startling people in a way that was naïvely original. He would clap his hands three times if one seemed absorbed, preoccupied, and without fail if one were unfortunate enough to be half asleep.

Since he had had this mania from the time he was very young, he had several serious quarrels with strangers, or even with friends who would grow impatient. His real butt was an aged relative of his, a certain Mademoiselle Stéphanie, who was deeply devout. She liked to sit very quietly, was a little apathetic, and often dreamed away the time in a corner.

My grandfather, delighted by this propitious habit of mind, always surprised her at a moment when she least expected it, and frightened her so with his terrible clapping that she would fall, literally, into a swoon! And he would laugh, the heartless wretch, as happy as could be. He would tell her over and over again that she could be absolutely sure of hearing him clap his hands three times at the moment of his death, no matter where he died, even if it were a thousand miles away.

This had gone on for a number of years. Once my grandfather, before making a long trip, spent some weeks at Mademoiselle Stéphanie's home. Although he was particularly fond of her, he did not deny himself the pleasure of frightening her more than ever. It was a veritable mania, and he always found amusement in her terror. When he left her, he assured her once more that she could be certain of hearing him clap his hands three times at the moment of his death. Several months went by without news from him. My grandfather was still on his travels.

One evening, when she was having supper with a woman, a neighbor of hers, what did they both hear, at precisely half-past nine, but the terrible, thrice-repeated clapping of hands! Absolutely astonished, they looked in the hiding-places where my grandfather might have been, but in vain. Poor Stéphanie fell ill from it. Several days afterward she received a special-delivery letter sent by my Uncle Max. This letter informed her of the sudden death of my grandfather, at half-past nine, on November 13th, *just as they were sitting down to supper*. At that very instant they were speaking of Mademoiselle Stéphanie. My grandfather, laughing uproariously, emptied his glass and fell dead.

The district where he died is situated in the interior of Volhynia (European Russia), about a hundred and fifty Russian leagues from the château where Mademoiselle Stéphanie was living. Since there was no way of telegraphing at that time, and the means of communication were inadequate, my Uncle Max sent her a special-delivery letter, which took, I believe, nearly two weeks to arrive. All the members of my family can vouch for this incident.

OLGA POUCHKINE.

(Letter 1007.)

This is, undeniably, an odd story. It is not probable that the amiable practical joker, who died suddenly at the dinner table, thought of clapping his hands before he was dead; he must have thought of it *afterward*. We may conclude from this that death is not so dramatic an event as we suppose it to be, and that our personalities do not change instantly.

The only way of escaping the dilemma of granting the reality of this significant incident is to declare that the narrator lied! And it is the same with all similar happenings.

An account of another purposive manifestation, through the striking of blows, was given me in the following letter, sent from Paris on May 16, 1900:

On November 23, 1893, I had gone to bed at about nine o'clock. A quarter of an hour afterward very distinct blows were struck upon my bookcase. Surprised, I attributed the noise, at first, to the fact that the furniture might possibly have made a cracking sound. Some minutes afterward three blows were struck upon the wall; I sat up in bed; the moon was shining brightly in the sky; there was no sign of any wind that could shake the windows or the blinds, and I concluded that in the repeated blows there must be the warning of an event which concerned me.

I then demanded that, if this were the case, the same blows be struck upon the head of my bed (the sound had come from various spots: the wall, the table, etc.). Two or three minutes went by, and the knocking sounded again, near me, and very distinctly. It continued in this way until two o'clock in the morning, when it ceased.

The next day (the twenty-fourth of November) I was informed of the death of my nephew, Ernest Jouard. It had occurred on the preceding night. He was forty years old.

I am absolutely sure that my poor nephew thought of me, at the final moment, and that his soul came to give me warning of his departure. The hour of his death coincided with the strange manifestations.

I affirm, on my honor, the absolute exactitude of this account. It may be useful to you, since you are gathering information.

(Letter 919.)

A. L. DANET,
Paris.

In this instance also it would be difficult not to see a very close connection between cause and effect; difficult not to think that the blows were a purposive warning, probably

on the part of a man already dead, for a dying man does not act thus. What we call "death" is a continuation of life, under another form. I did not cite this case in Volume II; it seems to me to belong in the present volume, since the replies were made with definite intent. It forms a continuation of the manifestations at the moment of death which we have already given. As we said before, it is often difficult to decide whether such and such a manifestation took place at the very moment of death, or some seconds afterward.

I am constantly receiving communications concerning unexpected revelations. A teacher in Copenhagen, who asked me not to give her name, told me that when she was about twenty years old she was in the habit of corresponding with her husband by means of thought. Both of them usually put down, in automatic writing, the same ideas at the same time. She adds:

My husband fell ill, and was being nursed in a hospital which was some distance away from me. One morning he appeared to me at the foot of my bed, seemingly in good health. It was a dream, but a dream which awakened me, and made me cry out suddenly, "You here, and well!" I gazed about, I sought for him; he was not there, of course, but I heard his voice say, in tones so pleading that I shall never forget them, "*Pray, my dear, pray.*"

On that morning he had died suddenly, the victim of an accident.

On the supposition that a large number of accounts, sent you from all countries, may help you to solve the deepest problems of the soul, I am sending you these lines, Professor, written from Denmark. They may aid in your investigations, so helpful to humanity. But if my true statement is to be published, I shall ask you not to let my name be known.

(Letter 929.)

We have always the tendency to see in such things only hallucinations coinciding with the hour of death. Is this admissible? No. There are too many cases. Arithmetical

calculation has shown the improbability of the hypothesis. This case might be open to discussion if the sick man had seemed to be dying; but he appeared to be cured. The manifestation on the part of some one dead may therefore be considered real. But why the requests for prayers? What good can they do? Here we have mystery upon mystery, and yet reality. Was it mental transmission? Was it an interpretation by a religious person's subconscious mind, a mind that believed in prayer? Was it a wandering soul?

Whether phantoms actually exist, or are only telepathic transmissions of the thoughts of the dead, we may safely say that the question is of interest to us all, since all of us must disembark upon the unknown shore.

It is inconceivable that people should prefer to know nothing for the childish reason that this knowledge may not be pleasant. The subject concerns all of us personally. But is destiny the same for all? When they leave this life, are all souls errant souls? Do not some of them take flight at once to higher spheres? Is not the invisible world as varied as ours, even more varied?

All these are questions which future science must solve.

The only way of enlightening ourselves is by comparing observations. I should like to add to the preceding communications one which was sent me at the time of my earliest inquiry. I did not publish it in "*L'Inconnu*," because I omitted, on principle, all anonymous letters. Since I am now better informed, after a quarter of a century of comparative research, I often find, when reading these letters again, the marks of an indubitable sincerity. Here is the letter of which I was speaking:

I was seven years old, and was at a school in Italy; my mother had gone to Vienna (Austria) with my father, where he was to be operated upon for gall-stones. On November 23d I was punished, since I did not know my music lesson, and put on dry bread. My

teacher, who was sorry for me, probably, said to me, "Go up and get your music-book and if you know your lesson, you may have dinner." The piano was in a little room on the third floor. I went up, as a matter of course, without a light; the word "fear" was unknown to me; and, besides, in our home we were not accustomed to admit that there was such a thing. I picked up my music-book and turned as I heard some one call, "Mimi, Mimi!" three times in succession. I saw my father and threw myself towards him. He was not there, and I went downstairs four steps at a time, calling out, "Papa is up there!" They went up with a light: nothing—absolutely nothing. I cried all that night; I said that my father had come back, that he had hidden himself because I had not been good, and I promised to work hard, so that he would come back. The next day a telegram reached the school: my poor father had died at half-past seven in the evening, at the hour at which he had appeared to me.

He appeared not only to me but also to my grandmother. She was my mother's mother, and therefore my father's mother-in-law, but he loved her dearly. There were three of them in the dining-room: my grandmother, her second husband, and my grandmother's daughter, when the door opened and my father came in. My grandmother exclaimed: "There you are! How splendid that you got well so soon!"

There was no one there. My grandmother said: "Let us pray! He is dead."

I can vouch for these occurrences. I should, perhaps, have forgotten them because of my youth (I am now forty-six years old), but people told me of them so often that they are engraved upon my memory; my conviction is unshakable.

I should prefer that you give only my initials as a signature.

L. M. G.,
Venice.

(Letter 76.)

After a careful reading of this account, there was no doubt in my mind as to its sincerity. The two distinct apparitions give it an especial value. And a child of seven!

These may be illusions, hallucinations, we always say to

ourselves. But, emphatically, this hypothesis of the lazy-minded satisfies us no longer. We wish an explanation. It is certain that there are, at times, hallucinations; but it is inadmissible that there be only hallucinations in all the cases cited. The following experience, for example, was so definite, so spontaneous, so unexpected, that it seems to me impossible not to consider it conclusive. It was taken from a letter which I received recently (April 17, 1921).

MOST HONORED MASTER:

I should never have dared to write you, if I did not feel that the modest but authentic information which I can bring to your notice may be of service in your exalted task.

I am a young engineer. I have long known you through my father, one of your earliest readers.

I had a friend named Charles, a youth of sixteen. It was in 1908. One evening, when I was reëntering my home, I heard myself called several times, most distinctly, and I recognized his voice perfectly. The voice was disturbed and beseeching, but very tender. I instantly recalled that Charles had told me that at times during our spiritualistic séances he had seen one of his uncles, who had died a short time before, beckoning to him to approach.

Disturbed in spite of myself, I did not go to sleep until very late. Then, almost at once, I was awakened by some one touching my forehead, and a voice calling me; I saw Charles distinctly at the head of my bed; he said to me: "Good-by! Good-by! All is well with me! Comfort my family! I'll come back to your séances!" And he disappeared slowly. Then there was nothing more!

As soon as morning came I ran to our friends' home. I found them greatly disturbed: Charles had not come back that night.

Instinctively—I do not know why—I thought of a little piece of ground in the country which they owned. I confided my fears to the family, and took them there.

In the garden, under the arbor, we found his body, stretched out on the ground; in his right hand he held a flask in which there was still left a little cyanide solution.

He had killed himself of his own free will, and had warned me of it through this manifestation.

There was one curious thing which struck all of us: the ground about the arbor was covered with little white flowers, which looked as though they had come up spontaneously, for I am sure that they were not there some days before, and nothing had been done to make them grow.

There, dear Master, is something the exactitude of which I can guarantee. You can verify the facts if you like, although I lost sight of this family long ago.

HENRY BOURGEOIS,

(Letter 4443.)

Macon.

There is an indubitable connection between the manifestation and the act of the man who committed suicide. The theories of the subconscious mind, of the subliminal, give us no explanation of the vision, of the utterance: "Good-by! Comfort my family! I'll come back to your séances!" These were Charles's very own words.

Those whom we have loved while they were alive and to whom we remain attached until they die do not grow to be strangers to us. They still exist, and in various circumstances we feel their invisible presence. But positive material proofs of their communication with us are rare.

From that most informative but slightly prejudiced work of the Marquis of Mirville "*Des Esprits et de leurs manifestations diverses*" ("Spirits and Their Various Manifestations") we take the following incident, given also by d'Assier ("*L'Humanité posthume*"—"Human Beings after Death"—page 41):

Monsieur Bonnetty, the present editor of "*Annales de philosophie religieuse*" tells us that one evening before he went to sleep he saw the shade of one of his friends, who was then in America, partially open the curtains of his bed. The shade told him that *he had just died* that very moment. The sad news was confirmed later, and that

hour was mentioned as his friend's last. Moreover, the shade wore a vest; Monsieur Bonnetty was much struck with the design on it, which was most extraordinary. He made inquiries later, and asked that he be sent the pattern of the vest. It was precisely that of the one which the apparition wore.

In this case, what rôle could the subconscious play?

The letters which I have been sent concerning manifestations immediately following dissolution are too numerous to be published in this chapter; there is one among them, however, which I should not like to omit. Madame Thénard, of the Comédie-Française, wrote me in August, 1908:

My great-grandmother perceived Etienne Thénard's death from a distance, in an odd manner. She was playing loto one evening. Since she was already blind at that time, Mademoiselle Rachel had had special cards, in relief, made for her. Suddenly she ceased playing and cried: "Stop, children! My grandson is ill!" We began to joke with Grandmother, and to say that she was disturbed without reason. How could she think that Etienne was ill? Had she not heard from him the very day before? But she insisted: "I'm sure of it. I heard two blows struck on the window." It is to be noted that she lived in a third-floor apartment, without a balcony, at 176 rue Montmartre. We believed that she had been the dupe of an hallucination, and, very gently, we made her resume her game. But after some minutes she burst into sobs and commanded in a firm tone: "On your knees, my children! Etienne is dead; let us pray for him!" Terrified by her attitude and full of sadness, each of us did as she did. We spent a part of the night grouped about her, in prayers and tears. The morning of the next day we learned, through a telegram, that Etienne had died, the day before, at nine o'clock in the evening,—that is, at the very moment when the scene which I have described was taking place. "I was sure of my misfortune," the poor blind woman moaned. "I had heard a knocking at the window a second time: it was my grandson's soul saying good-by to me!"

J. THÉNARD,
Of the Comédie-Française.

(Etienne Thénard, of the Opera-Comique, was born in Lyons, in 1807, and died in 1838. The first Madame Thénard was born in 1757, in Voiron, and died in 1849. She played at the Théâtre-Française from 1777 to 1819; she was the great-grandmother of our contemporary, Madame Thénard. Rachel was born in 1820 and died in 1858.)

Here, too, we have a case of telepathic transmission immediately after dissolution. Blows struck upon the windows were heard—blows which had no actual reality. It was a mental impression produced by the dead man. We found in Volume II a large number—selected from a still larger number—of fictitious physical phenomena produced by the *dying*. Those which proceed indubitably from the dead are much less numerous, less automatic, more purposeful. I shall, however, give one, among others, that is quite comparable to those in Volume II. I am taking it from an old letter, sent me in April, 1899. Here is the account:

My grandparents were living in a little town in the Canton of Savoie. Grandmamma had a brother of whom she was very fond; he lived about fifty kilometers from the town. One evening, at about eleven o'clock, Grandfather and Grandmother heard *a loud noise of falling dishes* in the kitchen, out of which their bedroom opened.

My grandfather got up to see what had happened and, to his great surprise, found that nothing in the kitchen was broken or out of place.

Then my grandmother said, after a moment of thought: "That noise was not natural. My brother is dead; I'm sure of it. Get on your horse and start off." Grandfather left some minutes later. When he had gone about twenty kilometers he met one of his brother-in-law's servants, who was coming to announce the latter's death.

He went on his way, and, when he reached the home of the man who had died, he learned that death had taken place fifteen to twenty minutes before the noise had been heard.

This statement which I have made is rigorously exact.

(Letter 313.)

H. MOLLIER,
Paris.

If I should repeat for the twentieth time that these noises seem absurd to us though they are indubitable, that would not aid in the solution of the problem. For the moment we are making sure of the reality of the synchronism; that is all. Did the fictitious noise occur at the moment of death, or afterward? I am giving the account just as I received it.

The following incident would seem to me to have followed immediately upon dissolution. In this case we are concerned with an adventure of a very personal nature. It was published, together with an account of the inquiry which established its truth, in "Phantasms of the Living," and was related by a well-known sculptress, Mademoiselle Hosmer.

A young Italian woman named Rosa who had been in my service for some time, was obliged to go back to her sister's home because of chronic ill health. When I took my usual horseback rides I often went to see her. On one of these visits, which I made at six in the evening, I found her gayer than she was ordinarily. I had long since given up hope that she would get well, but nothing in her appearance led me to believe that there was any immediate danger. When I left her I was counting on seeing her often in the future. She expressed a wish for a bottle of wine of a special sort, and I promised to bring it to her myself the next morning.

I do not remember thinking of her for the rest of the evening. I went to bed, my mind calm. But I awakened from a deep sleep with the feeling that there was some one in the room. I reflected that no one could have come in. My bed was in the middle of the room; a screen was at the foot of it. Thinking that there might be some one behind it, I cried out, "Who is there?" But there was no answer. The clock in the next room struck five. At the same instant I saw Rosa's form standing before my bed, and in some way (I cannot state definitely that it was through speech) I gained an impression that the following words came from her: "*Adesso son*

felice, son contenta." ("Now I am happy and content.") Then the shade vanished.

At breakfast I said to the woman friend who shared my apartment, "Rosa is dead."—"What are you thinking of!" she replied. "You told me yesterday that you'd found her better."

Then I told her what had happened to me that morning. She laughed and said that I had been dreaming. She continued to make a jest of the matter, and even annoyed me a little by her persistence, since I was absolutely sure of having been fully awake. In order to settle the question, I sent a messenger for news of Rosa's condition. He came back with the report that she had died that morning at five o'clock.

The account was followed by a statement of supplementary details establishing the fact that Mademoiselle Hosmer was thoroughly awake at the moment of her vision. She wrote:

I heard familiar noises in the apartment below me, the noises which the servants made in opening the windows and doors. An old clock struck the hour sonorously and vibrantly; I counted "One, two, three, four, five," and decided to get up at once. It was then that I saw that Rosa was looking at me and smiling.

H. G. HOSMER.

I shall not stop to refute the objections of obdurate deniers, who continue to contradict all, blindly. We shall continue to point out examples of manifestations which occurred during the first hour after dissolution.

The apparition described below appeared half an hour after death. It is among those which bear the most convincing stamp of authenticity, and which are best explained by mutual sympathy. Mademoiselle Stella wrote from Chiari (Italy) on January 18, 1884¹:

When I was about fifteen, and was spending my vacation at the home of Dr. J. G——, I formed a close friendship with my host's

¹ *Phantasms of the Living*, I, 532. *Hallucinations télépathiques*, p. 186.

cousin, a boy of seventeen. We grew to be inseparable. We worked together, rode horseback together, and shared the same amusements, like a brother and sister. He was in very delicate health; I took care of him, and we never spent an hour far from each other.

I am giving you all these details to show you that there was no trace of passion in our case; our relations were like those of two boys.

One night they sent for Monsieur G——, to examine his cousin who had suddenly fallen seriously ill with inflammation of the lungs. The poor boy died on the following night. I had been given no hint of the danger in which he was, and was not disturbed in the least about him. The evening he died I was quietly reading, when the door opened and Bertie, my friend, came in. I got up abruptly to push an arm-chair over to the fire for him, for he seemed to be cold and had no coat, although it was snowing. I began to scold him for having gone out without wrapping himself up well. Instead of answering, he pressed his hand to his chest and shook his head. I interpreted this as meaning that he was not cold, that his lungs hurt him, and that he had lost his voice—a thing which sometimes happened to him.

As I was still reproaching him for his imprudence the doctor entered and asked me to whom I was speaking. I answered: "To this poor boy without any coat, who has a terrible cold. We must lend him a coat to go home in." I shall never forget the horror and the stupefaction depicted upon the good doctor's face, for he knew (*what I was ignorant of*) that the poor boy had died half an hour before, and he had come to tell me of this. His first thought was that I already knew, and had gone mad. The doctor made me go out of the room, speaking to me as though I were a little girl. For some moments we talked to each other at cross-purposes. At length he explained that I had had an hallucination, an optical illusion; he did not deny that I had seen Bertie with my own eyes, but he gave me a "most scientific" explanation of this vision, fearing to frighten me or leave me with a painful impression. As for me, I am sure of what I saw. I was reading an amusing book, and I clearly remember that I was laughing with all my heart at some absurdity of the hero at precisely the moment when the door opened.

J. S.

The investigation brought out the fact that the narrator was neither nervous nor over-excitabile, and had never had any other hallucination.

The house in which the youth died was a quarter of an hour's walk from the doctor's house, and death had occurred half an hour before the apparition appeared. It always seemed strange to the narrator that she *heard* the door-knob turn and the door open, for it was the noise of the catch that made her lift her eyes from her book. The phantom walked across the room toward the fireplace and sat down. All seemed absolutely natural to her, and it is her opinion that the experience may have lasted almost five minutes. The room was lighted only by the large fire on the hearth, by the light of which she was reading. She lighted a candle when her friend arrived.

Thus we have the specter¹ of a youth who had been dead for half an hour, opening a door, crossing a room, and seeming to be cold. His constant companion did not suspect that he was dead, and spoke to him, but received no reply. This "double" would appear to be much like those of which we read in "At the Moment of Death"; it was an image produced in Mademoiselle Stella's mind by the dead boy, who was thinking of her. There was, besides, a material manifestation.

We must also give in this chapter the two following apparitions; the first of these manifested itself immediately after dissolution.² The Bishop of Carlisle wrote in the "Contemporary Review"; of January, 1884:

My correspondent, a student in Cambridge had some years before made an agreement with one of his college friends: they were to meet in Cambridge on a certain date, and were to work together.

¹ Read again the chapter on *Simulacres* (Lucretius, *De Natura Rerum*).

² *Phantasms of the Living*, I, 414. *Hallucinations télépathiques*, p. 130.

Shortly before the time set for this meeting my correspondent was in the south of England. Waking up one night, he saw, or thought that he saw, his friend seated at the foot of his bed. He was, naturally, most surprised by this sight—all the more so from the fact that his friend was dripping water. He spoke to him, but the apparition merely shook its head and vanished. This vision came back twice that same night. Soon afterward the news arrived that, a short time before the moment of the vision, his friend had been drowned while swimming.

Learning that the bishop's correspondent was Archdeacon Farler, those who were making the investigation wrote to him. He answered on January 9, 1884:

Pampisford Vicarage, Cambridge.

I told of the vision the following morning, at breakfast, several days before receiving news of my friend's death. I related it to my professor, John Kempe, and to his wife and family. I was living in Long Ashton, in Somerset County; my friend died in Kent County. Since I was not in the least frightened by this vision at the moment when I saw it, I spoke of it as a singular dream rather than an apparition of some one dead.

My vision occurred on September 2 or 3, 1868. It was repeated on the seventeenth of the same month. I have never had any sort of hallucination.

G. P. FARLER.

It was learned, from the official records, that the narrator's friend was drowned in the Crouch River on September 2, 1868.

Therefore, on the very night on which he was drowned the student first appeared twice to his comrade, and the latter saw him again fifteen days later. Was the second vision a recollection of the first? But it was not the same phantom; the first was that of a drowned man, and the second seemed clothed as usual.

In "Phantasms of the Living" we may find similar cases

of various apparitions manifesting themselves repeatedly. (Volume I, pages 415, 444, 561, and Volume II, pages, 59, 237, 256, 467, 500.) As for those who have been drowned, we have seen more than one case of the sort in the volume "At the Moment of Death," the second in the trilogy "Death and Its Mystery."

One often hears persons, when one speaks to them of ghosts, of apparitions of the dead, express the traditional belief that "these things can happen only by the special dispensation of Providence." As to this statement, Frederic Myers remarks that it involves implications the truth of which cannot be verified, since, for those who believe in a God ruling all, the words *dispensation* and *Providence* are no more applicable to these occurrences than to any other occurrences; furthermore, nothing proves that the man who has died is there himself, and that the phantom is not a "double," something projected to a distance by the deceased, an hallucinatory image. Instead of defining a *specter* as "some one dead who has been given permission to communicate with a living person," we might see in it "a manifestation of the persistence of personal energy"; an indication that a certain sort of force comes into play after death, in connection with a person who has lived upon this earth. Then, too, images may persist, though the dead man may have ceased to be the cause of them.

Communication between some one dead and some one living can be only communication between thought in a certain state of existence and thought in a wholly different state. It is not like two persons talking together. There is, on the one side, spirit that is separate from matter, and, on the other, spirit in a brain. A hypnotized subject, who is in communication only with the hypnotist, gives us a conception of these differences in the state of the spirit.

These distinctions will grow clear, of themselves, in the following pages. Let us proceed methodically.

It seems to me that no impartial reader of the preceding

accounts can doubt that dead persons have manifested themselves immediately *after* death to friends who did not know of their demise. One would have to be unpardonably and ridiculously intolerant to consider that these statements are of doubtful authority.

The occurrences given in this first chapter, selected from manifestations and apparitions classified according to their remoteness from the moment of dissolution, took place *during the first hour* after death. Let us now read of those which took place several hours afterward, up to twenty-four hours, during the first day after dissolution.

I think, however, that it may aid us if I remark that not one of the incidents given in this chapter occurred during a spiritistic séance. "Spirit" manifestations, as they are called, will take up a special chapter.

V

MANIFESTATIONS FROM ONE TO TWENTY-FOUR HOURS AFTER DEATH

The swarm of the dead hums and swells.

SOPHOCLES.

LET us continue our research, following the same method of approach. We shall gradually draw away from the ending of earthly life. Let us bring together, in this chapter, manifestations and apparitions observed during the first twenty-four hours after death. There is a great number of them, and we are obliged to restrict ourselves to a very limited choice.

The accounts in the chapter just read concern manifestations immediately after death—within an hour after it. Those of which we are about to read occurred at various periods from one to twenty-four hours afterward.

The first in this classification is offered us by one of my colleagues of the Royal Astronomical Society of London, the Rev. Charles Tweedale. It was related in a scientific periodical well known to astronomers, "The English Mechanic and World of Science" of July 20, 1906. We give it in full:

The evening of Friday, January 10, 1879, I went to bed early. Awakening in the midst of my first sleep, I saw the moon through the window giving on the south; its bright beams lighted up my room. At once my gaze was drawn toward the panels of a cupboard, which was part of the wall, and which served as a wardrobe. My eyes followed the shaft of light which illuminated the

eastern wall of my room, in which was the cupboard. Gazing fixedly in this direction, I saw, suddenly, a form appear in front of me, before the panels of the cupboard. Indistinct at first, it gradually grew clearer, until I recognized the face of my grandmother. I had been observing it for some seconds, when the vision melted away gradually, and disappeared in the moonlight. An unusual thing struck me, and stamped itself upon my mind: it was the fact that my grandmother had on an old-fashioned cap, which was fluted in a shell-like design. I was not in the least afraid and, thinking myself the victim of an illusion caused by the moonlight, I turned over and went to sleep again.

The morning of the next day, at breakfast, I was beginning to tell of the apparition of the previous night, when to my great surprise my father left the table abruptly. He was most agitated; he went out of the room hastily, leaving his breakfast almost untouched. I asked my mother for an explanation. She silenced me with a gesture. When the door was closed once more, I repeated my question. Then my mother answered: "Charles, I'm going to tell you the strangest thing I've ever heard of. This morning your father told me that he had waked up in the night, and that he had seen his mother standing near his bed, but just at the moment when he wished to speak to her she had disappeared."

This scene and this conversation had taken place about half-past eight, on the morning of Saturday, January 11th. Before noon we received a telegram announcing that my grandmother had died during the night. But that was not all, for my father next learned that his sister, who lived about thirty kilometers from our home, had also seen my grandmother appear. *Three* persons, therefore, had the same vision *independently*, and each attributed it to an hallucination.

There is no doubt that this apparition was that of a person passing through the change we call death, in view of the moment when this triple apparition occurred. I remember perfectly that it was two o'clock in the morning; my father made a note of the precise moment of the vision. I did not get up to look at the time, but made an approximate reckoning of it. The house faces south, and the window of the room in which I was sleeping also looks toward the south.

When I set about verifying details, I tried to find out at what hour the moon was at its highest point on the night of January 10-11, 1879. The Nautical Almanac showed the time to have been nineteen minutes past two in the morning. When the moon is at its height, the two east and west walls are lighted up equally, as well as the north wall, at the back of my room. Consequently, I am sure that the moon was not far from its highest point at the moment of the apparition, and that it was about two o'clock in the morning. This confirms in a remarkable way the time noted by my father. My aunt, too, said that the apparition which she witnessed occurred *after death*. Dissolution *took place at fifteen minutes past twelve*. This proves that we are not concerned with a telepathic or subjective manifestation, occurring before death or at the very moment of death, but with a really objective apparition occurring *after* life had left the body. We may conclude, therefore, that the dead woman, though apparently lifeless, was sufficiently *alive* some hours later to manifest herself to different persons separated by considerable distances.

As for the "garments of apparitions," I described the vision to my parents just as I had seen it, without attempting to find out if my grandmother had actually worn a cap with the trimmings which had struck me. Several weeks ago, with the idea of obtaining precise details as to this mystery, I wrote my uncle (my aunt departed this life in 1900), asking him to clear up certain interesting points, and sending him a sketch, drawn from memory, of the face I saw in my vision. Here is an extract taken from the reply which I received:

"I can vouch for the exactitude of these details, for your grandmother died in my house the morning of Saturday January 11, 1879, at fifteen minutes past twelve. Her death-agony began on Friday and she breathed her last a little after midnight, according to my memorandum. My daughter and I have a distinct memory of what my wife said when she told us of the apparition of which she had been a witness.

"You ask me if the sketch of the cap which you sent me is at all like the dead woman's last head-dress. The resemblance is *striking*. It is certainly the fluted cap which your grandmother wore the whole time she was ill and when she died; also, your description

of the phantom is in exact agreement with the dying woman's appearance at the moment when life left her. I am telling the simple truth, and can, if necessary, vouch for these details by oath."

My father died in 1885; but my mother is still living and has a distinct memory of the whole scene of which she was a witness. She confirms its essential points:

"I have read carefully my son's account of his vision, and I also remember that of my deceased husband (Doctor Tweedale). At that same time, my sister-in-law told us of the phenomenon which she had witnessed that night."

The occurrence which I have just related presents so many remarks of authenticity that we cannot hold it under suspicion. I advise those who are incredulous to inform themselves as to analogous happenings which have already been observed, and I shall add that there are many very interesting and very authentic phenomena which are still unexplained.

CHARLES TWEEDALE,

Member of the Royal Astronomical Society of London.

It seemed to me helpful to give this story in its entirety. It is remarkable in that it relates an occurrence observed about one hour and three quarters after death—one that was seen independently by three persons. Death occurred fifteen minutes after midnight, and the apparition was seen at two o'clock.

What is the explanation?

Plainly it is in this case impossible to think that there was any deception whatsoever.

In the "*Annales des Sciences psychiques*" of October, 1906, I discussed this most valuable observation and compared the hypotheses of illusion, hallucination, and telepathy.

In our present state of ignorance as to the nature of matter, energy, and spirit, attempts to discover whether apparitions exist or not can only be approved of by all friends of truth, and we must congratulate Mr. Tweedale on having made this triple observation known.

That there was an illusion, an hallucination on the part of three independent witnesses would seem to me inadmissible.

The narrator declares that so far as he and his father were concerned, the phantom was there *objectively* and that *the cap proved it*. It seems to me that the reality of the apparition may be explained on the assumption that the dead woman influenced the minds of her children, and that this suggestion took the form of an image. A dead person may act upon a living person at a distance; may manifest himself under one form or another, doubtless by an impression made upon the brain.

Let us continue our investigation. The apparition of which we have just spoken was seen one hour and three quarters after death. Here is one, that of a mother to her daughter, seen a little later.

I owe my acquaintance with this remarkable story to a kindness of the brilliant poet Auguste Dorchain. The account was set down in 1821, and is of a very clearly defined case of telepathy. The observation was made at a time when these phenomena were not known and had not been given a name. The dramatic incident was taken from Colonel Voutier's¹ *Memoirs*. He was an ardent philhellénist; in the middle of an account of his campaigns in Greece appears the story of an apparition, in a dream, immediately after the death of a Turkish woman who had been assassinated. The soldier historian was neither a braggart nor over-credulous; he does not undertake to explain the mystery, but gives an honest account of it. Here is the story:

October, 1821. Before taking up my narrative (it will carry me far from Tripolitza) I yield to my desire to relate a remarkable occurrence.

¹ *Mémoires sur la Guerre actuelle des Grecs* (I vol. Paris, Bossange, 1823), pp. 97-100.

A young Turkish girl was brought me by my soldiers. She was beautiful, and her fear of the misfortunes which in the case of a girl of sixteen follow upon captivity in a country where the enslavement of women is so odious—this fear made her still more interesting. I accepted the present of her which they made me, and in order to reassure her, I gave orders that she be placed in separate rooms and treated with all the regard due her sex and position. The procedure filled my captive with astonishment; she showed her gratitude by tears.

A few days went by and my kindness to her and, above all, my restraint, so foreign to Mohammedan ways, had won her affection and her confidence. I used to spend a little time with her, trying to console her. Since she was separated from her mother, I was the only one to whom she could confide her grief. She loved me as a friend, and I was attached to her by that spiritual satisfaction unknown to him who reads these lines with a mocking eye. (A firm resolution which I had taken to save a young girl in all this upheaval, and the necessity of giving my soldiers an example of a virtue which they were beginning to forget forbade any other sort of relation with the pretty slave.)

One day I saw her approaching me, her head bent low and her eyes full of tears. "What's the matter, my girl?" I asked her. "Won't you ever be able to get over your sadness?"—"Oh, I have a good reason for crying! They've killed my mother."—"Who told you?"—"She did."—"When?"—"Last night. I *saw her*; she spoke to me, and said: 'See, my daughter! The wicked men have killed me.' And she showed me her neck, which was cut through; there was another wound in her side. 'Dig a grave for me,' she added. 'And the spade, my dear mother?'—"Dig up the earth with your nails, my daughter.'"

That I might calm the unhappy child, I gave orders that information should be sought as to what had become of her mother. They came to tell me that a woman had been found dead, with wounds that were still bleeding, in her neck and side. I asked Emmé, who was still depressed, how we could recognize her mother. "She wore trousers of this material." I went to the spot where the body was; I secured a piece of the trousers and showed it to the young girl: "Was your mother's garment made of material like

that?"—"Yes, it was really my mother; you found her, but you found her dead. Poor Mother!" And, summoning all her strength, she threw herself upon me, to seize my dagger and kill herself. I stopped her, and, that I might turn her from her fatal course, I told her that they had carried off her mother and sent her to Asia. This lie calmed the unfortunate girl.

I confess that the memory of the occurrence made an extraordinary impression on my mind. I do not believe in nocturnal revelations, and nevertheless I am still utterly at a loss when I think that the terrible reality corresponded to the young Turkish girl's dream; we must see in this at least a strange trick of fate.

I have the consolation (it is very gratifying), in ending this sad story, of being sure that poor Emmé is happy; a respectable family of the Peloponnesus adopted her.

We can but repeat here what we have said of certain other happenings: chance coincidence is possible, since the young girl was uneasy as to her mother's fate; she may have dreamed that she saw her assassinated. But one cannot help pointing out (1) that this was no ordinary dream, and that the impression received was most violent in its intensity; (2) that the wounds were seen, that the drama was lived through. Though *possible*, the chance coincidence of a dream is quite *improbable*. Moreover, a considerable number of similar cases that are, to-day, known, and have been investigated and discussed, would lead us to consider that the probability of telepathic communication approaches certainty. We have been prepared for this by Mrs. Tweedale's phantom, and by all the others.

The apparition of the mother to the daughter, in a telepathic dream, would appear to have occurred a short time after she was assassinated.

According to the law of probability, hallucinations representing such and such persons should not coincide by chance with some particular event—for example, the death of these persons—in greater proportion than it should with other

events. If this proportion is exceeded, we have some warrant for excluding the element of chance and, as a consequence, for thinking that the phantom had a real cause.

My readers may remember reading of a phenomenon concerning two members of the same family which rather recalls the preceding case: it was a most remarkable apparition of a dead man to his brother, several hours after dissolution. I gave the story in "L'Inconnu" (page 450). It concerned Mr. Frederic Wingfield, Belle-Isle-en-Terre, Côtes-du-Nord, who writes:

On the night of March 25, 1880, I dreamed that I saw my brother, Richard Wingfield-Baker, *seated on a chair before me*. I spoke to him; he merely bowed his head in reply; then he rose and left the room. I awakened and found that I was standing, one foot on the floor near my bed and the other on my bed, and that I was trying to speak and utter my brother's name. The impression that he was really present was so strong, and the whole scene was so lifelike, that I left the bedroom to look for my brother in the drawing-room, where I found no one. I then had a feeling of impending misfortune, and I made a note of this "apparition" in my daily memorandum, adding the words: "May God prevent it!" Three days afterward I received news that my brother had died that day, at half-past eight o'clock, as a result of a fall when hunting.

Death, therefore, had preceded this well-defined vision, by some hours.

The objection which we raised as to the reality of the apparition of the young Turkish girl's mother would not apply in the present case. Thus one occurrence confirms another.

The following experience was not less conclusive. It took place when the observer was fully awake, and even out in the open air. A person was seen—seen clearly, and recognized with certainty—two hours after her death, by a gardener who

did not know that she had died. A special investigation of the incident was made by Frederic Myers.¹

The Rev. C. T. Forster, pastor of Hinxton, wrote on August 6, 1885:

My late parishioner Mrs. de Freville was a rather eccentric lady; she had, in particular, an abnormal interest in graves. Two days after her death, which occurred in London in the afternoon of May 8th, I heard that the gardener, Alfred Bard, had seen her that same evening (May 8th). I sent for him, and he gave me a very clear and very detailed account of what he had seen.

He is a man who has the habit of observing carefully. He educated himself as a gardener, and I am convinced that he is speaking the truth without any exaggeration. I am absolutely sure, also, that news of Mrs. de Freville's death could not have reached Hinxton before the next morning (May 9th). She was found dead at half-past seven in the evening. She had been left alone in her room; she was rather unwell, but was not believed to be seriously ill.

C. F. FORSTER.

Here is Mr. Alfred Bard's own story:

July 25, 1885.

I am a gardener; I work at Sawston. When I go home from my work I always go through the Hinxton cemetery. On Friday, the eighth of last May, I was returning as usual. When I was in the cemetery I looked down rather closely at the lawn, at a cow and a donkey lying there just within the gateway. As I lowered my head I glanced in the direction of the square vault where Mr. de Freville had been buried. Then I saw Mrs. de Freville leaning against the grating, dressed just as I used to see her ordinarily; she had on a hat of the sort called a coal-scuttle bonnet, a black jacket trimmed with crêpe and a black dress. She looked straight at me. Her face was very white—much whiter than usual. I

¹ See *Phantasms of the Living*, I, 212, and *Hallucinations télépathiques*, p. 235.

knew her well, for I had worked at her home for some time. I supposed that she had come, as she sometimes did, to go into the mausoleum, and thought that Mr. Wiles, a mason from Cambridge, must be in the tomb, busy about something. I walked all around the door, looking closely to see if it were open. My eyes were riveted on her, and I myself was not more than five to six meters from her. She turned her face toward me, following me with her eyes. I walked between the church and the tomb (they are about four meters apart) looking to see if the tomb were open, for she was in just such a position that she hid the door of it from me. When I turned around she was gone. It was impossible for her to have left the cemetery, because to reach either one of the two exits she would have had to pass me.

I was, therefore, convinced that she had gone into the tomb quickly. I went toward the door, which I expected to find open, but to my great surprise it was locked. As a matter of fact, it had not been opened at all; there was no key in the lock. I hoped to be able to look into the tomb itself; I shook the door to make sure that it was firmly locked, but there was no sign that any one had been there. Then I was very much frightened and looked at the clock; it was half-past nine. When I got home, I asked myself if what I had seen had been a product of my imagination; I told my wife of it, however. When, the next day, I was told that Mrs. de Freville was dead, I was so startled that it made me jump. I have never had any other hallucination.

ALFRED BARD.

A statement, sworn to by Mrs. Bard (space is lacking to give it here), confirms the truth of the account.

Forster, the pastor, took Mr. Myers through the Hinxton cemetery, and the description of the place was found to be absolutely exact. Furthermore, the date of the death was verified, by looking at the "Times."

Shall we think this experience an hallucination? But (1) the worthy gardener had never had one; (2) the apparition followed the death, which he did not know of; (3) the woman, original in her way of thinking, loved to visit graves.

This too was, unquestionably, an apparition some hours after death. The phantom's garments demand an explanation. We may think that the woman who appeared remained faithful to her habit of visiting the cemetery (she was, moreover, destined to be borne there herself), and that her invisible, spiritual presence had an effect on the gardener's mind and showed him a corporeal image.

The following case is, perhaps, still more curious.

A young woman who had just died, suddenly, showed herself to her doctor. She died at one o'clock in the morning, and the doctor was awakened at four o'clock by a bright light in his room and a woman's form which he did not recognize. Let us give the story; it was published by Podmore in his "Apparitions."¹

The doctor wrote from Albany (U.S.A.) to Dr. Hodgson on September 10, 1888:

I am a physician, have been practising for eleven years, and am in excellent health; I have never believed in apparitions.

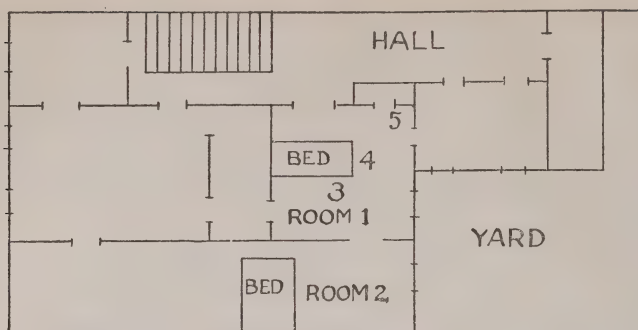
Last Monday, on September 3d, I went to bed about eleven o'clock, after my daily work. I had dined very lightly, at seven o'clock.

My bedroom is on the second floor, and I lock all my doors except the one communicating with my wife's room. Below is the plan of our apartment.

I occupy room Number 1, and my wife Number 2; her room has only one window and only one door, communicating with mine. My room has three doors, locked at night, and one window. The two windows of our rooms are hung with thick green curtains, which fall below them in order to exclude the light from without. No artificial light shines on the windows, and moonlight scarcely reaches them.

I undressed, went to bed about eleven o'clock, and was not long in going to sleep. About four o'clock in the morning I was awakened by a bright light in my face. At first I thought it was my wife, standing at the point marked 3, for she was to get up at

¹ *Apparitions and Thought-Transference* (1915), p. 401.



half-past five to catch a morning train. The light was so brilliant that I began to ask her questions at once, but no voice answered me. While I was speaking, the person I had seen withdrew toward point 4 and seemed gradually to disappear toward point 5. The light, gliding along silently, made me think that it was a servant crossing the hall, and that the light he carried had passed through the keyhole. But this was not possible, for hangings hid the lock. Then the idea occurred to me that a thief might be in the other room. I shouted to my wife to strike a light at once. She awakened and asked me this unexpected question: "Why, what's that brilliant light in your room?" I lighted the gas in my room, made a search and found that there was no light in any of the rooms.

My wife left on the morning train. I busied myself with my work as usual.

At noon, when I went back home, my servant informed me that during my absence a man had come to ask me for a certificate for a young woman who had died suddenly at an early hour in the morning, as a result of a hemorrhage of the lungs. She had died about one o'clock. I had seen the apparition about four o'clock. So far as I was able to note, there was no great resemblance between it and my patient, except in the matter of height. The lack of facial resemblance was not so great, perhaps, but the apparition had seemed much older to me. I had seen the young woman on the previous evening, and her illness had not seemed to promise any immediate danger: she had been ill for only two days. She had at first spit a little blood, as a result of having strained her-

self. When the hemorrhage occurred that morning she had called for help and had uttered my name.

This is the only phenomenon of this nature that has come within my personal experience. The apparition was very clear, but it vanished rapidly. My wife had noticed the light before I said anything to her, at the very moment when I awakened her. As for me, I had got up at once when the luminous apparition appeared, for I am accustomed to answer the telephone during the night.

It would seem clear that we must see here a cause-and-effect relation, and that the dying woman—or the dead woman—produced the manifestation. Chance cannot be made an explanation.

Frank Podmore, in conformity with his title “Apparitions and Thought-Transference,” is willing to see only a case of transference of thought from the young woman to her doctor, before her death. But is this really the explanation?

In the first place, the phenomenon occurred three hours after death. Why should the dying woman’s summons have required this time to take effect on her doctor, who was accustomed to awaken for telephone calls, and who did not, therefore, sleep very deeply?

Then, what caused the light, seen by two persons? It could not be attributed to an hallucination.

The question of deciding whether the light and the apparition were caused by a person still alive, or by that same person three hours after death, is put before us flatly. No subterfuge will avail. We must decide without preconceived ideas, without prejudice of any sort.

Would not the simple, logical answer seem to you to be that the dead woman manifested herself, rather than that there was a strange case of thought-transmission and that the thought remained latent for three hours in the doctor’s mind and then resulted in the light and the phantom?

Let us note that, unlike the apparitions of Mr. Tweedale’s

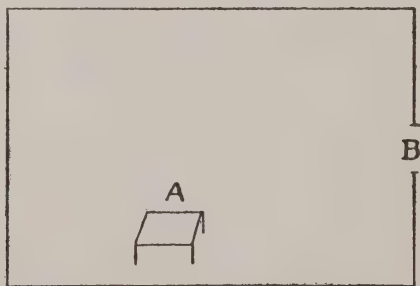
grandmother, of the young Turkish woman's mother, of Mr. Wingfield, and of Mrs. de Freville, this phantom remained very vague. The impressions received are most varied. Here is another example:

A native of Bordeaux heard a door open and felt that some one had just come in behind him and sat down at a table. He looked round. It was his uncle, who lived in Laroche-foucauld; he had killed himself at five o'clock in the morning. It was then half-past nine. Let us listen to the narrator's story:

In 1888 I was in Bordeaux, in the rue du Palais-Gallien, living in an apartment arranged according to the little diagram which accompanies this note.

At half-past nine on the morning of February 27th (the weather was quite good) I was seated at the point A, before my work-table, when I suddenly had the impression that the door B had just opened and that some one, who had entered noiselessly, was standing behind me.

I turned toward the left and saw, very distinctly, my uncle G—. The vision was of rather short duration.



About a quarter of an hour afterward I was interrupted in my work by the arrival of a telegram announcing that my uncle was very ill, and asking me to go to him in Laroche-foucauld, Charente. The telegram had been taken to the telegraph office a little after eight o'clock.

I left immediately, and upon my arrival I learned of my uncle's death. He had fired two bullets into his head, and the doctors said that death had occurred at five o'clock in the morning. When I saw him in the apartment in the rue du Palais-Gallien, he was wearing the same clothes that he had had on at our last interview, about eight days before that time. I had been carrying on a brisk correspondence with him. Upon my arrival I found several letters from him that were intended for me, written during the night which preceded his suicide.¹

Another occurrence. A woman, in excellent health and under absolutely normal conditions for observation, saw her uncle appear, for several minutes, seven hours after his death, which she did not know of.²

On Tuesday, May 25, 1897, at eight o'clock in the morning, Mrs. de Lagenest was in her apartment in Fontenay-le-Comte, making her bed in the absence of her maid, when, on the other side of the bed (which was in the middle of the room), she saw her uncle, Monsieur Bonnamy. He was living in Loché (near Loches), and she believed him in good health. She saw him smile happily, but this apparition distressed her, and she walked to the other side of the bed, hoping to escape it. To her great surprise, she saw her uncle in the spot which she had just left. Then she spoke to him, asking the reason for his presence. She received no reply from the apparition; ceasing to smile, it gazed at her in a kindly way. Madame de Lagenest attributed this obsession to an hallucination. To escape its gaze, which disturbed her, she went down to the rooms on the ground floor, and went into her husband's office. The same phantom rose before her. "But Uncle, why have you come here? Are you dead?" The apparition vanished immediately after Madame de Lagenest had uttered these words.

She went to take a walk in the garden, to regain her self-control. Half an hour afterward, hearing some one ring the door-bell, she said to the servant near her, without having seen the person who had just arrived: "Go and get the telegram that's come; my

¹ *Annales des Sciences psychiques*, 1897, p. 114.

² *Annales des Sciences psychiques*, 1900, p. 65.

uncle is dead." This was true; Monsieur Bonnamy had died in Loché on May 25th, at a quarter-past one in the morning.

According to Madame de Lagenest, the vision lasted for ten minutes. It caused her excessive fatigue, which did not disappear until very late in the evening.

F. BODROUX.

We may legitimately think that this was an optical illusion; but we must not accept one-sided reasoning. These were *illusions corresponding to reality*. As a matter of fact, the uncle appeared to his niece seven hours after his death, which she did not know of.

We are familiar with many observations of the same sort. Have we not already read, in Volume II, page 140, of the apparition of a friend seen in an arm-chair in a drawing-room twelve hours after his death? To think that all these things, seen spontaneously, are illusions, is an hypothesis that grows less and less admissible, given the number of the phenomena and the normal conditions under which they were observed.

The sensation described below, experienced by a son after his mother's death, would seem to have been due to the influence of the mother, who was dead and happy at her deliverance from earthly life. The communication, sent me on December 11, 1920, by my friend Warrington Dawson, an American diplomat already known to my readers ("Before Death," page 130), is doubly interesting by reason of the strange premonition recounted in it. Here it is:

Sixteen months before her death my mother saw herself lying dead in the spot where she was to die as the result of a chance cold.

In January, 1908, we were under the necessity of finding an apartment very quickly. One morning I had found one with which I was most satisfied, in the rue de l'Université. When I went back to luncheon with my mother, in the rue de Varenne, where we lived, I proposed that she go and see it at once, telling her that if she liked it I would find the agent immediately and sign the lease.

We did this. My mother seemed as satisfied with it as I. As we were passing from one room to another, she talked to me of how we would arrange the furniture and the pictures. Lastly, we arrived at the threshold of what was to be her bedroom. Suddenly I saw her face grow pale, and she fixed her eyes upon the central panel of the left wall; I had never seen such an expression on her face. I uttered an exclamation, and asked her what was the matter. At the sound of my voice a shiver ran through her body; she recovered herself, and answered in a strangled voice: "It's nothing; I'm cold."

As it was January, and the apartment was unoccupied, this seemed natural to me, and I thought no more of the incident.

Some weeks after we had moved in I was more than surprised to learn from my friends that my mother was very unhappy in our new apartment; that she had a horror of it and bitterly regretted my haste in signing the lease. I asked her for an explanation, for I should never have taken an apartment which was not to her taste. She seemed very much embarrassed; she said that our friends should not have repeated an unconsidered statement on her part. But her confusion showed me clearly that she was hiding something from me. I insisted, and she answered me with futile objections.

I returned to the attack several times, only to see that she was always hiding her inmost thoughts from me. At length I persuaded her to open her heart to me. She then said: "It's this. When I reached the door of my bedroom, *I saw myself lying dead on that bed*, which was where it is now. Then I knew that I should leave this apartment in my coffin."

At these words I remembered her expression on our first visit. She had approved of everything until that moment, and had then let me make all arrangements without protesting.

By force of argument I tried to banish her ideas, calling them morbid. Since I did not succeed, I proposed that she go and spend some months with my sister, in America. She left, and did not return until December. I asked her if she still wished to move out; I did not remind her of her vision, hoping that she would have forgotten it, for she seemed in very good health. She answered simply that she would never be happy in that house, and asked me to give up the lease.

I obtained the owner's permission, but on condition that I find another tenant. I began to look for one immediately, and succeeded. It was then that I left for Africa, unexpectedly, with President Roosevelt, in April, 1909. She made preparations to move out. It was a strange thing that in one of the last letters which she wrote me, she spoke of her packing and added, "I am preparing for the great Exodus." This letter, written from the rue de l'Université before her illness, did not reach me until long after her death.

But friends had telegraphed me that she had developed pneumonia, and was seriously ill. Day after day the cablegrams succeeded one another, and left me no hope. It was with terror that I used to wait until the afternoon, when the telegrams were given me; day and night I was oppressed with a feeling of inevitable and imminent catastrophe.

One day, May 5th, I experienced, suddenly, an indescribable relief. I felt her presence near me; I was pervaded by a heavenly well-being such as I had never known.

I thought at once of the telepathic bonds which had united us for long years. My only idea was: "The crisis is past; my mother is saved, and in thinking of me she has transmitted her relief."

I was completely happy for the first time since I received the first telegram. At sunset I heard my name being called; a native had come with a telegram, as usual. I rushed out to him. I opened the envelope: *it announced my mother's death!*

I was absolutely thunderstruck by this news. I thought that she was alive; she had transmitted her thought to me; I had been in mental communication with her, and she was dead! Her loss would have been terrible for me, even if I had been prepared for it. Since I was no longer prepared, it was like a blow with a club.

It took me several years to comprehend the truth. My mother had indeed sent her thought, but from what we call the other world. She had made me feel her presence, had made me experience her relief, her celestial well-being, had expressed to me all her mother-love, showing that our souls could not be separated. I had been able to hear, but not to understand.

As nearly as I could compute the time, this occurred *several*

hours after her death in Paris; her soul had required this delay, either to accustom itself to a state of eternal life after leaving this life, or to make itself felt by me through the veils of the flesh.

WARRINGTON DAWSON.

(Letter 4352.)

There was nothing material about the manifestation. It was none the less remarkable on this account, and I was all the more ready to accept it as genuine from the fact that I had for many years known of the profound affinity which united this son to his mother. Both of them were endowed with special psychic faculties. As we remarked above, the manifestations of the dead are extremely varied.

The following apparition, twelve hours after death, bears, like the preceding one, all the marks of authenticity. The writer is already known to us (Volume II, pages 360-361). It was sent me from Münster on April 22, 1899.

I am a man in good health, aged forty-seven. I am straight and tall, moderately stout, and good-looking. I have a good appetite and sleep well. I was formerly employed in a telegraph office. I am a free thinker. One of my friends died on April 9, 1898, on the night before Easter, at six o'clock in the morning. He appeared to me in my room and began to look at all the pictures with war as a subject which were hung there; I had promised to show them to him. Some days before his death, when I told him that he was looking better and that a French cuirassier of 1870 could not die before Alsace had been freed, he had answered that he was going to get well to see my fine pictures. I recognized him, though he was in a shroud and no longer had his characteristic mustache. He stayed for a long time looking at my pictures, then nodded to me in a friendly way and vanished suddenly. I was fully awake. I went, that very morning, to the house in which he had died, and found that his mouth and mustache had been covered with a white cloth.

JEAN LAU.

(Letter 618.)

Judging from the writer's description of himself, it would be difficult to admit that there was in this case an hallucination, an affection of the nerves, or an illusion caused by imagination. No conclusive argument could be brought forward to prove that it was impossible for a dead man's spirit to have paid a visit to his friend some hours after dissolution. There is nothing absurd, either, in the possibility that his image was transmitted, together with his thought. It was a telepathic transmission on the part of some one dead. The account confirms what we said in Volume II.

Similarly, it was twelve hours after death that the curious incident given below occurred. It, too, was related to me at the beginning of my investigation, in March, 1899, in the following letter, written by a boy about twelve years old:

I did not know what fear was. One of my cousins, with whom I had taken a walk the evening before and talked with until half-past nine, died suddenly at eleven o'clock.

At four o'clock in the morning (it was in the month of August) I left the farm, to go to school as usual, but earlier than I generally did, to report his death at the town hall.

At eleven I usually went to ring the bell and wind the clock. The latter was in the tower of the church. In order to reach it, it was necessary to climb a long spiral staircase and cross a loft about twenty meters long. The teacher stopped me that day and said to me, "If you don't want to go up alone to wind the clock to-day, stay down, and I'll go myself."—"I?" I said. "Why should n't I want to?"

I am telling all this to explain my state of mind at that moment. I remember very well that I said to myself, "How funny that the teacher asked me that question!"

When I reached the loft I was, therefore, very much surprised to see my cousin standing there, hiding a part of the door which led to the clock. The light from the window in the roof fell right on his face. He was in his working-clothes, and was looking at me hard, his face a little sad. I picked up a small iron bar which lay on the floor, and, going forward, I threw it right at the appar-

tion. The bar struck the door with a dull sound and the illusion—if it was an illusion, for your accounts make me doubt this—vanished. Then I wound the clock and went away.

My cousin was on my right, in the loft, leaving me a free passage this time, and smiling. "This is too much!" I said out loud, as if to prove to myself that I was not dreaming. The phantom made a movement as though to raise its arms, and disappeared suddenly.

I went downstairs quickly and told my story to the teacher, who said to me, "Now you'll know what fear is."

(Vouched for by) J. TURQUIN, Instructor,
Ardennes.

From the evidence in the account, it would really not seem possible for the boy (who was absolutely calm, whose mind was at rest, and who was care-free, as was natural at his age) to have been the dupe of an illusion—above all, one that occurred twice—and not to have been affected in any way; he regarded it merely as a curious, causeless phenomenon demanding investigation. The fact that he threw an iron bar at the phantom demonstrates that there was an utter absence of fear on his part. He was astonished, merely, and had not the least idea that this was possibly a manifestation on the part of his friend. His was a purely automatic movement. This apparition, twelve hours after death, was spontaneous.

Following my usual method of investigation, I asked the writer of the narration if the instructor of whom he speaks could confirm his story. I received the teacher's attestation; it gave me an impression that *he himself had seen the apparition*.

Here is another communication, sent at that same period:

Montbéliard, March 26, 1899.

On a certain evening of the year 1888, my son-in-law, who was living in Haute-Loire, appeared to me. It was about eleven o'clock, and I was thoroughly awake.

On the following day I learned that he had died on the morning of the previous day, at eleven o'clock. It is noteworthy that I had no reason to believe him ill, and that he died suddenly.

I shall ask you to give only my initials, if you publish my letter.

C. H.

(Letter 210.)

It should be pointed out that this apparition, twelve hours after death, occurred without the observer knowing of the death.

I should like to give only concise, very short accounts, of the sort which we have just read, that I might offer a larger number of them; but there are cases in which details are indispensable, such as the following one.

A dead woman who did not believe that she was dead, announced her death! I take from a letter sent me from Cherbourg on October 10, 1921, the following:

Madame Boullier, on a certain night (September 13-14, 1918) thought that she was awake, and heard some one calling her by name. Her first thought was: "Why, I was asleep, since I was dreaming." But at that moment she heard once more: "Madame Boullier!" Sure of being awake this time, she looked about her and saw, between the window and the cupboard, the bust of a woman which had emerged from the wall and was speaking to her. "Who are you?" she demanded.—"You don't recognize me?"—"No."—"But you bought fish from me this morning, at the market; I am Mother Arondel."—"Oh, indeed! What would you like?"—"Why, I must be dead; I saw my body stretched out on the ground and my children around it, crying. I tried to talk to them, but it was no use; they didn't hear me."—"How did you die?"—"I flew into a temper when I was going home, and then fell down. I saw my body on the ground, and people all around it; still, I'm not dead!"—"Well, what would you like?"—"You must go and tell the people at home that I'm not dead."—"No, they would think I was crazy; I can't do that. Go away, my good woman."

Then the apparition vanished, sliding sideways through the wall.

Early the next morning Madame Boullier went to call on one of her neighbors, Madame Micheau, and told her of the apparition. They went to the market to verify the happening. A bit of paper, glued to her stall, announced Mother Arondel's death, and the other venders explained that she had died suddenly, as soon as she got home.

GASTON THORIN.

(Letter 4712.)

I made an investigation in Cherbourg, that I might verify these statements, and I wish to thank the writer of the letter for his care in making the inquiry. Several persons took part in it. At the town hall the record of births and deaths gives, as the date of death, September 13, 1918, at one o'clock in the afternoon: the widow Arondel, born on February 22, 1846. A neighboring fishwoman stated that she had seen her at noon, on the day of her death, when she left the market, and had learned upon her own return at two o'clock that Mother Arondel had died suddenly at one. The attestations are all the more convincing, so far as I am concerned, from the fact that I myself was in Cherbourg in September, 1918.

In this case we must remember that the dead woman did not believe that she was dead; her apparition appeared about twelve hours after death.

The following manifestation proceeded, plainly, from some one dead, like the one above, and not from some one living or dying. A young man died, in Paris, on January 8, 1908, in the afternoon, at a hospital. His grandmother, who lived in Vierzon, had, on the following night, a nightmare in which she saw the face of her grandson, passing and repassing behind the window-panes, and gazing at her. He vanished, and she saw him stretched out dead upon a kind of slab. The vision occurred ten or twelve hours after death. Let

us listen to an account of the happening, related by a competent judge. I am taking it from a letter written by Dr. Fernand, in Vierzon :

You are, above all, seeking facts. Here is an incident which chance brought to my notice; it will, perhaps, be of interest to you.

Let me tell you, first, that I am thirty-nine years old and that, personally, I have no preëstablished convictions as to any philosophic system. But I am of the opinion that we do not know all, and that it would be *contrary to scientific principles to deny the inexplicable*.

As a physician, I have under my care, here in Vierzon, Madame X——, who is about seventy years old (allow me to omit her name). She is most intelligent, and is nervous to the point of having been neurotic in her youth. I am now giving her treatments for attacks of asthma.

Upon her request, her daughter, who was living in Paris, had come to live with her in December, 1907.

During the night of Wednesday to Thursday,—from the eighth to the ninth of last January,—about two o'clock in the morning, the invalid called her daughter and demanded a light, saying: "Light the lamp. I've had a terrible nightmare." These were the only words she spoke. The following Sunday, she said to her daughter, "You can't have eaten much for breakfast." And, after her daughter had shown her astonishment: "You can't have eaten much, for you are suffering a great deal. It's useless to keep it secret: your son is dead. The other night, when I called you, I had seen his face; it passed and repassed behind the window-panes, and he looked at me. Next, he disappeared, but then I *saw him lying dead on a sort of slab*, covered with a gray cloth."

The invalid's grandson had really died on the afternoon of Wednesday, January 8th, in Paris, in a hospital where he had been treated for some time for tuberculosis of the lungs.

This was the account given me, in the first instance, immediately after the happening, then subsequently on several occasions, at intervals some time apart. The story was related both by the

invalid herself and her daughter, without any variations, despite my discreet but searching questions.

If I may be permitted a few more words, I should like to show the occurrence in all its extraordinary aspects.

The invalid's daughter was not informed of her son's death until *Thursday morning*, when she learned of it through a telegram. She did not go to Paris for the funeral and did not leave her mother: there was, therefore, no absence on her part which might have led to suspicion. She was already wearing black, and did not change her clothing to go into mourning.

And, lastly, no one spoke, in the invalid's presence, of her grandson; besides, his condition had seemed unchanged for some time: the announcement of his death was almost a surprise.

Such was the occurrence. I am giving you a dry account of it, as I would of an observation made in a hospital, without relying in the least on imagination. Without wishing to offer an explanation, I should like to add these remarks:

(1) The apparition corresponded to actual reality.

(2) The description given by the grandmother was absolutely exact. When a death occurs in a hospital, the corpse is taken into a room where autopsies are performed, and placed on a long narrow table, usually zinc-covered, "a sort of slab." The description is correct, and Madame X—— did not know of this particular detail.

(3) There can be no question, under the circumstances, of telepathy from one brain to another: the apparition occurred after the young man had actually died.

(4) It would seem that we are confronted by two separate phenomena:

(a) The replica of a *dead* man in Paris appeared to his grandmother in Vierzon. (One detail deserves to be noted: the apparition did not enter the room, but remained *behind* the window-panes.)

(b) The grandmother's consciousness (she was *alive*) seems, *after that*, to have been borne from Vierzon to Paris, and to have *seen the corpse*.

DR. FERNAND,
Vierzon, Cher.

(Letter 1823.)

This double observation is so deserving of wide publicity that I asked the doctor if it would be indiscreet to publish it. Here is his answer :

I do not think that I am betraying any professional secret, since I am not giving the person's name. I authorize you, therefore, to make whatever use you wish of my communication, even with my name: I have no respect for any other than signed accounts.

I consider that there are all possible guarantees of the veracity of the "observation" which I have told you of. Were the contrary true, I should have put no faith in it. I had the story from the very lips of my patient and her daughter.

These two persons are intelligent and well educated.

What shall we think?

The phenomenon occurred ten or twelve hours after the death. The simple, direct interpretation is that the grandson, who had died, thought of his grandmother and manifested himself (1) by showing himself to her; (2) by causing her to see his corpse.

We may seek other interpretations. We may suppose that he thought of her before his death, and that an impression made by this thought remained latent in the percipient's mind until two o'clock in the morning. But this is more complicated.

We may suppose, also, that the seer of the vision, bound to her grandson by a deep affinity, was borne to him in spirit, from Vierzon to Paris. This is all very well, but why, then, should she have seen him behind the window?

Every one of my readers is, like me, free to seek an explanation.

It seems to me that for the moment we must confine ourselves to *recording occurrences*, above all when their truth is as carefully established as it was in this case. Even that is a great deal, given the prevalent idiotic incredulity.

Where does life end? Where does death begin? In Chapter X of Volume II (it is called "Between Life and Death") we read how a young girl, Mademoiselle Noell, summoned her brother eighteen hours after her death. To quote this summons: "Louis, what are you doing? Why don't you come?" It would seem that she uttered this just as she was dying, before dissolution. It is through the comparative study and wise discussion of observations that we may enlighten ourselves as to their nature and their psychological meaning. As a matter of fact, an account of a similar, very curious observation was sent me, which it will be interesting to analyze. Its authenticity is as certain, as unquestionable as that of the account I have just given. Here is the narration:

On the evening of Saturday, May 28, 1921, and the whole of Sunday May 29th, I felt unwell without any apparent cause. I was so tired that I lay down for part of the afternoon. It was as if I had a weight on my shoulders, and I had a vague impression that something out of the ordinary, something painful was about to happen. The evening of the twenty-ninth, I went to bed early, and as soon as I fell asleep I began to dream. This lasted all night, and what a dream it was! I was standing near one of my friends, a woman living in Versailles; for two years circumstances had prevented my seeing her. I saw her most distinctly, lying upon her bed, with the bloodless face of those who have died after much suffering. She stretched out her arms to me, wishing to kiss me, but terror nailed me to the spot, and I made no movement to approach her. This filled her poor face with sadness. The appeals which she made for me to kiss her and her efforts to draw near me lasted the whole night. I awakened often, and each time I went to sleep again the dream began once more. It was a real struggle, the whole night long, to escape from this nightmare, to such an extent that in the morning, when I was quite tired and worn out, my first words to my husband, on awakening, were an account of this painful dream. I had scarcely finished telling him of it when the door-bell rang, and he was given

a letter with a black border, telling of my poor friend's funeral; her death had occurred on the evening of Saturday the twenty-eighth, at nine o'clock.

Greatly disturbed by all this, I went to Versailles on Tuesday, the day of her funeral. When I got there, three of her friends, who had been with her during her last moments, said to me, "Is that you, Madame David?"—"Yes," I answered.—"Well, our dear friend asked for you on Saturday night before she died; she asked several times, and repeated your name insistently!"

Then I remembered the whole of my dream. It had really been an appeal from my poor friend; she had come to look for me, not at once but twenty-four hours afterward. Perhaps the uneasiness which I had felt on Saturday evening was an unconscious recording of her thought, which was seeking to stamp itself upon my mind.

L. DAVID,
149 rue de Rennes, Paris.

(Letter 4669.)

This precise account is highly interesting. The dying woman thought with intensity of her friend Madame David before she died on the evening of Saturday, May 28th. That evening and the whole of the next day Madame David felt unwell and in pain. The night of Sunday, the twenty-ninth, to Monday, the thirtieth, a terrible nightmare showed her this person, in the guise of a living corpse; she had not seen her for two years. Madame Denis had breathed her last on Saturday, the twenty-eight, and she was buried on Tuesday. Is there not unquestionable evidence in favor of a telepathic transmission from Madame Denis to Madame David, which began at the hour of death and was continued the following day? Is not the hypothesis of chance coincidence utterly improbable?

When I made my methodical investigation, Monsieur David (who is a state official) was kind enough to give me complete confirmation of all the details set forth above.

There is no question that this was a case of telepathic transmission—transmission that was continued after death.

The following occurrence did not have this somber aspect.

We shall now have an account of a curious, amusing, and ingenuous apparition. A little girl appeared to a little boy eighteen hours after she had died; he did not know of her death. The occurrence is of special interest to us, for it was certainly an unusual one. I owe my knowledge of it to an observer with whom my readers are already familiar¹; she and her husband were good enough to make a careful, special investigation of this particular case, which deserves our undivided attention. The letter which informed me of the incident is worthy of being given word for word. It was written before the letter which we read in Volume II. Here it is:

Paris, Sunday, November 30, 1917.

Pardon me, Master, if I monopolize your attention for a few minutes, to tell you of something which happened recently in my home. You must forgive me because of my humble desire to bring to your notice a bit of testimony. This, added to the thousands of other narrations of this sort already in your possession, will add to the information at your disposal, and aid in the triumph of Truth.

One night, about two o'clock in the morning, my husband and I were awakened by our little boy Fernand, aged six and a half; he was calling to me. Since I was half asleep at that moment and thought that he was dreaming, I told him to go to sleep again; then there was silence once more.

The next morning the child came into our room, as he usually did, to kiss us good morning. Then I asked him why he had been so disturbed in the night—what dream he had had. And here, without my changing a word, is the dialogue which took place between us:

"Why did you call me last night?"

"I was afraid, Mamma."

¹ *At the Moment of Death*, p. 134: a manifestation before death.

"Afraid? Why, my dear?"

"A little girl was sitting at the foot of my bed."

"A little girl! Tell me about it."

"A little girl with a doll in her arms. She was rocking it, and in front of her on the table [I must add that our child sleeps in the dining-room, in a little iron bed, and that the table touches his bed] was a little basin, with a sponge; she was washing her doll's face." He gave me an imitation: "Just like that."

"Ah," I said, "you were dreaming, my dear."

"No, Mamma, I was n't dreaming, because I did this to see if I was asleep [he then made a comical movement; with his little fingers he lifted one of his eyelids]; my eye was open, I could feel that it was, and to make sure that I was n't asleep I shook my bed, too, and it went *click-clack*. Then the little girl got up and walked on my bed, coming toward me. I was afraid; I called you and hid under the covers for a few minutes. Afterward I put my head out and there was nothing there any more."

"Ah!" I said, and looked at my husband.

"What was it? Tell me, little mother," my boy said, still frightened.

"It was doubtless your guardian angel, my dear; he came to see if you were good."

Completely reassured and full of enthusiasm, the child then asked me if he would come back, and added: "How pretty my guardian angel was! He was dressed like a little girl and had beautiful curls."

Then I sent the little boy into the adjoining room. When we were alone, my husband and I looked at each other, though we were not much surprised. We had both been witnesses of an occurrence of this nature when my father-in-law died.

"That little girl," we thought, "has died. We're going to learn something."

In the afternoon I had some errands to do. I met a woman whom I had not seen for *about ten days*. Since her little girl had been unwell, I asked her for news of her child, and the happy mother gave me very good news. At that moment another woman came up, a friend of the first, whom I scarcely knew. Out of consideration I was about to move away, when I heard this person

say: "Just think of it! What a terrible misfortune! Such a beautiful child!" Puzzled, I drew near her involuntarily, moved by I know not what curiosity, and asked whom they were speaking of. I learned in this way that the little daughter of the concierge of the first woman to whom I had spoken had died the day before of cerebro-spinal meningitis, which had carried the child off in forty-eight hours.

I wish to tell you again, Master, that I had not seen this person for *about ten days*, and that she alone could have told me of this little girl's illness.

The mystery was then explained. The little girl was a playmate of my child, and many a time that summer these two children, who were the same age, had played together. Since winter weather had begun, *they no longer saw each other*. The darling loved to play with dolls, like so many other little mothers of the future, and she loved above all to dress and wash her baby; and it was in this way that the little angel, to insure recognition, came to say good-by to her small friend Fernand.

Returning home, I told my husband this news, and asked my child if he had been able to recognize the little girl's face. I give his own words again:

"Her face seemed to have a veil over it, I could n't see it well; it seemed as if she had a piece of muslin over it. She was all white; her dress, her hair, everything about her was white."

That, Master, was the occurrence in all its simplicity; a little child was the truthful and innocent witness of it.

I shall ask you to pardon the simplicity of this poor letter, which (I dare not hope for anything else) will doubtless remain unanswered. My only excuse for writing it is, I repeat, the fact that it is absolutely sincere.

Believe me, dear Master, you have our deep and respectful admiration.

F. GAYRAUD,

5 rue Nobel, Paris.

(Letter 3995.)

After receiving this letter, I wrote the sender of it, following my usual custom of making an analytical investigation.

The narrator is the wife of Monsieur Paul Gayraud, a

pianist, who won first prize at the Conservatory. Both of them were kind enough to place themselves at my disposal, in order to bring the inquiry to a successful conclusion.

This is what the investigation brought out:

It was on Wednesday, November 21, 1917, at eight o'clock in the morning, that the little girl died: Emilienne Blin, 117 rue Caulaincourt. And it was on Thursday, November 22d, at two o'clock in the morning—that is to say eighteen hours afterward—that little Fernand Gayraud saw her on his bed, at a time when her death was known neither to him nor to his parents. The two children were playmates.

ATTESTATIONS

Paris, January 11, 1918.

I hereby certify, Master, that the facts given by my wife are stated with the most rigorous exactitude.

I wish to state that when I went home at noon, on Thursday November 22, 1917, my wife said to me: "I have the explanation of last night's phenomenon. You know little Emilienne, that child who used to play so often with Fernand last summer?"

"Yes," I said.

"She's dead."

"Really! When did it happen?"

"Yesterday. You see, she was really dead when she appeared that night."

"Yes," I said, "and that gives us a great deal to think about."

PAUL GAYRAUD.

We, the undersigned, certify that Monsieur and Madame Paul Gayraud told us the story of the apparition which their little boy Fernand witnessed, during the night of November 21-22, 1917,—an occurrence that followed the death of one of the child's playmates, which had taken place on the day before and which was unknown to them.

EM. BOULANGER,
18 r. Saint-Jean.

E. PRUD'HOMME,
10 r. Custine.

M. FORCIN,
72 r. Lamarek.

The inquiry made at the town hall, apart from the preceding communications, brought out the fact that the little girl in question was Emilienne Blin, 117 rue Caulaincourt, who died on Wednesday, November 21st, at eight o'clock in the morning.

There is no doubt, therefore, that eighteen hours after her death she appeared to Fernand, her little playmate. What was the nature of the apparition? She did not go to him, sit down at the foot of the bed, and wash her doll's face. But she influenced the little boy's mind. How did she do this? Did she think of him when she was dying, and did her image reach the child's brain and remain latent there for eighteen hours? This is a defensible hypothesis, but one that has not been proved. It would seem more probable that the influence was exerted after death; that it was a communication from mind to mind which took the usual form of an image of the little girl.

Let us repeat, for the hundredth time, that the impossibility of explaining a thing does not in the least lessen its reality.

There is a considerable number, relatively, of manifestations of the dead on the first day of their life after death. They alone would suffice to make up a volume such as this one. I can give merely the outstanding ones, and my only regret is that I must omit too many. For example, I should regret not to tell here how Madame Juliette Adam, so well known and so esteemed by all French people¹ (she is the charming author of "Payenne"—"Pagan"), came to write "Chrétienne"—"Christian"—through being converted by a manifestation on the part of Madame Blavatsky on the very day of the latter's death (May 8, 1891). I numbered among my acquaintances the Duchess of Pomar, at whose home I gave some lectures, as did our friend A. de Rochas. She threw

¹ My readers are already familiar with an observation made by her in 1898 (*L'Inconnu*, p. 187).

herself into spiritualistic experiments with a certain fervent enthusiasm. But let us listen to Madame Adam:

I had a habit of never going out in the evening without glancing rapidly through the latest news in the "Temps." Well, when I had opened that newspaper on one occasion, before going to the home of the Duchess of Pomar (she had promised to introduce us to an astonishing medium) I was struck to see an announcement of Madame Blavatsky's death; it seemed to me to be printed in huge letters. I attached no further importance to it, and went on to the evening meeting.

We began the séance; one of those present called off the letters of the alphabet. There was a rapping, and the name rapped out was Blavatsky.

"That's impossible," cried the duchess. "I left her only three days ago!"

I remained silent; the medium insisted that the communication had been authentic. Madame Blavatsky returned, and dictated: "I am dead; I left a will with Colonel Olcott, in which I ask to be cremated. Cremation, as it is practised in India, in the open air, is in conformity with religious precepts, but it is done in an oven here, and means a loss of one's psychic personality. I implore you to write to Colonel Olcott not to have me cremated, though I have a presentiment that you will not succeed. However, I was determined to tell you this, in order that I might save a soul: that of Madame Adam; fifteen days ago she made a will in which she, too, asked to be cremated.

And was this true?

Absolutely, though none of the persons present could be aware of the circumstance.

Madame Blavatsky was cremated in London, where she died. There is, in the preceding statement, a curious confusion between the soul and the fluid body.

The Duchess of Pomar, whom all occultists knew, lost the sense of direction requisite in following the path of this research. She believed that she was the reincarnation of Mary

Stuart, and nevertheless used to invoke the unfortunate Scotch queen's spirit! We have not the space in which to wander amidst these memories, and our next chapter urgently demands our attention. It will be a continuation of the present one, and will be given over to manifestations observed from one day to one week after death.

It would seem to me that in the face of the occurrences of which we have just read, no impartial reader can remain indifferent or undecided.

VI

MANIFESTATIONS AND APPARITIONS FROM ONE DAY TO ONE WEEK AFTER DEATH

Death dominates all of the living.
AUGUSTE COMTE.

LET us continue to investigate posthumous manifestations, classifying them as we have done heretofore. Let us consider those which occurred the first week after death, from one to eight days. Like the preceding ones, they are very numerous.

The author of that great work, well known to my readers, "Phantasms of the Living," states, after patient and long-continued research, that the interval between the sending of a psychic message and the time that it is received would appear never to exceed twelve hours. This would lead us to conclude that the apparitions and manifestations observed after that length of time are not delayed communications from the *living*, but are caused by the dead. This is true of all the accounts which are to follow.

We are now about to read of the apparition of a dead woman seen by two persons on the day after her death. I am taking the following account from a letter sent me from Italy on July 16, 1899:

In an article in the newspaper "La Stampa," dealing with the investigations which you are making public, I read that you would be happy to learn of occurrences similar to those which you are studying, and I feel that it is my duty to tell you of the following one. It is absolutely authentic.

One evening, about nine o'clock, every one in the house was still

up and about. When my sister, aged seventeen, was walking through a hall of the apartment, she was stupefied to see a tall, beautiful girl standing near her under the lighted gas-jet. She did not know this girl, who was dressed in the costume of a peasant. Astounded, she uttered a cry, and the phantom vanished. She wept with fright, and my mother scolded her. Next morning, the cook, a girl of about twenty-five, came to my mother and told her that that evening, when she had got into bed, she had heard a sound of breathing, and felt on her face something that was like a breath; that when she had opened her eyes she had seen, standing near her bed, one of her friends whom she had known in her native place: a tall, beautiful girl dressed in peasant costume. "That beautiful girl," said the cook, "was in the habit of behaving badly; I often gave her good advice, but it didn't have any effect." She had died on the previous day.

COUNTESS AMÉLIE CARANDINI,
Parella, Province of Turin.

(Letter 751.)

People believe that they can find a way out by calling such visions causeless hallucinations. But in this case there were two independent manifestations. The numerous, successive pictures which our inquiry reveals show that we can no longer be content with this childish explanation.

In 1915 Jules Lermina, the writer, sent me the following account. It had been sent to him from Brussels by a lady to whose family he was related.

I saw one of my relatives on April 4, 1878, and spoke to him, though he had died in an accident the day before; *I did not know of his death*. The incident was odd enough for me to recount it as faithfully as possible.

Absolutely contrary to my habit, I had left the table during dinner—that is to say about half-past six in the evening—to go into the kitchen to get something or other which the servant had forgotten. When I was bending down in front of a cupboard where china was kept, and had put out my hand to take up a

dish for stewed fruit which was not in its proper place on the shelf, I was called by name and recognized my cousin's voice. I lifted my eyes toward the window of the kitchen (it was partially underground) and did actually see my cousin, bending down to the window. He nodded and said several times, "Good-day, Loule." He usually said this when he saw me. "Good-day, Wenand," I answered. Springing up, I left in the cupboard the thing I had come for. I went upstairs to the ground floor and myself opened the street door, but there was no one there.

My father, who was in the dining-room, was astonished to hear the door opened, though no one had rung the bell. He left the room and went into the hallway to see what was going on. I explained to him that my cousin had arrived, and even added that he was doubtless hiding, to tease me. But my father answered: "*It's impossible for Wenand to be here! He died yesterday.*" I did n't want to tell you."

In short, I saw a person who had been dead for twenty-four hours, and spoke to him. I was neither depressed nor ill when I had this vision; I had not a trace of fever.

Lermina, extremely well versed in this sort of happenings, classified the experience as we have classified all those of the kind with which we are familiar. There were in this case two phenomena: the dead person's words and the apparition. Here is something still more remarkable. A murdered man appeared to his wife and to his mother, and told of a physical peculiarity of the assassin.¹

Count Ubaldo Beni had been living for some months in the little commune of Pietra Montecorvino, as manager of the smelting-works.

In this work Count Beni employed young Garibaldi Veneziani, the son of the station-master in Lucera. It was the young man's duty to take charge of the sums of money which reached the railway station, destined for the company. That he might do this,

¹ See *Annales des Sciences psychiques*, 1919, p. 67.

Count Beni gave him receipts with the space for the signature left blank.

In the month of May, 1916, Veneziani kept nine hundred francs out of the twelve hundred which he had received in Count Beni's name. It was not long before the latter learned of this fraudulent appropriation, and there followed lively scenes between the manager and the faithless employee.

After this incident Count Beni distrusted his subordinate. The latter, knowing that the count intended to give up the managership, wished to succeed him. He was able to arrange things so cleverly that during the latter half of August, two days before the manager left, he was put in his place, provisionally. Unfortunately for Veneziani, the count, before leaving, stopped at the Lucera station and took the opportunity to look over his successor's books.

On August 24, 1916, Count Beni went to Lucera to sell a horse. About eight o'clock in the evening he left in a cabriolet, to go back to Pietra Montecorvino. He was accompanied by Veneziani, who rode beside his vehicle on a bicycle, along a part of the road, and then turned back to go to Lucera.

The morning of the next day, passers-by found the count's body covered with wounds, on the road from Lucera to Pietra, near a little wood. He had, still on him, his watch, hanging by its chain, and his pocket-book containing twenty lira.

The spot in which the body was found was only some hundreds of meters away from the point where Veneziani declared that he had left his companion and gone back to Lucera. It was not long before suspicion attached to the employee, and an investigation brought out the fact that he had cashed various money-orders, amounting in all to sixteen hundred lira, and said not a word about it. At first he denied the embezzlement. They put the post-office receipts before him; confronted by the evidence, he was obliged to confess that he had taken the money and kept it, while pretending to have given it to the count some days before his death.

Veneziani was arrested, charged with homicide and embezzlement of funds. The legal inquiry was nearing its end, when the

presiding magistrate received from the commissary of police in Spoleto, Umbria (where the members of the Beni family lived), a note and two letters, one from Countess Anne Beni-Gasparini, the widow, and the other from Countess Catherine Beni, the victim's mother. Here are these two documents:

"I hereby declare that on the night of the twenty-fourth of this month, when I was anxiously awaiting Ubaldo's return, I saw my husband before me. He said: 'Look! The reins of my horse have been taken from my hands. Look for the traitor. The guilty man has a spot on his eyeball.' On the morning of the next day I spoke of the vision to Signora Philomène Ramponi, in Pietra Montecorvino; I also told Prince Strozzi, of Florence, about it.

"ANNE BENI."

"On the night of the twenty-sixth of this month I am certain that I saw, enacted before my very eyes, the crime which meant the death of my poor son Ubaldo. It seemed to me that I saw him approaching in his cabriolet, on a deserted road; then he was attacked. The assailant was peculiarly marked; he had a spot on his eyeball. My poor son, who fell to the road, made a slight movement. Then the assassin fled precipitately.

"CATHERINE BENI."

In short, Countess Beni-Gasparini and the countess mother saw the same vision, with the characteristic detail of the spot upon the eyeball. The first saw the vision the day after the crime, the second two days afterward, at a time when she did not yet know all the details of the drama.

When we try to account for the nature of the phenomenon, we may think at first that we have a case of double telepathy, in which Count Beni was the "agent" at the moment when he was assassinated, and thought of his wife. But it is difficult to admit that this hypothesis would cover the countess mother's vision; she had it two days after the crime, which had been committed five hundred kilometers away.

We may also suppose that after the widow saw the vision in Lucera, she transmitted it, by means of telepathy, to her mother-in-law in Spoleto. But how complicated that is!

Since the countess mother's vision occurred two days after the crime, it was a *post-mortem* manifestation on the part of the victim. The dead man, as though to prove the assassin's identity indirectly, furnished a detail unknown to the per-
 cipient and those with her, the spot upon the eyeball. If he had restricted himself to giving the assassin's name, the proof would have been debatable, since public opinion had already selected Veneziani as the guilty man.¹

In making my usual investigation I had recourse to a native of Lucera—my learned friend Dr. Lastaria, a member of the Astronomical Society of France. He had completely verified the accounts of the various phases of the drama, and sent me *the attorney general's declaration*. (Letter 4732.) It would be out of place here, it seems to me, to publish all the attestations. I think after so many cases, so completely in agreement, my readers are well enough informed not to wish for useless phrases.

We are always trying to explain such occurrences by attributing them to human faculties; but there are cases in which the explanation is unacceptable. Monsieur Beni's wife and his mother saw the crime. Let us admit that there was thought-transmission from the count to his wife and his mother. But what shall we make of the fact that two days after the crime the victim spoke of the spot on Veneziani's eyeball?

We gave on page 70 an example of manifestations following previous promises. This was the case of Monsieur Stepanow: a window was broken and a clock made to strike more slowly. We asked ourselves whether these were not mere fortuitous coincidences, and how much could be attributed to chance. Let us always be on our guard against illu-

¹ G. Veneziani was condemned, by the Court of Assize, to twenty-one years of imprisonment. His appeal to the Court of Cassation was rejected.

sions! Plainly the narrator was sufficiently impressed by the manifestation to have described it in the words which we read. If father and son had previously designated the window and the clock, chance could not have played any great part. All the occurrences set down here are scrutinized with the greatest care.

We are making our investigation in a painstaking, critical spirit. In regard to this scientific discussion, I should like to warn my readers against certain statements which the newspapers often put into my mouth. I shall ask them to consider authentic only those statements *signed* by me, and not those which may be attributed to me.

An account of the following manifestation on the part of some one dead was sent me from Florence on November 9, 1920, by Madame J. de Vasconcellos:

On January 15, 1915, at ten minutes to three in the morning, I lost my brother, aged forty-one. His was a master mind, because of his great intelligence, and he was a confirmed idealist. His illness lasted twenty years! He had lung trouble; his heart weakened, and he passed away suddenly. During the last months of his illness he often discussed the question of immortality; he believed in a future life rather by reason of that instinct inherent in every superior nature than because of any religious conviction.

During the night of the second day after his death, at an hour corresponding to that of his demise—ten minutes to three in the morning—I was awakened by a loud noise near my bed. The room was lighted by electricity, and the noise came from the *combination washstand and chest of drawers* a meter from my bed. It was *one of the handles* of the chest of drawers which was striking distinct and very loud blows! I did not have the courage to look at once in the direction of these blows. After a few minutes they began again. I turned my head, very much agitated. The blows ceased, but I no longer had the courage to keep on looking, and turned over on my back once more. Several times there was a repetition of the blows, and immediately, emanating from this part

of the chest of drawers, a fluid in violent motion (I shall never forget the strange sound it made) *passed over* the whole of my bed, and flowed to the end of the room. When this strong current was flowing by (I cannot describe it, since it was not of the nature of air) I had the impression that my bed was about to fall to pieces; the continuous cracking noises were so loud and so violent that a Belgian lady and gentleman who were in the room next mine were awakened, and I heard them cry out, "What's that?" The current passed over my bed a second time, moving in the direction of the chest of drawers, and once more one of the handles struck, clearly, several loud blows, as though it had been seized by an invisible hand. I could not go to sleep again. In the morning my chambermaid, before I had spoken to her of the phenomenon, told me that about three o'clock some one had tried to open her door; that she had lighted the light and asked who was there, but had received no reply. I do not doubt that it was my brother's spirit seeking to manifest itself; wishing to give me a proof of survival.

J. DE VASCONCELLOS.

(Letter 4306.)

What a prodigious variety there is in all these happenings! And people claim to know the laws of nature! The disturbances, which seem to be electrical, astonish us by their trivial nature. But we should try to find out *how* spirits may draw attention to themselves; the means at their disposal are not, perhaps, numerous.

The foregoing manifestation was observed two days after dissolution. I have before me a great number following, like it, almost immediately after death. Such is, among others, the strange statement which I shall now give; it was sent me at the period of my general inquiry (1899):

A friend of my father had just died. The evening of the funeral, my father, my mother, myself, and two of the younger children (the youngest of us was at least fifteen) were gathered together for the evening meal. We were talking of the friend who was

gone, when we heard a strange and very loud noise, which seemed to come from the attic. From that day on, from nightfall until dawn, this noise continued, growing louder, if anything, and this lasted for twenty consecutive nights. We could hardly sleep at all except during the day. It became very tedious, not to say unbearable. I need not tell you that we tried in every imaginable way to find the cause of the strange racket, but without success.

At last my mother resolved to have recourse to the "supernatural," and without telling any one, for fear my father would make fun of her, she sought out a parish priest and asked him to say masses for the dead man. After this act of faith we heard nothing more.

Judging from what I have read in your books and heard from your lips, you do not admit the supernatural, you acknowledge the truth of no religion, and you do not believe that God can have revealed himself to Man in any perceptible way. I conclude, therefore, that you will not admit that my ghost-story is possible, because it was an act of faith in the supernatural which brought about the cessation of the noise.

THE WIDOW MONTCENY,

8 rue des Anges, Lyon-Saint-Just.

(Letter 136.)

I am, above all, sincere, and I am making this letter public with the wish that it, like all the others, should serve to enlighten us.

The circumstance that the masses for the dead man brought about the cessation of the noise does not keep me from admitting that the noises were really heard. Before Christianity, when the mass did not exist, the pagans observed the same phenomena. (See the letter from Pliny the Younger, Valerius Maximus—Simonides, I, 7, etc.) We are not obliged, for all that, to admit the supernatural, for all must be included in nature. Let us deny nothing. I am submitting everything in these pages to my readers' judgment. A dead man may continue to believe in the efficacy of prayer. Moreover, have we not gained an impression that the manifes-

tations of the dead are connected with the minds of the living? Are not spiritualism and animism related?

An account of an apparition on the day of burial was given by Mrs. Blackwell in the "Revue scientifique et morale du Spiritisme" and in the "Revue des Etudes psychiques." We have often been halted, in explaining these happenings, by the idea that possibly they may have been hallucinations—which are of frequent occurrence, by the way—and I, for my part, have eliminated a large number of such cases from my notes. But there are limits. Where do cases of subjective hallucinations stop—hallucinations without exterior causes? When we read of the following occurrence, do we not feel that it was a real phenomenon? Here is the strange story:

During the afternoon of Friday, March 1, 1901, my chambermaid's mother-in-law died of cancer, in the hospital. I had never seen the old woman, had no idea how she looked, and had never heard her given name spoken. My chambermaid, when she referred to her, always called her "my mother-in-law."

The burial was on the next day, Saturday, in the afternoon. About six o'clock in the evening, on that same Saturday, I was reading in my room and I was, one might say, alone in the house, for my husband had gone out and the servants were all in the basement, two floors below. During half an hour or more I heard repeatedly, *very loud blows*, sometimes one, sometimes several in rapid succession. And there were various noises of objects being dragged about in the very room in which I was. I lifted my head every few moments, thinking each time that I would see some one, although I am accustomed to hearing noises of this sort. Several times, also, *I heard steps in the hallway*, as though some one were going into the dressing-room adjoining my room, and then going out again. Twice I ran to the door and opened it suddenly: there was absolutely no one either in the halls, or at the head of the stairs, or on the stairway. The door of the dressing-room giving on the hall was closed. There was no one anywhere.

After dinner, when my husband and I were in the drawing-room,

my chambermaid came to tell me that she had come back. She told me that the funeral had gone off very well, that the sisters in the hospital had been very kind, that they had put a pillow in the coffin and had wrapped the body in fine cloth. She left the drawing-room without adding any other details, and some moments later a young girl, a friend of ours, came to spend the evening with us. Shortly afterward, about half-past nine, *I saw, suddenly, a vague form* some distance away, on the other side of the drawing-room. At once I tried to draw my husband's and my friend's attention to it, but they saw nothing.

Little by little, the contours of this form grew more sharply defined, and soon I saw it clearly, distinctly. It was so opaque that the furniture behind it was completely hidden, as though by a body that was really material.

The form seemed to be that of *an old woman*, with very bright, very piercing eyes, a rather pointed nose, and gray hair, darker over her forehead. At first her dress seemed to be black, but I soon saw that it was turning to a dark blue. On her head she wore a handkerchief, apparently of silk; it was decorated with little squares, some of them red. Her first movement was to raise her hand to her head, and to throw her handkerchief back, letting it fall upon her neck, where it remained like a kerchief carelessly fastened.

My husband and I spoke to her in English, but apparently she did not understand us, though her glances seemed to question us anxiously. Then we spoke to her in French. This time she became greatly excited, and appeared to answer us volubly, but I was not able to hear the words. Though she was invisible to the two other witnesses of this scene, she appeared to see and hear them. My friend had a feeling of oppression or of suffocation, as though there were some disagreeable presence there. I spoke to the shade, but without being able to hear her reply; this seemed to irritate her. At length my friend suggested that it might be Madame M——, the chambermaid's mother-in-law. The shade nodded briskly, meaning "Yes." Then I could distinguish some sounds, and at last I understood the word "Clémence."—"Is that your name?" I asked. "Yes," she nodded. "Then," said my friend, "it can't be Madame M——, for I saw her name in the

death notices, in the newspaper, and the name was Marthe M——.” (I had not seen the newspaper.) The shade inclined her head in affirmation. Questioning her, I learned that she had two names. Then I discovered that she had come to ask something of us, that she did not know that she was dead, though she realized that she had been at her own funeral that very afternoon. When I asked her if she regretted having been harsh to her daughter-in-law, she signified by a gesture that she did not. She answered all my questions with motions of her head; but then I heard the word “plum.” Recalling that my chambermaid had told me she often took plums to her, I asked her if she wished some. With a movement of her head she told me, “No.” Then my husband guessed, after several attempts, that she wished to say, “A plum-colored dress.” She seemed very happy. Yes, that was it. I asked her if she wished to make a gift, to some one, of a plum-colored dress. She gave me to understand, by pointing to herself with her finger, and by repeated gestures, that she wished the dress for herself. We tried to explain her new state to her, but in vain. I wished to approach her, but the form grew vague and seemed to tremble violently. At last she disappeared, little by little, from my sight. During the whole of this scene the drawing-room was brilliantly lighted with electricity.

That very evening, when I went up to go to bed, I began to speak to my chambermaid about her mother-in-law. I told her that my friend had seen her name in the death notices—“Marthe M——” and I asked her if this were her only name. She answered, at once, that she had two, Marthe and Clémence, and that her mother-in-law herself had always preferred the name Clémence.

I then asked her if she had seen her after she had been dressed for the grave—how she looked, etc. She told me that she had arrived too late, but that her sister and her husband, the old woman’s son, had told her that her mother-in-law had been very well attired; that the sisters in the hospital had put a dark-blue dress on her. She thought, too, that a cotton handkerchief with red squares had been put on her head, and that a rosary had been placed in her hand. It took me a long time to discover, among the mass of details of all sorts, the fact that the old woman was seventy-two, that her hair was gray but that she had had a habit of dyeing it

in front with cosmetics; that she had bright eyes; that she had left furniture which, naturally, belonged to her son, Julie's husband; but that her dresses were all very old and were really not worth the trouble of keeping, with the exception of two, one black and the other *plum-colored*. Both of these were almost new, and the old woman had set great store by them, particularly the last.

The next morning my husband questioned Julie closely on this subject, giving as a reason his interest in such minute details. He said that, as a doctor, he wished to know how things were conducted in such cases in the hospital. He got her to talk, in this way, until she had repeated to him all that she had told me.

DORA BLACKWELL.

Witnesses: Miss A. Bird; M.P.D. Wise; Lady Blackwell; Dr. A. Blackwell.¹

While taking into account the caution which bids us make allowance for illusions, autosuggestion, and hallucinations, would it not seem to every impartial reader that the reality of the foregoing apparition is certain? The observer is a sensitive. But why these trivial matters? Why should a dead woman wish for her dress? Naturally, we attribute such things to the minds of those who tell these stories, but the narrator knew nothing about it. What then? The dead woman thought that she was still alive. Plainly, it would be simpler to deny the whole thing. But can we? Should we? And then, have we not accounts of other, similar happenings? Did we not see above (page 154) that "Mother Arondel" of Cherbourg thought she was not dead?

The following occurrence, too, concerns a dead person buried in garments which the observer of the phenomenon had never seen. An account of it was sent me from Vence, Alpes-Maritimes, in April, 1921, by a most scholarly man. He was seeking knowledge, but was little disposed to admit

¹ *Revue des Etudes psychiques*, De Vesme, July, 1902.

that there is a future life, above all "because we can conceive of neither the form nor the duration of life beyond the grave." Nevertheless he was convinced that a dead woman was seen in the cemetery where she had been buried.

I was then living in Paris, in the rue Mazagran, in the same house with the Bilger family. Madame Bilger had lost her mother, who had been living, with her other children, in Saint-Rambert-sur-Rhône, and who had succumbed to a very short illness. Madame Bilger learned of the death and the illness simultaneously.

She went to Saint-Rambert some days afterward. Upon her arrival, she asked one of her sisters-in-law to go with her to the cemetery. When she arrived at the grave, what was her surprise to see her mother *before her*, in the garments she had been buried in! The garments were rather poor in quality, and were quite worn out. Madame Bilger protested against this to her sister-in-law, who said that her description was correct. She offered the excuse that it was useless to put new garments on some one dead.

COURTON,

Place Nationale, Vence.

(Letter 4479.)

The author expressed to me his conviction of Madame Bilger's absolute sincerity. It is impossible to concede that there was any illusion on her part, because she did not know what had happened. May we think that the dead woman's image was in the sister-in-law's mind, and showed itself to Madame Bilger? But this is only a supposition. Is it really logical to try always to rule out the direct explanation? Would it not seem that the dead woman herself caused the apparition? Let us investigate without prejudice. Out of all this a new science will be built.

Let us continue to record here the phenomena observed during the first week after death. The two which follow occurred two days after dissolution.

Princess de Montarcy gave me an account of the following personal experience (her letter was dated December 10, 1920) :

(1) My grandmother had always said to me, "If you're not with me when I die, I'll let you know I'm dead." When I was in Monte Carlo in May, 1886, I received a telegram from my cousin informing me that my grandmother was ill, and asking me to come without delay. It was one o'clock, and I could not leave until six. At four o'clock another telegram informed me that she was better. I decided to take the train that left at eight o'clock the next morning. That same evening I went to bed at seven o'clock. At nine o'clock my little dog jumped up on my bed, howling as if he were being killed. I looked and saw (the lamp was lighted) at the foot of my bed, my grandmother, just as I had seen her last, but pale. She threw me a kiss, and disappeared. The following morning, at seven o'clock, I was brought a telegram announcing that she had died between eight and nine in the evening.

(2) At twenty I was engaged to a Hungarian count; we loved each other dearly. But my "mother," the Duchess of B—— (I was an adopted daughter), had other plans for me, and she took me to Rome, where some days later she told me that the count had broken off the engagement. I answered that I did not believe this. As a result of anxiety I fell ill in Rome, and, as soon as I was better, was taken to Spa. On September 30th, having been most unwell for two days, I was in bed, reading, when I heard my name spoken in a dying voice. I looked up involuntarily, and saw the count, dead and stretched out on the floor (he had on white trousers, a blue shirt, and was without a vest), with a small bottle in one hand and my photograph in the other. I uttered a cry. The chambermaid came in with the newspapers from Paris. I opened the "*Gil Blas*," a newspaper which I never read, and saw on the first page that the count had been found in his room, dead from morphine poisoning, on September 28th.

These two experiences made an impression which will last all my life.

(Letter 4342.)

PRINCESS DE MONTARCY.

It is not always easy to make inquiries as to the authenticity of the occurrences related. Plainly, we may remain incredulous as to many stories. What is there to prove that the writer of this narration is not deceiving me? Historical certainty is not like scientific certainty. If you tell a friend that you ate fish for your breakfast this morning, he is not compelled to believe you. But why would you tell him this if it were not true? Is lying universal? I do not believe it is. In any case, often it is inadmissible that lies have been told.

The following statements are bound up with the ingenuous impressions of childhood. They are full of such good faith and such complete conviction; they bear each other out so well and are told with such simplicity that they plead with especial emphasis on behalf of life after death. Here are some extracts from a long letter:

Ben-Danoun-Kouba, Algiers,
July 20, 1899.

My husband, one of the best and most intelligent men who ever lived, had promised me that if he departed this life before I did he would certainly come and give me some positive sign as to his life beyond the grave, if it were possible. While in perfect health he had a sunstroke, which carried him off in a few days. He died on October 10, 1898. We were living in the country, in the house where we now are. The family consisted of my husband, myself, and my daughter, a very young widow, with three little children (boys), two years and a half, three, and five years old. In the course of the cruel days which ended in my husband's death, friends took charge of the children and took them away, and the fact that their grandfather had died was concealed from them. Guy, the youngest of the three, was at the table with our friends on the day of the burial, toward noon, when suddenly he stood up in his chair and said: "There's grandpa, there in the window. Look!" He wished to leave the table and go toward the window.

He was two years and six months old; not only did he *not know of his grandfather's death* but he had no conception of death.

The next morning I heard him, in the room adjoining mine, making happy sounds; jumping, laughing, calling: "*Grandpapa! Grandpapa!*" Annoyed, I went out to make him stop. But he kept on clapping his hands and laughing, and he said to me: "Look how pretty grandfather is! He's all white and he's making a light." My daughter-in-law and the servants who had come, brought by the noise, were astonished. They asked him if he really saw his grandfather. The child seemed not to understand that we did not see him. "*But there he is! He's there!*" he cried, and lifted his eyes to about the height at which a man's face would have been. Then, after a moment, he looked up and said, "Why, he's gone away!"

Eight months later, Guy, who was then three years and two months old, saw the same apparition for the third time. My husband had often told me of a beautiful spot, near La Motte-les-Bains, in the Alps of Dauphiné, and he wished very much to take me there.

In the month of June following his death I went to spend the summer in La Motte, with my daughter, her three children, and their nurse. In memory of my husband, I wished to visit the spot which had pleased him so, and one morning we all went there together. It is, indeed, an ideal mountain haunt, delightfully wooded, full of flowers, strawberries, and wild raspberries. Raymond, the eldest of the children, began to pick strawberries for his mother. Etienne brought me raspberries. Then little Guy said to me, "*I'm picking flowers for grandpapa.*" Raymond cried, "How can you give them to him, since he's dead?" Guy seemed very much surprised, and answered, "Why, he's there; I'm giving him my hand." After some moments he said sadly, "He's not there any longer; he's gone."

I can vouch, dear Master, for the perfect exactitude of this account. The three children were too young to remember the incidents, but they made an unforgettable impression on my daughter, the nurse, and me.

The question of the immortality of the soul is, as you say, very serious, and everything connected with it deserves to be considered earnestly and in good faith, without distortion or "stage-setting." If you and the other men of science, who spend your time in collecting and verifying these manifestations, succeed in establishing

the truth of them, incontestably and beyond all doubt, what a service you will render humanity! The absolute certainty of a future life and the persistence of a personal individuality would stop crime and lying, and those who are weeping for their beloved dead would cease to weep for them. The gratitude of those who are already convinced is due you, and you have it. Be so kind as to accept this sincere gratitude.

ANNE E. CARRIÈRE.

(Letter 750.)

The fact that this child, two and a half years old, saw his grandfather, would seem to me to plead effectively against the hypothesis of hallucinations. The little innocent knew nothing about anything, had no conception of death, and saw his grandfather as if he had been before him. We cannot disdain all this.

The following occurrence makes a similar impression on us. It was taken from the "Proceedings" of the English Society for Psychical Research (Volume XI, page 428) and was investigated by Bozzano as a case of auto-premonition on the part of a child two years and seven months old. His little brother, who had died when eight months old, appeared to him. In the following words the mother told of the apparitions¹:

Is there a life beyond the grave? If I had doubted that there is, my doubts would have been banished by the "visions" of which I was a witness.

In 1883 I was the happy mother of two beautiful and vigorous children. The elder was two years and seven months old; the other was a little angel eight months old. I lost him on August 6, 1883, and was left with little Ray, who was then enjoying perfect health. Nevertheless, after the day on which his little brother died, he acquired a habit of saying to me several times a day, "Mamma, little brother's calling Ray." He would often interrupt his play and

¹ *Annales des Sciences psychiques*, 1912, p. 301.

run to me, calling out his habitual sentence, "Mamma, little brother keeps on calling Ray." And during the night, he would wake me up and repeat the same words: "Mamma, little brother's really calling Ray; he wants to have him with him. But you're crying! Why? You mustn't cry when Ray goes away with little brother, because little brother wants him to."

One day when I was having the drawing-room cleaned, he came running out of the dining-room, where the chair stood which had belonged to his little dead brother. I had never seen him so excited; he seized the hem of my skirt, and drew me toward the dining-room, crying: "Mamma, Mamma, come quickly and see little brother sitting in his chair." Just as he was opening the door to show him to me, he cried, "Oh, Mamma, you ought to have come faster. He is n't there any more! If you'd seen how he smiled at Ray when Ray passed near him! Ray's going away with him; but you must n't cry, Mamma."

A short time afterward our little child fell seriously ill; our care and our tears were unavailing. On October 13, 1883, two months and seven days after his brother's death, he died also. His intelligence was developed far beyond his years.

As I read these accounts I admit that I am unable to understand how people can make fun of them and call them fabrications.

Dr. Hodgson wrote to the narrator and received the following confirmation:

I have only to guarantee the truth in every detail, of what Mr. Kingsbury published in the "Religio-Philosophical Journal." When the child came running to tell me that his little brother was sitting in the chair which had been his, there was no one else in the house but the maid-servant, to whom I said nothing. But when my husband came back for lunch, I told him what had happened. On that same day I related the episode to some women who were friends of mine. Little Ray could not have known what death was.

The last time I went with him to visit my little child's grave—that is to say, a short time before Ray fell ill—both of us sat down

beside the grave, and I thought, "Oh, if I could take my baby in my arms and see him for just one minute! How glad I'd be!" Simultaneously Ray cried, "Oh, Mamma, let's take little brother in our arms for just one minute; then we'd be happy." As we were getting ready to leave, he put several lumps of earth on the grave, and remarked, "Soon Ray will sleep here, near his little brother; but you must n't cry, Mamma."

He now sleeps on the spot which he pointed out.

The child's father wrote, in his turn, to Dr. Hodgson:

I certify that my wife told me of the incident (of the vision in the chair) on the very day on which it occurred, when I came back for lunch. I myself was present many a time when the child announced to his mother that his little brother was calling him insistently.

W. H.

Mrs. J. H. Shulsters, a friend of Mr. and Mrs. W. H., also confirmed all the statements previously made.

This episode is particularly interesting, as are all the supernatural manifestations told of by children, for their untouched minds are free from any influence which might induce in them any of the varied forms of sensory hallucinations. And every time there is a premonition of death with one of these visions, a premonition that is realized, this adds a further logical reason for believing in their reality.

The following experience, an account of which was taken from a letter sent me from Bordeaux in April, 1899, was similar in its nature:

I had just lost my son Gaston, aged sixteen (in February, 1884). Some days later his younger brother (aged five) was alone in a room set apart as a play-room for the children. He was amusing himself by harnessing a wooden horse, when he rushed into his mother's room and said to her: 'Mother, I've just seen Gaston [this was what he called his brother]; he was sitting down, watching

me play; he told me to be very good, and then he left without wanting to play with me." The child (he is now twenty) still remembers this.

N. V.

(Letter 259.)

The child had this vision several days after his elder brother's death. On page 85 of "At the Moment of Death" we read of a similar vision, seen one hour after death, on the very day of dissolution. Here is still another:

When my brother Henri Chambige (known to the world of letters as Marcel Lami) died, his youngest daughter, then aged three, insisted that she had seen him on several occasions. She would say, for example: "Why are you crying? My papa has n't gone; he's there, you can see." She would state that she saw him seated in an arm-chair or bent over her little bed, smiling at her. Other people could see nothing, and I have always thought that if the power of manifesting itself could have been given my brother's soul, he would have appeared to his smallest daughter. Since she had no conception of death, she could not have been surprised to see him. This happened in Cluny (Saône-et-Loire).

ANDRÉE-GERM. ROZE,
Montélimar, Drôme.

(Letter 4322.)

Such experiences on the part of children are significant to me. They are as enlightening as any other experiences of the sort. Whether seen by children or by adults, the apparitions seem real.

What are these apparitions? When the persons are recognized, when they come to announce a death, when they offer consolation, we think we understand them. But there are some which are bafflingly incomprehensible. Such was the following. My friend Dr. Dariex received an account of it, sent by a person whose character and whose well-balanced

mind he esteems. This is what the narrator,¹ Madame E. M——, wrote to him:

In 1846 my mother, aged forty-six, gave birth to a son who seemed to us to have fallen from the skies; my elder sister was married and lived at a distance, and I was eighteen years old.

Since, in the country, I had nothing to entertain me, I welcomed this child with enthusiasm. I took care of him from morning till night; I was a second mother to him, and the child had a deep affection for me. We parted when he was eight; I got married, and he was sent to school. There he made such rapid progress that at fourteen and a half he was able (with special permission on account of his age) to take the examination for the degree of bachelor of arts. He passed with the mark "Good," and six months afterward had an equally brilliant success with his examination in the sciences. He entered his name for the first year of medical study, and came to Paris, when scarcely sixteen, to continue the studies to which he had given his mind completely.

As he always stood unusually well in his examinations, though working much less hard than his rivals, his prodigious facility left him too much free time. He was not able, on certain occasions, to resist the temptations incident to his age, and divided his time equally between study and pleasures. But he was too young, too delicately organized to indulge with impunity in even a slight overtaxing of his strength, and he took cold when he was leaving a ball. This cold grew worse, and he languished for fifteen months, kept alive only by our tender care.

Since my marriage I had been living thirty kilometers away from my parents' estate. Every week I went to spend three days with him. It would be impossible to tell how it grieved my heart to see this adored brother pine away day after day, impossible to express my bitter regrets at the blighting of such brilliant hopes. He himself still cherished chimerical hopes of being cured; he used to receive me with great joy.

The last week of his life I left him regretfully, as I had found him weaker, but nothing had made us foresee a fatal outcome. I had

¹ *Annales des Sciences psychiques*, 1902, p. 321.

a duty to my other family as well. On the following day I received a telegram, calling me back at once. I made haste, but could embrace only a dead body! The poor child had passed away, at scarcely nineteen, like a burnt-out candle that a breath extinguishes. My name had been on his lips several times!

My mother was crushed by sorrow; my father was sad and discouraged. I made preparations to stay with them for eight days, and tried to lighten what was irreparable, so far as lay in my power.

Was it two or three days after this lamentable event? I cannot state the exact time, but it was certainly not more than three days—I walked down the steps before the door one evening, wishing to get a breath of pure air before going to bed. It might have been about nine o'clock. A few steps away from me the road that crossed the estate stood out white beneath the feeble light of the quarter-moon, and vanished behind the dividing wall that joined, at an angle, the one against which I was leaning. I looked at the familiar panorama without, it seems to me, thinking of anything, when I saw, coming along the road, a tall man in a well-fitting frock-coat and a silk hat. With hurried steps, and without paying any attention to me, he went on his way across the open space before the house, which stretched out before my gaze, and disappeared behind the dividing wall.

"Well," I said to myself, astonished by his formal attire, "there's a gentleman who's very late!"

The next day, enticed by the mildness of the evening, I went out at the same hour and stood leaning against the half-open gate, with no feeling but that of relaxation as I gazed at the dark blue of the sky, pricked by a multitude of stars. I saw, suddenly, coming along the same road, the gentleman of the evening before, dressed in exactly the same way. With the same hurried gait he crossed the open space before the house, and took the road that passed behind the dividing wall.

"Who is it?" I asked myself, puzzled only by the elegance of his dress in this region where the frock-coat is reserved for formal occasions, for the short cut through our property is often taken by walkers from the two villages. "He's doubtless a wine-broker going to a meeting," I added mentally, and, fairly satisfied by my explanation, I went in again without thinking any more of it.

In the South the October evenings are exquisitely beautiful and transparent. A desire to enjoy the charm of one of them for a moment, or some other mysterious impelling force, drew me out of doors on the following day as well. Again I went out between eight and nine o'clock, at an hour when every one was accustomed to go to his room. I had been leaning against the large barred gate for scarcely a minute when the same gentleman, slender and erect, appeared on the road. In the pale light of the moon his features, as on the two preceding days, were invisible in the shadow cast by the brim of his hat. As on the day before, the skirts of his frock-coat, correctly buttoned, flapped against his black trousers as he walked rapidly. His white hands—as they had two days before—hung at his sides. He passed on, and disappeared behind the dividing wall.

This time I was astounded!

"But one would say," I thought, "that this gentleman chooses the exact moment when I am outside in which to pass through our estate every evening!" Yielding to an impulse of lively curiosity, I ran after him as far as the bend in the wall. I remained there, overwhelmed by an indescribable emotion. No one was there! The empty road stretched out like a long gray ribbon, without a shadow. Where could he have gone?

A victim of that unreasonable fear which grips our feeble understanding when we see an inexplicable phenomenon, I felt my knees give way in sudden weakness. A cold shiver ran over me, to my very finger-tips. I was struck by a mad idea which came at once into my confused mind; an idea that was incontrovertible, as plain as the ground on which I stood as though rooted. I thrust it back into the depths of my being with a sort of fear, and fled in haste to tell my mother what I had just seen.

I had scarcely gone in when words fell in floods from my trembling lips. The poor woman, in anguish, placed on the table the lamp she had been holding, to go up to her room. My eyes looked deep into hers: two flashes started from them—two tears.

"It was my son!" she cried, falling into a chair, almost unconscious. "It was my poor child! My beloved son! Did n't you recognize him by his height? Did n't you recognize him by the garments *in which we dressed him, for his coffin?* To-morrow we'll

go together," she went on, weeping inexhaustible tears, "to that same place where he appeared to you three times!"

We were there at the mysterious hour. Pressed one against the other, we heard the mad beating of our hearts. On that evening the crescent of the moon, which had grown larger, cast a more vivid light; the road was whiter beneath our hypnotized gaze. All remained deserted! On the following evenings we went down vainly at the same hour, and evoked the dear apparition with all the force of our will: there was nothing more.

He who had been my brother—a mind out of the common, a "radiant soul," as Victor Hugo would have said (he had expiated the few excesses of his youth by fifteen months of suffering)—had he, through some exceptional deviation from natural laws, been able to come, in visible form, and bid me a last and supreme farewell?

If this was the case, why did he not appear to me when, after I had been thinking of him, I summoned him with all the force of my spirit? Without a doubt the terrestrial bonds which, in the unfathomable and dizzy Beyond, still bound the son of my heart to my humble nature, to my gross being, had been broken forever!

Dr. Dariex adds the following remarks:

I have known Madame M—— for a very long time. She has an excellent memory, and the account of this experience is certainly exact. We are here concerned with a simple occurrence: an apparition was seen on three successive days, at the same hour; it is easy to remember a thing such as this. Madame M—— never had any other hallucination or vision. It is, therefore, most remarkable that an apparition, with the deceased man's silhouette, was seen on three successive days, by a person who was not expecting this, who knew nothing of these phenomena. And it is remarkable that, after thinking it was an apparition of her brother, neither she nor her mother saw anything more, and had no hallucination, though their imaginations were stimulated and they were under the best conditions for autosuggestion.

We cannot admit that so well-balanced an observer had *three hallucinations*. Nevertheless it is impossible for us to

concede, on the other hand, that the young man, who had been buried for some days, took a walk there, in a frock-coat and a high hat. What, then? Still more singular is the fact that he seemed to pay no attention at all to his sister, whom he had loved so dearly. All is paradoxical.

What mysterious world have we entered?

Can a dead person's thought produce an automatic replica?

We must observe everything, and investigate everything, that we may discover the truth of these abstruse problems.

Here is another manifestation on the part of some one dead, perceived three days after death. The following account was taken from a letter sent me on April 10, 1921:

In 1918, I was living in the Principality of Monaco, with my sister, and we were without news of a friend residing in Paris who ordinarily answered our letters at once. For three weeks we had been waiting impatiently for a reply to several letters expressing our uneasiness at the thought that he was unwell. One evening (I had just gone to bed; it was about ten o'clock) I heard in my dressing-room which adjoined my bedroom (the door of this dressing-room was open and there was a light in it the whole night long) a terrible uproar. It was as though all the mirrors in the room (there were a great many in it) had been broken, and the glass shattered to bits. It was even worse than this. I cannot describe the noise, which was more like a loud and very long peal of thunder, made up of the sound of breaking glass. While it was going on I cannot say that I was frightened; I was astonished, rather, and all sorts of ideas came into my mind, above all the idea of a bomb, in spite of the fact that the armistice had been signed. When this noise had stopped, I got up, thinking I should find that everything had been pulverized, and my astonishment was great when I saw that nothing was out of place except a picture which was on the floor. Its glass was barely cracked; its cord, new and very strong, looked as though it had been cut. When I saw the picture on the floor, knowing that this is often a presage of death, I thought at once, "Why, A—— must be dead!"

The loud noise was also heard by my sister, who was then seated

at the piano, at the other end of the large villa, but she thought that a wagon-load of broken glass was being emptied, and paid no attention to it. The servants heard it, too, and went out into the street to see if a rubbish-cart had turned over.

The next morning, at nine o'clock, I received a telegram informing me of our friend's death; it had occurred three days before.

There is nothing more extraordinary about this occurrence than about those you have related, but the astonishing circumstance is the fact that this friend did not cause the manifestation until three days after his death, and after the telegram which was to inform me of it had been sent and was to be given to me the next morning. Doubtless, he did not wish to leave me in anxiety by producing the phenomenon at the moment of his death, *since it would have been impossible for me to obtain any information*, and he awaited the moment when a certain person was *sure* to receive a letter in which the news was given and sure to let me know; this did, in fact, happen.

For me this occurrence is an absolute proof of immortality, for there were thought and *deliberate waiting*.

I am giving my name and address, but I shall ask you to reveal nothing of a personal nature. My sister and I are in a delicate position with regard to this friend's family. He is married, had lived with my sister for a long time, and had remained, in spite of his marriage, in most friendly relations with us. Discretion is necessary. But the experience is, in itself, something which may aid in your investigation, and I am giving it to you in entire confidence. As for supposing that I made it up, I do not see under what pretext I could be accused of this.

MADAME X.

(Letter 4431.)

It happens that I am correcting the proofs of these pages in Monte Carlo (in December, 1921), the place where this phenomenon occurred, and I can conjure up the scene approximately as it was. Nevertheless it seems to me that the interpretation is debatable.

I owe to General Berthaut my information as to the following occurrence. The account of it was in the form of an extract from a letter written by H. S. Olcott, and published in the "Spiritual Telegraph" of July 15, 1854.

A pastor, who had been told that his father was ill, was going home, when he perceived the latter, standing in a fenced-in field of alfalfa. He went forward to shake hands with him. The old man leaped over the fence, led his son away, and told him many things which seemed most strange to the pastor. He noted that his father looked well, and he thought that he had been completely cured. When they drew near his house, the old man stopped and told his son to go on ahead and to speak to his mother. His mother received him in deep sadness. "My dear child," she said, "your father was buried day before yesterday." He assured her that it was indeed his father whom he had met, and that he had never seemed in better health. It took quite a long time to convince him that his father was really dead.

When he sent me the account, General Berthaut observed that he saw in it "a case of the telepathic influence of the dead man's mind upon his son and of psychic influence affecting his vision and hearing. It was not," he added, "an hallucination which corresponded to nothing. It was an appearance, an illusion occurring under certain given conditions, a real phenomenon produced by something the cause and mechanism of which remain to be explained." (Letter 4516.)

Yes, we are forced to acknowledge the fact that these varied occurrences are both real and inexplicable. Such was the following phenomenon.

A mother received, in a dream, information as to the spot where her son, killed in the war, was buried. This letter was sent me from Cherbourg on October 13, 1921, by Madame Deméantis, the principal of the primary school:

It was during the last days of May, 1915. I was suffering from the most intense grief which it is possible for a woman to experience. I had just learned of the death of my eldest son, Georges, a sergeant in the twenty-fifth Regiment of the line. He had fallen, on May 23d, in the attack on the Labyrinth. He was swallowed up at twenty-seven, leaving a young wife, twenty-four years old, and two babies. In the opinion of those who knew him, he was a serious, steady, most cultivated young man; his heart was tender



and good, and he was endowed with great energy. The grief of all of us was intense. Preyed upon all day long by the thought of the terrible truth, and above all, by the supposition, which was so cruel, that the dear boy had no coffin, my suffering was indescribable. At night I should not have been able to sleep without the bromide of potassium which my children had me take in the evening. I am giving these details to bring out the fact that on the night of which I shall speak, I was sleeping calmly and deeply. My slumbers could not well have been interrupted without cause, and have begun again almost immediately. Well, when I was sleeping in this way, I saw the little picture given here.

I saw it very distinctly, very clearly. At once, without having been awakened by any shock or any noise, I opened my eyes, fully awake, as one is in broad daylight. I told myself, "I've seen that; what can it be?" And without any effort I fell, once more, into the same sort of sleep. The next day I spoke to my family of what I had seen, and then we thought no more of it. This, I repeat, took place during the period immediately following the death.

It was at this same time that my son-in-law, Monsieur Tricard, an instructor in Cherbourg, left for the front, and for the same region north of Arras. He told me to have courage, and swore that he would do everything possible to find the grave of our Georges. He kept his promise, did my dear son whom we mourn (Lieutenant Tricard. He fell at Verdun, in September, 1916). On August 8, 1915, he sent me a touching letter, which I still have, with the map of the cemetery in which my poor child lay. This map had been given him by the chaplain of the regiment who had conducted the burial service; he had set down the details I wished for, on the second page of a book. I enclose this map [it is not given here]. On it the graves are represented by parallel lines, and one of these lines, longer than the others, has opposite it the words: "13th grave, G. Deméantis."

My emotion may be imagined! The above picture, which I had seen in my sleep, during one of the nights that followed my child's death, returned to my mind, and this disturbing association gave me not merely hope but conviction, apart from any religious dogma: the conviction that the best of us does not perish with the body; that the spirits of those we have lost still exist and go on living, apart from our little sphere. And from the bottom of my heart I give thanks to the great thinkers who, rising above skeptical, materialistic critics, laboriously seek to find scientific proofs of the immortality of the soul.

P. S.—When, in August, 1919, in the Roelincourt sector, the bodies of these poor unfortunates were exhumed, that of our dear Georges was found in the row indicated upon the map, and at the spot revealed in my dream. He was in a special grave, between two sheets of corrugated iron, buried twenty-five centimeters deeper than the twelve bodies beside him.

He now lies in the Roclincourt soldiers' graveyard.

L. DEMÉANTIS.

(Letter 4714.)

Apart from any question of sentiment, the incident is most interesting. In the first place, there can be no doubt as to the narrator's sincerity and intelligence. However, since I apply impartially my methods of investigation, I must state that I obtained confirmation of her high intelligence, from my learned friend Dr. Valleteau de Moulliac of Cherbourg. Now, what line can a critical investigation take in this case? By what hypotheses can the phenomenon be explained?

(1) The first hypothesis, namely, "It is not true; it is a story which the narrator made up," cannot apply in this case.

(2) We may assume that the number thirteen, seen in the dream, was meaningless, was evoked by the mental suffering of the afflicted mother, and that its coincidence with the location of the grave was purely accidental. But does this explanation satisfy us? The circumstances in which this vision occurred, the mother's desire to know whether her son had received proper burial—must not these things be taken into account when we pass judgment?

(3) We may assume that the dead son did not cause the vision, on the supposition that Madame Deméantis was gifted with clairvoyance and that she saw the row of graves mentally. Such a supposition would be confirmed by all the examples of vision at a distance which my readers know of. But such was not the case: she saw neither the cemetery nor the grave, and there was no number above the grave.

(4) The most direct explanation must be preferred to those *hypotheses*: that there was *thought-communication between the mother and the son*, telepathic waves which took the form of the number indicating the spot where this grave was. It seems to me that by reasoning logically we must

reach this conclusion. We know of other similar cases; for example, that which my readers will find farther on—among the manifestations observed more than three years after death—the case of an officer killed in the same circumstances. His mother had wished earnestly that she knew where he had been buried (Letter 4378, page 286.) She learned of the spot through the apparition of her son between a Russian and a German. These were examples of thought-transmission between a mother and son. We cannot guess how the transmission was accomplished but it is evidence of the fact that human beings survive in a state that is unknowable, so far as our earthly senses are concerned.

The following is a totally different sort of manifestation. Monsieur Armand Moulin, an employee of the State Railroads, in a position of importance, wrote me on August 28, 1921:

My dear Master, I must inform you that my grandmother has just told me, for the tenth time, perhaps, of the following occurrence. It took place in her husband's family—that of my grandfather.

She had a brother-in-law who died when he was about twenty-five. During his illness, when he wished to call his mother he struck three blows on a wooden chest near his bed. Before his last moments he expressed a desire that after his death prayers should be said for the repose of his soul. His father, who did not believe in the Catholic religion, did not have this done. A few nights after his death his mother felt a strange pressure, which frightened her greatly. Then she heard three blows similar, in loudness, to those which her son used to strike before his death. These blows came from the chest that was still near the deceased man's bed. The father, too, felt the pressure and heard the three blows.

This phenomenon occurred on several nights, and my grandmother was so agitated by it that she no longer went to bed. At last her husband consented to have the masses said, and all ceased immediately.

In spite of the fact that a great many years have gone by since

this happened, it will be very easy for you if you wish to make an investigation. My grandmother is still living, and her children, too. I can vouch for their perfect good faith, and I have heard them tell of it frequently.

If you wish to make use of the story in your works (I am an ardent admirer of them) I shall authorize this with pleasure, in the interests of the goal which you have set yourself.

MARC MOULIN,

(Letter 4637.)

Paris.

According to my usual method of following things up, I asked the author if there were still witnesses of the occurrence. His reply, sent from Bussière-Poitevin, on September 4, 1921, gave me confirmation of all details. The letter ended as follows :

In the opinion of my grandparents it was, without any doubt, the spirit of their son which demanded that the masses he had asked for be said. He had left the money necessary to have this done.

CATHERINE DUPONT (married name: COLIN).

I also consider it a duty to guarantee the authenticity of the incidents related above.

ROSE DUPONT (married name: DRODRIER).

(Letter 4681.)

This story, like so many others, raises more than one question. Would it not seem, in the first place, that the demand for masses was in the minds of those still living, and that consequently they themselves might have caused the noises, unconsciously? But how? This we cannot fathom.

If it was really the dead man who demanded the prayers, why did he do so? We see here the continuation of the Catholic belief in purgatory, in the Church suffering, the Church militant (living Christians), and the Church triumphant (those in heaven). But nothing is less fully proved, nothing less admissible. Where is this heaven? Where is this

purgatory? Are they states of the soul in space? This would, indeed, be a complete metamorphosis of the ancient Christian cosmography. We cannot fathom this, either.

We have already related above (page 176) the story of a demand for masses which was similar to the preceding one, and a request that prayers be said with a rosary (Chapter V, page 176). These requests for prayers surprise us. They are made frequently, and it is my duty to give them here. How shall we explain them? What part do the living play in the manifestations?

Cases of this sort occur in Catholic families, which believe in souls in purgatory, but not in Protestant families, which do not hold the belief.

We may think that there is autosuggestion. A man hears strange noises, tells himself, "I promised to have prayers said for him." He even hears a voice, demanding them.

How explain the fact that noises cease after masses have been said, and also in the case of certain haunted houses? It occurs to us, naturally, that these noises might be caused by the hearers themselves, just as certain responses, by spirit rapping, would seem to be dictated by those making the experiments. But how could the hearers cause them?

Only numerous and varied comparisons may enlighten us.

However it be, I must mention the fact that demands for prayers, requests that masses be said, date back, so far as tales of them go, to very early times. We may see in the Van Eyck Museum, in Bruges, a book consisting of two leaves that is significant. It shows a skeleton counting pieces of money with one hand, and with the other holding a written contract which, unfulfilled, had been found by a priest. At this very moment I have a photograph of the picture before my eyes. It would seem to represent a request of the sort we are discussing.

A woman who was visiting the museum wrote me, in this connection (Letter 4781), that she knew of an incident of

the kind which occurred in the Department of Mayenne. A farmer's wife, terrified by mysterious noises, went to the clergyman, who found the record of a donation for masses that had been given previously and later forgotten. The masses were said, and the uproar ceased.

We shall return to this enigma.

Among the arguments against the authenticity of apparitions of the dead which our powers of reasoning may suggest, is the supposition that they are subjective visions. But when the death is unknown to the person seeing the apparition, this explanation can no longer hold. The following account belongs in the latter class; it was sent me from Switzerland on May 29, 1899:

I am seventy-six years old, and do not remember seeing, personally, any supernatural apparition. But here is an incident of which I was a witness in my childhood.

I was in my uncle's living-room, in Winzenheim (Alsace). My aunt was busy piling up wood in the kitchen. Suddenly I heard her utter a terrible cry. Terrified, she came into the room, and said, weeping: "My sister Hannah is dead! She appeared to me behind the sticks of wood, dressed all in white!" As a matter of fact, this sister, who lived in Grussenheim, a village about twenty kilometers from ours, had died some days previously.

G. BLOCHE,

(Letter 420.)

Le Loch.

Such visions are not infrequent. A similar one will be found on page 210. The following one belongs in the same category. Lord Beresford sent an account of it to the English Society for Psychical Research.

It was in the spring of 1864; I was on board the frigate *Raccoon* on its way from Gibraltar to Marseilles. I had to go down into my cabin to get my pipe. Inside the cabin I saw a coffin in which my father was lying; I saw this as distinctly as if it had been real!

I was deeply impressed, and at once told my companions what had happened; they were seated near there, between the cannon, talking. I also told the ship's chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Onslow. In a few days we reached Marseilles, and there I learned of my father's death; he had been buried on the same day and at the same time at which he had appeared to me (half-past twelve). I must add that at the moment of the apparition there was splendid weather, and that I was feeling no uneasiness as to my father, having recently received reassuring news as to his improved health. Between my father and me there had always been a great bond of sympathy, one far stronger than is usual between a man of seventy-two and a young man of twenty—for such were our respective ages.

The investigation brought out the fact that the observer's father died in Kensington on April 29, 1864, and was buried on May 4th. The vision of the father in his coffin occurred on the day of the burial, five days after dissolution. Was it the dead man who manifested himself?—who thought of his son, when his body was already in the coffin? Was it the son who, suddenly clairvoyant, thought of his father, for no apparent reason? We may also suppose that there was telepathic transmission between a relative who was at the funeral and the dead man's son, but is this not even less probable? In any case, we see that all these occurrences, ignored until now, deserve our attention.

We know of Ernest Renan's love for his sister Henriette, and we know that a sudden, cruel malady came near to cutting short their days at the same time, on September 24, 1860, in Amschit, near Beirut. We read on one of the great writer's most touching pages:

Two or three times, in my feverish dreams, there came to me a terrible doubt; I thought I heard my name called from the vault from where her body lay! The presence of French physicians at the moment of her death disposes, doubtless, of this horrible supposition.”¹

¹ *Ma sœur Henriette* (1895), p. 88.

The skeptical philosopher does not appear to have thought of the possibility of posthumous communication between his dearly loved sister and himself. Nevertheless we know of happenings of the sort. As for the survival after death of his sister's soul, he writes, farther on:

Was it not for souls like hers that immortality was decreed? Matter does not exist, since it is not one; the atom does not exist, since it is unconscious. It is the soul which exists, when it has really left its mark on the eternal history of the true and the good. The really eternal part of each of us is his connection with infinitude. It is in God's memory that Man is immortal. It is there that our Henriette, forever radiant, forever blameless, lives a thousand times more truly than at the period when she was struggling, with her weak organs, to create her spiritual being; when, thrown upon the world, which could not understand her, she stubbornly sought perfection. All the logic of the system of our universe would be brought to nothing if such reasoning were but deception and illusion.

Despite these philosophical ideas, the author of the "*Vie de Jesus*" ("*The Life of Jesus*") did not believe in immortality. By his way of thinking, his sister Henriette no longer exists as an individual. Then what do the preceding lines mean? And what does his dedication of the book to his sister Henriette mean: "In God's bosom, where you are at rest"?

Renan's reminiscence is not given here as a posthumous manifestation on the part of his sister, but as a mere "possibility."

In closing this chapter, I shall make the same remark that I did at the end of the two preceding ones: not one of the accounts which we have read was borrowed from spiritistic experiments. These last will have a special chapter to themselves.

The foregoing manifestations were observed during the first week after death. Let us continue our investigation. Following this same chronological order, let us look at those which were observed from one week to one month after death.

VII

MANIFESTATIONS AND APPARITIONS FROM ONE WEEK TO ONE MONTH AFTER DEATH

If I heard people speak of returned spirits, of sorcery or other tales by which I was not deceived, I used to feel sorry for these poor, deceived mortals. I now find that I myself was at least as much to be pitied.

MONTAIGNE.

IF we wish exact, full, and rigorously authenticated information as to these extraordinary occurrences, we must not stop here. Perhaps as we go on they will seem to us more and more fantastic, more and more unbelievable. But we must remember that it is not a romance that we are reading, but accounts of visual observation—things seen, as Victor Hugo would say. The question is whether the old, standard hypothesis of hallucinations can still be accepted: whether so-called positive science has not until now, been on a wrong tack.

The following manifestation, eight days after death, was strange enough, but such phenomena are not very infrequent. I am taking the account from a letter sent me from Paris in August, 1900, by some one living near the house in which my brother's publishing business is conducted.

My wife's maternal grandfather, who died on February 13, 1880, was living in the home of his son-in-law, M. S——, librarian of the Polytechnic School. About eight days after his death the bell in M. S——'s room, on the ground floor, began to ring. This room had been closed since the burial. The whole family was then at table in the dining-room, also on the ground floor. The servant

was in the kitchen on the first floor. As soon as this noise was heard, every one ran into the room. There was nothing unusual about its appearance, but the bell-cord was still in motion. The same manifestation occurred again and again—three times, at intervals.

E. REBOUL,

(Letter 1066.)

Paris, 20 rue de Vaugirard.

My readers are already familiar with cases of bell-ringing, unexplained but authentic. This last one, like so many others, can leave no doubt in the minds of those who know and value the narrator's well-balanced judgment.

Manifestations of the sort are commonplace, so to speak. Cases of apparitions are rarer, and often more debatable.

We wish, here, to give accounts of neither illusions nor dreams nor imaginary visions, but phenomena precisely observed. Ghost-stories are usually not believed, and this is natural, since usually they are related with a blind and disconcerting credulity. I, for my part, have always shown little disposition to believe them; I have not accepted them until I have made as close a critical examination as possible. It is absolutely necessary that we seek to learn precisely what parts are true, and what that madcap, imagination, has added; this is always difficult to determine.

The best proof that I have never been in a hurry to take kindly to these stories is the fact that I have known of one since childhood, which I have never made public. I believe that I may give it now.

It happened in my family a very long time ago, under Louis XVI, in 1784. My maternal great-grandmother was a witness. I almost knew her, for when she died in 1844, aged nearly a hundred, I was two years old. She did not tell it to me; but my mother did so, herself.

It happened in Illoud, a little village in the County of Bar, which is to-day included in the Department of Haute-Marne,

not far from the region where I was born; it was my maternal grandfather's native district. During the whole of my childhood I spent my vacations there, on the vine-covered slopes opposite Bourmont, in the midst of a smiling country-side, in woods full of the songs of birds. The house in which the occurrence took place is still standing; it is at the entrance of the village, on the right, and is called "the château." (It now belongs to one of my cousins.) When in 1899 I was collecting documents for my investigation, my mother, who had gone back to her native region at that very time, after a long, laborious life in Paris, sent me the following account:

You would never take seriously the famous story of "our dead Rollet" which you so often heard Papa and Mama tell, but I am sending it to you, all the same. You may do what you like with it. As for me, I have never had reason to doubt it. This François Rollet was the brother of my grandmother's sister-in-law. They were farming people, and lived together. Some time after this worthy man's death my grandmother went to the kitchen which you know, on the ground floor, to see, like a good housekeeper, if the boiled beef and broth were cooking well. She saw her brother-in-law *seated at the corner of the great hearth*, as though he were alive. Astounded, she fled. A short time afterward the young men came back from the fields. One of them told her that he was very hungry. She sent him, it seems, not without curiosity but without telling him anything, to get a little bacon from the pot which was simmering on the fire, until supper time should come. The boy went away eagerly, but when he was putting the lid back on the pot he saw the phantom and began to shout: "Good God! Our dead Rollet!" I have heard it said, too, that at that instant a farm-boy began to swear, and that this oath coincided with the ghost's sudden disappearance.

Such is my mother's story; I heard it also from my grandmother's lips. There was no doubt as to this apparition, in

the minds of members of the family. "Our dead Rollet" was a legendary, though most unassuming person.

It was generally believed that this was an imaginary vision—an hallucination on the part of my great-grandmother, and then on the part of the young man who had returned from the fields. She stated definitely that she had said nothing to him, wishing the amusement of seeing his surprise, and desirous of knowing if he, too, would perceive the dead man. Neither was satisfied by this hypothesis of an hallucination, for they were both positive of having actually seen and recognized the man; he was calmly seated at the corner of the hearth.

What is true, in this story? What can we be sure of?

The most probable explanation, it would seem, is that my great-grandmother (then aged thirty-nine) was the victim of an illusion, which she described to those about her, without remembering afterward that she had done so. We may read in a most informative work by Brière de Boismont entitled "*Les Hallucinations*" of a great number of most interesting experiences of the sort. But when we have read this standard work, we have a strong impression that the word "hallucination" does not by any means explain all the cases.

That this worthy man, who had died and been duly buried, came to sit at the fireplace in his usual garments—this is what we are asked to believe and will not admit. Nevertheless, if he were seen,—what is called "seen,"—an explanation of the incident should be found, as in the case of so many others.

My mother, whose absolute sincerity and mental poise (despite her unshakable convictions as to Catholicism, in the face of which no reasoning could prevail) were valued by all those who knew her, held this story to be absolutely authentic. She was all the more ready to believe it because she knew of similar experiences in her family—the following

one, among others. I am taking an account of it from another letter, written in 1899:

Eugénie Bichet, whom you knew when you were a child, (she was the first wife of our cousin Lomon de Bourmont, the watch-maker) lost her mother when she was not much more than fourteen or fifteen.¹ Twice, at nightfall, when she was going to the woodshed, a small structure in front of the house—on two separate occasions, I repeat—she saw, with her own eyes, her mother sitting on the woodpile. She was so frightened that she would not go back there. There are still persons who can remember her repeated affirmations, I among others.

As for me, I never saw anything, and I should have so liked to see your poor father!

Until now such visions have been regarded by almost every one as simple hallucinations. But in this work we wish to analyze the subject fully, in entire freedom of mind, and to compare observations. The preceding chapters show that we are justified in giving the subject our sustained attention, such as that given scientific research.

At the beginning of this chapter, we quote one of Montaigne's reflections. La Rouchefoucauld wrote, as his view:

True love is like the apparition of spirits: every one talks about it, but few have seen it. It is certain, indeed, that our personal sources of information on this question are much less numerous than our second-hand sources, and still less numerous than our third-hand sources, or those still further removed. But it could not be otherwise, since those who give us information are more or less numerous, while each of us is the only observer of those things which happen to him personally. This is an additional reason why we should carefully record what seems authentic to us.

Our age is no less rich in posthumous manifestations than that of La Rouchefoucauld or Montaigne. But only now are

¹ I am not omitting these rather intimate details, because the occurrence in question was known to my family.

we beginning to analyze them rigorously. I hope that this present work will definitely establish their reality.

In "L'Inconnu," page 552, there is an account of a remarkably precise premonitory dream which Monsieur Amédée Basset, had; he was a notary in Vitrac, Charente. Here is the story of an apparition seen by his father, a landowner in Upper Vienna. As a preface to it, I am giving a letter showing the great importance which the author himself attaches to this investigation:

Vitrac, April 27, 1899.

Although very much absorbed by my studies, I cannot resist a desire to express my great admiration for your research, published under a name which should captivate all those anxious to gain enlightenment, "L'Inconnu"! The problems, a scientific solution of which you hope for, are in truth those that every one should be familiar with, for in my opinion there is no question that is of greater importance to this poor human race of ours!

To catch a glimpse of—or, rather, to prove that Lavoisier's famous statement, "Nothing is created, nothing is lost, all is transformed," is applicable not only to what we agree to call matter but to all that makes up the world; to prove that all in nature is interconnected, and that everything that is was caused by something else, whether it be a question of *thought* or of *material energy*—is there a problem more captivating, the solution of which should lead to happier results?

When I was a member of the priesthood I took an intense interest in these questions, and I set down in a note-book (unfortunately, I lost it) the result of my investigations. But I remember that I had come to a realization of the fact that our ideas as to existence are contrary to reality, that time and space cannot be defined rationally and that an invisible but powerful bond joins all the worlds.

In my humble opinion, *absolute space* exists nowhere, and infinitude is peopled by beings, by forces, if you will. In order to come within the sphere of our senses—that is to say, in order that we should realize their existence—these need only an agent *ad hoc*, such as the vital fluid which causes them to materialize. I reached

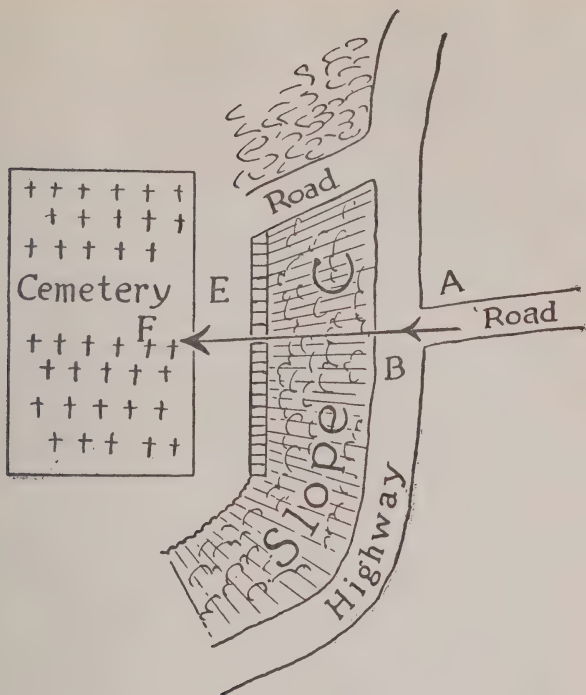
the conclusion that mediums have, to put it simply, the power to produce doubles of themselves, the power to lend their vital fluid to the energy, the spirit which is seeking to enter into communication with them.

(Letter 640.)

This letter shows us that the questions which we are investigating here are of interest to all social classes. It told of the dream given above, and then went on to describe the strange apparition of some one dead which we are about to give. This story is all the more worthy of attention from the fact that (1) we are concerned with a phantom seen in broad daylight; (2) the observer followed the shade for so long a time that the hypothesis of hallucination is not applicable, here. What was it? I do not know, but there the facts are. Monsieur Basset wrote:

My father saw on several occasions, and very distinctly, the phantom of a man who had been dead for a month. On one of these occasions he saw him under the following circumstances. He was dressed in holiday attire, probably the garments in which he had been buried. He was seen crossing the road which skirts the cemetery; then he climbed the slope beside this road, and went toward the gate of the cemetery, where he disappeared. It was about five o'clock in the afternoon.

In the evening, before sitting down to the table, my father was taking his daily walk, accompanied by one of his friends, when suddenly he saw, leaving the road A, opposite the cemetery (I am enclosing a sketch of the vicinity), a man who, in the most natural way, crossed the road B. This man climbed the slope C, a slope five to six meters high, with the greatest ease (I am quoting the passage in my father's letter word for word). He reached the point E, where there is a platform at the level of the cemetery, then, still walking straight before him, entered the cemetery by the gate F. Nothing can make us admit that my father was the victim of an hallucination, for, as he observes, it was only when he saw the phantom climb the slope so easily that he was surprised.



Only then did he remember that this man (named Boireau) was dead.

Unfortunately, my father does not remember whether the person who was with him saw the phantom, but he stated definitely that this person had been on very bad terms with the deceased. What is certain is that my father spoke of this that same evening and gave as an explanation of the apparition the mutual hatred of his friend and the dead man.

My father is prepared to give you such supplementary details as may seem helpful to you. I am giving you his address in Upper Vienna.

AMÉDÉE BASSET.

Monsieur Basset and his son do not admit that the hypoth-

esis of an hallucination explains this case. The occurrence was observed very coolly, very simply, very naturally, as though it had been any commonplace meeting.

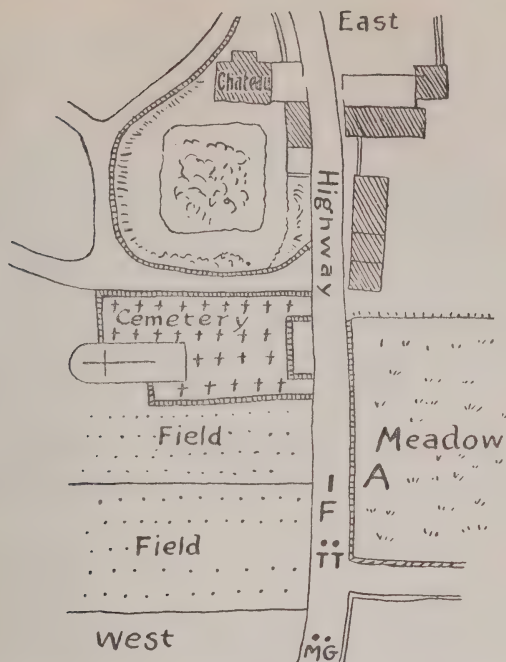
It is curious that among the hundreds—the thousands—of stories I have been collecting for fifty years, there is one which is absolutely like the preceding one. It was told by Dr. Fugairon, doctor of medicine and of sciences; he published it in his book "*La Survivance de l'âme*"—"The Immortality of the Soul"—(Paris, 1907). Here it is:

The accompanying sketch shows the west entrance to the little village of Savignac, situated in the high valley of the Ariège. The reader can see that, on the left, a road runs between the graveyard and the park before the château. The national highway skirts the whole length of the gardens and park of the château, as well as the cemetery.

At seven o'clock in the evening in the month of October, 1837, my grandmother and her two younger sisters were walking along the road. They were going back to the village and were at the points M and G, when they saw, almost in front of them, a gentleman dressed in gray, with a cane in his hand. His soft felt hat was gray and his trousers as well, but the latter were darker than his vest and frock-coat. My mother said to her mother: "If my uncle had n't died a month ago, you'd believe that was he; that man is dressed like him, and has the same walk." Since night was falling, they could not see his face very well.

My two aunts said, "Let's go and see who it is." And they began to run.

When they reached the points TT and the walker had arrived at the point F, thirty paces from them, he stopped short and strode from F to A, stepping over the wall, eighty centimeters high, which skirts the meadow and divides it from the highway. It is impossible to take this at one stride, for the distance from F to A is more than three meters. My two aunts cried out, "Oh, what a stride!" At that moment the phantom vanished into the air. They ran to the spot where he had disappeared, to see if he had not fallen from the wall. They walked this way and that over the



meadow (the grass on it was very short) but they saw no one.

This apparition was seen by four persons, in no way the victims of hallucinations. My younger aunt died in 1895, aged seventy-five. Some time before she died she told me of this apparition; her description corresponded to my mother's, who had given me an account of it several times.

I should like to ask the impartial reader, who has just had these lines before him, if it does not seem to him that the two independent occurrences bear each other out; that the old hypothesis of hallucination is most improbable as applied to these various experiences, and that in the two cases the dead man would seem really to have been wandering not far from his grave.

The following incident occurred in Haute-Marne, and one of my eminent compatriots told me of it:

Monsieur de Maricourt had made a journey to Brittany, to see several relatives. It was in the time of Napoleon III. On the trip, letters had not been reaching him regularly. As for telegrams, there were no offices in any of these out-of-the-way places. The railroad to Wassy was not yet built; people had to go to Saint-Dizier to take trains, and a little mail-coach went from one of these places to the other. Monsieur de Maricourt had taken this coach, to go back home. The road skirted the cemetery; about noon he saw his son at the gate, looking at him as he went by. The young man looked so natural that his father thought for a moment of having the coach stopped so that he could get off and go back with him. He thought that there had been a funeral and that his son was coming out, after having been present at the ceremony. When he reached home he learned of the death, more or less sudden, of his son. He had been buried several days before.

Long afterward, when telling of the occurrence, Monsieur de Maricourt used still to weep.

These three cases that were so alike (there are many others) would lead us to conclude that the dead wander at times in the neighborhood of their graves. But among the other difficulties that stand in the way of an admission of the objective reality of occurrences of the sort, is not the chief obstacle that of the clothing seen by witnesses?

May we attempt an explanation?

Yes.

If we grant that the dead person be there, near us,—as an invisible spirit, an immaterial shade, a being different from us, not perceptible through our physical senses,—we may grant, also, that the same person affects our mind psychically and that his influence is revealed to us in a perceptible form. So-and-so is there, and acts upon our brains through unknown psychic waves. His influence takes the form, in us, of an image of the person whom we have known. Witnesses see him in the shape in which they knew him. The ghost may be real and invisible, and become visible to us—may assume

a shape so far as our minds, our optic nerves, and our retinas are concerned. It may affect certain cerebral fibers, and remain invisible to brains not attuned to its vibrations.

Apparitions of doubles of the living are probably of this same sort. When Mrs. Wilmot went to see her husband aboard a ship, after a storm, and was seen by him and by the man with whom he shared his cabin (William Fait), her spirit alone had crossed the sea and was there before her husband. Nevertheless both of them saw her, in her night-dress. ("L'Inconnu," pages 488-492.) All the cases of doubles are similar. The phenomenon is both objective, outside the seer, real, and subjective, in so far as the seer interprets it.

However strange they be, ghost-stories are founded on observation, and they can be explained neither as hallucinations nor as illusions. It is not scientific to deny them, because of preconceived ideas, or to dismiss them without an investigation.

Adolphe d'Assier, an independent seeker and a positivist of the school of Auguste Comte, stated that he was writing a work on the subject of ghosts, and that the ideas in the book "are as far from the reveries of mysticism as they are from the hallucinations of the spiritualists." Things which seem impossible to us and which have been regarded as fictitious by the most serious-minded savants are nevertheless real. In this book¹ he related that he had seen all the natives of his canton agitated by the following episode:

The Abbé Peytoux, parish priest of Sentenac (Ariège) had just died. During the following days noises made themselves heard in the parsonage; they were so strange and so persistent that the officiating priest who had succeeded the Abbé Peytoux was on the point of leaving the house. The country people, as ignorant as they were superstitious, had no difficulty in explaining the prodigy.

¹ *Essai sur l'humanité posthume*, by a positivist (Paris, 1883).

They declared that the soul of the dead man was restless because he had not had time, before his death, to say all the masses for which he had received payment. Brought up to believe in the Christian dogma, they told themselves that the dead priest had definitely left this earth for one of these three posthumous abiding-places: heaven, hell, or purgatory. They supposed that the doors of the two abodes of correction were too firmly locked for him to be able to return.

But let us listen to the ghost-story. It is really the most curious one of that period, as much on account of the duration of the manifestations as because of the forms they took; a large number of natives of the region witnessed them.

Monsieur d'Assier addressed himself, in order to have a more or less exact report, to Monsieur Augé, the former school-teacher in Sentenac. The latter, after having questioned the old people of the village as to what they had seen or heard, sent in the following statement as to his investigation:

Sentenac-de-Serou, May 8, 1870.

(I) When, about forty-five years ago, Peytoux, the parish priest of Sentenac, died, every evening, as soon as night fell, some one was heard moving chairs in the rooms of the parsonage, walking about, and opening and closing a snuff-box; there was also the sound of a man taking a pinch of snuff. This phenomenon, which was repeated over a long period, was believed in by those most ingenuous and most given to fear. Those who—if I may be allowed the expression—were the strong-minded ones of the commune, put no faith in all this. They merely laughed at all those who believed that the dead priest was coming back. A man named Eycheinne (Antoine) who was mayor of the commune at that time (he has been dead for five years), and one named Galy (Baptiste), who is still living, were the only men in the region who had any education. They were the most incredulous of all, and they wished to ascertain for themselves if all the nocturnal noises said to be heard in the parsonage had some basis in fact, or were merely the product

of the over-impressionable imaginations of those easily frightened. One evening, armed, one of them with a gun and the other with an ax, they resolved to go and spend the night in the parsonage, thoroughly determined not to be duped if they heard anything. They sat down in the kitchen, near a good fire, and began to talk about the simple-mindedness of the natives, when, in a room above their heads, they heard a noise. Then they heard chairs being moved about, and some one walking. Next, the steps were heard coming downstairs and going toward the kitchen. They rose. Eycheinne went to the kitchen door, holding his ax in one hand, ready to strike any one who should dare to enter. Galy brought his gun to his shoulder.

When the person who seemed to be walking about reached the kitchen door, he took a pinch of snuff; that is, the men heard the same sounds that a man taking a pinch of snuff makes. Then, instead of opening the kitchen door, the ghost went into the parlor, where he seemed to walk up and down. Eycheinne and Galy, still armed, left the kitchen, entered the parlor, and saw absolutely nothing. They went up into the other rooms, went through the house from top to bottom, looked in all the corners, and found neither chairs nor anything else out of place. Eycheinne, who had been the more incredulous of the two, then said to his companion: "My friend, those noises were n't made by living people. It's Monsieur Peytoux. What we heard was his walk and his way of taking snuff; we can sleep quietly."

(II) Marie Calvet was Monsieur Ferré's maid-servant; he was Monsieur Peytoux's successor. She was a brave woman, if there ever was one. She did not allow herself to be frightened by anything; she did not believe all the stories that were told, and she would have slept in a church without fear, as the common expression goes when one wishes to characterize a person who is not terrified by anything. This servant, as I was saying, was cleaning the kitchen utensils one evening, at nightfall, in the barn. Monsieur Ferré, her master, who had gone to call on his neighbor Desplas, a parish priest, was not due to return. While Marie Calvet was busy giving her utensils a good scrubbing, a priest passed before her, without speaking. "Oh, you can't scare me, Monsieur," she said. "I'm not so stupid as to believe that Monsieur Peytoux

has come back." Since the priest who had passed, and whom she had taken for her master, did not answer, she lifted her head, turned around, and saw no one. Then fear began to master her, and she went over to some neighbors, quickly, to tell them what had just happened and to ask Galy's wife to come and sleep with her.

(III) Anne Maurette, the wife of Ferran (she is still living) was going to the mountain, at daybreak, with her donkey, to get a load of wood. Passing by the parsonage garden, she saw a priest who, with a rosary in his hand, was walking along a path. Just as she was going to say to him, "Good-day, sir; you've got up early," the priest turned his back and went on saying his beads. The woman, not wishing to interrupt him in his prayers, continued on her way without any thought of a ghost coming into her mind. When she was returning from the mountain, with her donkey loaded with wood, she met the new priest of Sentenac before the church. "You got up early, sir," she said. "I thought that you were going on a trip when I passed by and saw you saying your prayers in the garden."—"No, my good woman," the priest answered, "I haven't been out of bed long; I've just said holy mass."—"Why, then," the woman answered, as though seized with fright, "who was the priest who was telling his beads in your garden at daybreak? He turned his back just as I was going to speak to him. I'd have been scared to death if I'd thought that it was the priest who's no longer alive. O Lord! O Lord! I won't have the courage to go by here again in the morning."

There, Monsieur, are three occurrences which were not fabricated by the morbid imaginations of frightened people. I doubt if science can explain them in any natural way. Was it a ghost? I shall not say that it was, but, all the same, it was something that was not natural.

J. AUGÉ.

Such is the story of the teacher in Sentenac. I think with d'Assier that it is very difficult, if not impossible, to reject the testimony, even if all this be inexplicable, as were meteorites in the seventeenth century. We may object that after forty-five years recollections may have lost their precision. But

the occurrences were so simple and of so commonplace a nature that time could not have caused much distortion. I should like to remark in this connection that I am writing these lines in 1921, and I remember, as though they had happened yesterday, certain details of the War of 1870. I took part in it as a captain in the Engineers, and it was my duty to keep the Prussians under observation; they were seeking to gain a footing on the slopes of Meudon. Shells were fired at this spot from the fortresses of Montrouge, Vanves, and Issy; these were connected telegraphically with our Muette observation-post. My recollections of this are absolutely precise. The teacher's story may be accepted as authentic.

That the worthy priest who had died came back to his parsonage, walked up and down there, used his snuff-box, and told his beads, at an early morning hour, in the path in which he had usually done so—all this seems a tale which our most elementary powers of reasoning must reject.

What then?

"Stones cannot fall from the sky," said Lavoisier.

"The earth cannot rotate," said Ptolemy.

"The sun cannot have spots," declared the followers of Aristotle in 1610, to Galileo and to Scheiner.

"It is impossible to send a telegram across the Atlantic Ocean," Babinet, a member of the Institute, maintained.

"The phonograph is a trick of ventriloquism!" cried Monsieur Bouillaud, to the members of the Academy of Sciences.

"Electricity does not cause contortions on the part of frogs," Galvani's adversaries stated.

"Vaccine cannot prevent smallpox," Jenner's colleagues declared.

"The fossilized bones of men will never be found," Elie de Beaumont told Boucher de Perthes. Et cetera.

The author of "*L'Humanité posthume*" declares that, according to the principles of the positive method, it is undeniable that there are ghosts; that it is impossible to doubt this.

He adds to the stories of apparitions on the part of the Sentenac priest a fairly large number of similar statements. His conclusion, based on doubles of the living as well, is that every man—and even every animal—has a double, a fluid body, and that this truth is recognizable by virtue of the fact that those who have had parts of the body amputated feel pain at the extremities of the limbs which they no longer have. By this way of thinking, every person bears in himself his fluid replica, which after death becomes his posthumous phantom. This ethereal being, when it leaves the body, undergoes merely a change of environment, and often keeps its habits, its ideas, its prejudices. It stays near the spot where it was buried, it remains in touch with the persons dear to it, and even with the things. But this continuation of ourselves does not last long. The phantom is formed of elements which are one day dispersed, and revert to the universe. These shades exist for a short time only, though a few of them do their utmost to maintain their life after death to the detriment of the living—vampires, for example.

I am giving d'Assier's beliefs without holding them myself, despite their ancient Egyptian origin. He does not believe in the soul, in the psychic world, and reduces everything to matter. What he says as to apparitions of the dead is none the less interesting.

Let us deny nothing. But let us not put forward any theory. The time has not yet come. Let us give facts, the foundations of a future science. Let us investigate all impartially.

The progress of psychic investigation is due to the work of a small number of men who are pushing ahead with a self-assured, firm step, without heeding the blows and the sarcasm of the opposed philosophic schools. In all periods of time the conservative majority of savants has yielded to progress only with repugnance and with a bad grace.

My readers know, absolutely, that a human being filled

with a desire to announce his death to some one to whom he is attached, may affect the mind of this person, at a distance, in such a way as to produce in him the desired impression. Official science long ago characterized by the word *hallucinations* the impressions thus created, but we should be clear as to just what this word means.

When reading Brière de Boismont's standard work, "*Les Hallucinations*," one feels that he falls far short of explaining everything, as he claims to do; he is in agreement with the usual teachings of physiologists. Hallucinations, as commonly regarded, take the place which the devil occupied for a thousand years. Professors of the old school explained everything by attributing it to his occult power, the existence of which had not been in the least proved. The existence of the demons and genii of the Greeks and Hebrews was no more fully demonstrated. People are too easily contented with hypotheses. Hallucinations play the rôle of the devil. It would even seem at times that they are "not worth the devil."

In our present work it is *scientifically observed occurrences* which are of interest to us. I repeat for the thousandth time that we cannot explain them on the score of hallucinations.

What hallucination can there have been in the following case? We are concerned with the apparition of some one dead, seen by *two independent witnesses*. I am taking the account from a letter sent me from Nantes on March 31, 1921.

There were two witnesses of the case which I am about to submit to you. One of them is now living in Nantes, in the same building and on the same floor with my aunt.

When this witness was a young girl, she had a position as nurse, in Paris, with a family which owned a little shop. At the table, when the conversation drifted to the general subject of the soul, and immortality, the husband said to his wife, "If I die first, and

can come back, I will come and see you." Years went by; the husband fell ill, and died. Some time afterward the nurse was sleeping in the kitchen on the ground floor, behind the shop. She heard a noise in the cupboard, as if dishes were breaking. She got up, thinking that the cat had caused this noise, but she could not find the reason for it. Moreover, not a plate or a glass had been broken. Astonished, she went back to bed. The noise began again. She had put out the light. She perceived at the foot of her bed a whitish form, which grew clearer in outline. In this apparition she recognized perfectly her former master. Terrified, she did not go to sleep again. When morning came she went up to the first floor, to her mistress's apartment, taking her breakfast, as she did every morning. She was struck by her mistress's paleness. She questioned her, and got this reply: "Marie, just imagine—last night my husband appeared to me. I recognized him perfectly. He spoke to me, and said, 'You see, we don't die; I'm in need of prayers.'" The mistress said to the nurse, "Go and see if the children saw anything, for I'm uneasy." In an adjoining room the two little girls were resting quietly. Then the nurse told her mistress what she herself had seen.

This case seems an interesting one to me, for the apparition appeared a rather long time after death, and *on the same night, to two persons* sleeping, one of them on the ground floor, the other on the second floor. These persons had not told each other of their experiences. In this case, what becomes of the hypothesis of a collective hallucination?

G. NEBERRY.

(Letter 4407.)

My correspondent has no doubts as to the sincerity of either of the two narrators. May we suppose that one of them had an illusion which she transmitted, telepathically, to the other? But the manifestations were not alike. The servant heard the noise of breaking dishes, and the mistress a demand for prayers!

A remarkable case of a mother who appeared to her

children, to save them from danger, was told of by Leadbeater¹ :

Dr. John Mason Neale relates that a man who had just lost his wife was invited, together with his children, to spend a certain time at a friend's country house. It was a vast dwelling; in its basement there stretched out long, dark passages; the children took great pleasure in playing in them and in running through them. One day, however, they went up gravely to the floor where the older people were, and two of them explained that when they were running through one of the passages they had seen their mother. She had ordered them not to go any farther, but to turn back; when she had said this, she vanished immediately. An investigation brought out the fact that if the children had gone a little further along this hall, they would have fallen into an open well which lay in their path. Their mother, therefore, had saved them from certain death.

This case proves, Leadbeater writes, that the mother, "even on the astral plane," had kept her attitude of affectionate concern, and her intense desire to protect her children from imminent danger had given her, for a moment, as often happens, the power to make herself seen and heard by them, or to suggest to them merely that they saw and heard her. It is also possible, he adds, that aid was given by a different entity which had assumed the familiar form of the mother in order not to frighten the children. But the simplest and by far the most probable hypothesis is that this intervention was due to ever-vigilant maternal love, which persisted even beyond the portals of the grave.

Since the authenticity of the occurrences was verified, it would seem that this interpretation is logical and well founded. It is another case to add to those in Chapter III of our volume "At the Moment of Death": "Thought as a Generator of Images Projected to a Distance."

It would seem to me equally impossible to refuse to admit

¹ *The Other Side of Death.*

the authenticity of the following manifestation. It occurred fifteen days after death.¹ An account of it was sent me by my learned friend, Professor Charles Richet.

On September 3, 1916, during the attack on the "sunken road" (a region between Maurepas and Cléry, one of the most hotly contested points in the Department of the Somme), D——, a second lieutenant of the Thirteenth Battalion of Alpine chasseurs, was struck by a bullet in both arms, and left the front line to have the wounds dressed at the rear. That evening, and for fifteen days afterward, he was absent at roll-call. In vain they sought in all the ambulances. He was listed as missing.

On September 8th the Thirteenth Battalion went back to the same sector, where the front line had been carried forward about three kilometers, thanks to the victory of September 3d. Here, now, is the manifestation, an explanation of which must be sought.

During the night of September 18th–19th M. V—— (an intimate friend of D——, the second lieutenant), who was in charge of the cannon ("37s") of this same battalion, had a strange dream. He saw D—— at the bottom of a shell-hole, beside the "sunken road" in question, at the foot of a willow tree, dying. D—— reproached him bitterly for letting his best friend die in this way, without help.

M. V——, who is a cool, calm, almost skeptical officer, was obsessed by the dream. He confided it to the head of his battalion, Major S——, who did not take it too seriously, but who, in order to oblige him and to put an end to the thing, granted him a short leave of absence in which to make a search in the "sunken road."

M. V—— reached it. He found the same spot that he had seen in his dream. At the foot of the willow was a stake, with this inscription: "Here, two French soldiers." Nothing could have led him to suspect that there were in this spot the remains which he had seen in his dream. Lieutenant V—— had a search made. He found his friend's body there; it could be identified perfectly by various details of the uniform. It had been buried about fifteen days before.

¹ Charles Richet's investigation of metaphysical occurrences in the armies, *Annales des Sciences psychiques*, 1919, p. 23.

The following was a very different occurrence; it happened three weeks after death.

A grandmother was seen by her two granddaughters; each saw her separately, and there was no communication between them. This woman had preserved a noble beauty up to the advanced age of eighty-eight, the year of her death. She had an old clock, of which she was very fond. It had been a wedding present, and she was in the habit of saying that this companion of many years was connected with all her impressions—with her husband's absences, with her children's return from school, with the hour of waking, et cetera. Let us listen to the account. One of her granddaughters, Madame Judd, writes:

August 6, 1885.

One morning in October, three weeks after her death, I saw my grandmother distinctly—her face, as always, calm, and her big eyes looking at the old clock as usual. I closed my eyes for some seconds, then opened them again, and still saw her. I closed my eyes a second time, but when I opened them she was no longer there.

Since my family sometimes called me a dreamer, I took care not to breathe a word about this vision.

On the following evening my sister, who is not at all dreamy, but most practical, told me in confidence, before we got into bed (her bed was beside mine): "If you'll promise not to make fun of me, I've something to tell you."—"What?"—"Well, I saw my grandmother this morning." The details which she then gave me were in entire accord with what I had seen myself.

CAROLINE JUDD.

The narrator adds that although twenty long years have gone by since that double vision, the two sisters never speak of it without deep emotion.

A letter from her sister confirmed the authenticity of the account.

The hypothesis of two separate hallucinations would not seem to be admissible.

An account of the following collective apparition (it could not, any more than the last, be attributed to two separate hallucinations mutually in accord) was given by my hard-working friend of long standing, Gabriel Delanne. It was taken from Gurney's Memoirs concerning apparitions observed shortly after death, apparitions which possessed this characteristic in common: they affected three different senses, vision, hearing, and the sense of touch. A Miss Lister was the narrator. After the death of the husband of one of her friends, she had gone to live with this friend, and was a witness of the following phenomenon:

One evening, having been asked, just as she was about to take her bath, to go and look for a book that had been left in the drawing-room the day before, Miss Lister saw her friend's dead husband seated at the table in the drawing-room. His elbow was resting on the table, very near the book.

"The phantom," she related, "seemed to smile, as though he had known my thoughts. I took up the book, went to my friend, and gave it to her, *without telling her what had happened*. Then I went into the bath-room and thought no more about it. I had not been there more than twenty minutes when I heard my friend open the drawing-room door. I smiled to myself and listened; I wished to discover whether the apparition were still there. I heard my friend rush out of the room, go downstairs four steps at a time, and feverishly ring the bell in the dining-room. A servant came running. I dressed myself as quickly as possible, and went down to my friend; I found her pale and trembling. 'What's happened?' I asked. 'I've just seen my husband,' she answered. 'How foolish!' I replied. 'Oh, no, I saw him distinctly; he spoke to me twice. I ran out of the room, but he followed me, and put his icy hand on my shoulder.'"

Were there, here, two mutually unrelated hallucinations? We should find difficulty in conceding this. There is some-

thing at the bottom of it all. The two effects had a cause.

Here is another occurrence. An account of the apparition of a father to his children and to their mother was given me by a correspondent. There is every evidence that the writer's judgment is well balanced and that her sincerity is absolute. The communication was sent me from Mans, on July 25, 1921.

I had an account of this happening directly from the person who was a witness of it; her whole family witnessed it also. She is the daughter of a blacksmith; since she was a child she has been in the service of Countess Auguste de Las Cases. She has always had the esteem of every one.

When she was a child, she and her little brothers and sisters lived in the same room with their mother. The latter had been a widow for only a short time. On one occasion she was resting, her head turned toward the wall, and could not, therefore, see what was going on in the room, but she heard her children making a commotion and shouting: "There's Papa! There's Papa!"—"Keep still and go to sleep, children," she said to them. "You know very well that your papa has gone to heaven." But the children kept on shouting: "Papa's there! There's Papa!" One of the little girls clapped her hands in her joy at seeing her father come back.

The widow finally turned her face toward the room, and saw her husband, who spoke to her. He told her, among other things, that if he had believed in immortality he would have lived a very different life, and that he regretted not having believed in it with more conviction. He took her hand and pressed it very hard. I know no more details as to this particular case of reappearance, but it seems to me a very remarkable one, since several children and their mother witnessed it. The mother's hand was so wounded by the ghost's grip that it had to be bandaged for several days.

I must add that the narrator of this experience is a calm, steady, sincere person, and that all the details of it have been known since her childhood. I can therefore authorize you to publish this account. I can vouch for the fact that I had it direct from the phantom's

daughter. I authorize you to give my name and address if you think it would be helpful.

VISCOUNTESS DE BREUIL.

(Letter 4594.)

This experience, like all the preceding ones, demands an explanation. Was it an hallucination? In the course of my rigorous investigation (the estimable narrator was good enough to take an active part in it) there were no less than seven letters written. It appeared from all this correspondence that Countess de Las Cases commemorated in a little poem (I have it before me) the extraordinary apparition, and that the widow's hand had certainly to be bandaged for several days (Letter 4727). The incident occurred fifteen days after the death.

The student of our problems knows that, since the time of Cicero's story about Parmenides and Pliny the Younger's story about the ghost of Athens, the dead who have not been interred have often manifested a desire to be buried. Why? What difference can it make to them? Little, it would seem to us. So we retain an attachment for our bodies! We do not like to see them abandoned. In the following experience the same wish to be buried would seem to have predominated. An account of it was given us by Dr. Lee in his "Glimpses of the Supernatural" (Volume II, page 61¹). He affirms that the account came from trustworthy persons, who gave a faithful and sincere report of a most striking occurrence.

Two cattle-raisers, who had entered into partnership, had left England and emigrated to Australia; it was not long before they owned a fairly large ranch in that country. Suddenly one of the partners disappeared; he could not be found.

One evening, about three weeks afterward, the surviving partner

¹ See Leadbeater, *The Other Side of Death*.

was returning to his hut by a path that skirted a stretch of deep water. Dusk was coming on and the sun was setting behind the large bushes, thick brush, and luxuriant grass which grows up so quickly in this country. Suddenly he perceived his companion's form, as real and as living as ever. He was seated on the ground beside the pool; his left arm was bent, and rested on one knee. The living man was about to rush over to his friend, to speak to him, but the form seemed to grow less clear, and the face, gray in color, took on an expression of sadness and melancholy which was not usual. So he stopped. Then the form grew more clearly visible; it lifted one arm, and, with the index finger of its right hand, pointed to a deep hole where the water was calm but black, under a tree the branches of which hung down over the surface. This gesture was repeated twice, deliberately, then the shade thinned out, little by little, and soon vanished utterly.

The next morning the hole was dragged, and the body of the partner who had disappeared was found in the very spot which the phantom had pointed out, and given a proper burial. A large stone had been tied to the body, and an ax was found (it had been hidden at the same spot), doubtless the weapon which the murderer had used to commit his crime. It was, moreover, recognized as belonging to a certain vagabond, who was accused and arrested. Since important documents belonging to the victim were found on him, he was obliged to confess his crime and was executed.

We seem to see, here, as in other cases, a desire for burial. Together with the desire there are indications of other intentions. We may think that the dead man wished to let his partner know what had happened to him. It is possible, too, that he was animated by a desire for vengeance on his murderer. This desire, moreover, has been the cause of a great number of apparitions.

Why should there be a wish for burial of the corpse? It is far from always being expressed, if we may draw conclusions from the innumerable men killed in the terrible German war. Perhaps, taken as a whole, they were not able

to manifest themselves. Perhaps only certain believers wish for burial. Perhaps those who are indifferent to it are the most numerous.

We might add to the foregoing occurrences the discovery of Edouard Boner's body ("Annales psychiques," 1910, page 191). He was an Italian poet who was buried among the ruins of Messina at the time of the earthquake in 1908. The discovery was due to the apparition of the poet, in a dream, to a little girl, a friend of his family. This chapter might be twice, three times its length. But we must hasten on to the following manifestations.

Let us note that, as in Chapters IV, V, VI, we have remained outside the sphere of spiritistic experiments.

VIII

MANIFESTATIONS AND APPARITIONS, FROM ONE MONTH TO ONE YEAR AFTER DEATH

Do not believe anything merely because it is hallowed by tradition. Do not believe anything merely on the authority of your elders or your instructors. But what you yourselves have tried and found to be true—this you may accept as real.

THE SAYINGS OF BUDDHA.

THE four chapters just read have presented accounts of a certain number of manifestations and apparitions of the dead which occurred anywhere from the time of dissolution up to a month from the extinction of terrestrial life. We shall continue our independent investigations in the same chronological order. The following occurrences took place from one month to one year after death.

I received, a long time ago, before my investigations of 1899 (in December, 1896), the following odd communication. It was sent me by a learned member of the Institute, Charles Naudin the botanist, head of the Laboratory of Higher Education in Antibes, Villa Thuret. It concerned the apparition of some one dead, an apparition the authenticity of which it is difficult to doubt. Moreover, my duty as a scientist is to seek to explain it. I had had occasion, during my stay at the Observatory in Nice, some years before, to spend a day at Antibes, with the head of this observatory, my friend Perrotin, and with Victorien Sardou, my colleague in a psychic investigation many years before (1858–64), who had wished to go with us. We had talked of these problems and the questions connected with them. Here is Monsieur Naudin's letter:

Antibes, December 26, 1896.

MY DEAR COLLEAGUE:

Since the kind visit you made us some years ago, such painful things have happened at the Villa Thuret that I have not the courage to dwell upon them. I wish to tell you of a strange occurrence, that cannot fail to interest you. It concerns a subject with which you have long busied yourself, and in which I am as interested as you.

It was on the twenty-sixth of last June that the occurrence took place, in Denain (Nord). A nun belonging to the Order of Dames de la Sainte-Union (the seat of the mother superior is in Douai, and there is a branch in Denain) had been sent to the main convent to help the sister in charge of the kitchen, who was then swamped with work. Before she left, the mother superior, who was very ill of cancer of the stomach and felt her end approaching, had asked the nun in question to promise to pray for her, and the nun had made the promise. The sick woman died sometime during the first days in May.

Five or six weeks afterward—that is to say on the twenty-sixth of the following June—this same nun, who was assisting in the washing of clothes, and who had her sleeves rolled up to the elbow, was sent down to the cellar to draw some beer. There, without her having become aware of the presence through any other sense, she saw another nun beside her, and recognized in her the mother superior who had died some weeks before. The apparition gave her bare arm a hard pinch, causing her intense pain, and said to her, "Pray, for I'm suffering." All this had taken place in less time than it takes to tell it. The poor sister, terrified, climbed the cellar stairs precipitately and dropped down on a near-by bench more dead than alive.

Those who were washing, finding that she did not return with the beer, went to see what had become of her. They found her on the bench, so agitated that she could barely tell them that she had been cruelly pinched. She showed them her arm, on which, to the stupefaction of those present, there were discovered five red marks, such as burns make. There were four on one side, and a fifth, on the other side of her arm, which was broader and deeper. This was

the place where the dead woman's thumb had pressed. It was as if an iron hand, heated in the fire until it was red, had seized the sister's arm. It was not long before blisters appeared on the parts affected.

They summoned Dr. Toison, the physician of the order, to take care of the wounded woman. After having taken a photograph of the burns, he gave directions as to what must be done to effect a cure. The places healed, leaving, however, five scars which bear witness to the reality of the accident. Dr. Toison, a distinguished practising physician, is a professor of the faculty of the Lille Charity Clinic. He is also the physician of the order in Denain.

The veracity of the persons who witnessed the occurrence cannot be doubted. Was the sister's vision subjective? But the burn was only too objective.

I submit all this to your judgment. Please allow me, dear colleague, to express my esteem, together with my best wishes for the new year.

CHARLES NAUDIN,
Member of the Institute.

The learned botanist went on to request me to ask readers of the "Petit Marseillais," to which I was sending articles on popular science from time to time, if there were those among them who had observed phenomena of the same sort which proved indubitably that a dead person may manifest himself in some way. "This," he added, "is a problem which has been asked for thousands of years, and it is truly regrettable that, in spite of so many authentic stories, there is no answer to it."

I published his letter in the "Petit Marseillais," but not until May 25, 1899, since I was swamped by too much work, and I added the following comments:

This occurrence, however strange it be, and granting that the account is absolutely true, does not lead to any *certainty*.

(1) The apparition of the dead sister may have been an hallucina-

tion. Delusive images, optical illusions occur in certain cases. Books on hallucinations are full of such cases; it would be superfluous to give any of them here.

(2) The case of the stigmata of the five fingers on the nun's bare arm is a rarer phenomenon. But autosuggestion gives rise, at times, to results of this sort, and by a recent experiment a blister was produced on a certain person's arm simply through suggestion.

This story, therefore, *does not prove* the reality of the mother superior's apparition. We do not say that the apparition did not manifest itself; we know nothing about this. There are but two possible hypotheses; the reality of the apparition on the one hand, and, on the other, hallucination and autosuggestion. As between the two hypotheses, we choose the second through preference, because it is more "scientific" and seems more natural to us.

The doubt I expressed in 1899 would seem to me, to-day, to be partially cleared away by the numerous occurrences which I have been comparing for the twenty-two years since then.¹ The probability in favor of the objective reality of these phenomena has gradually increased, in my mind; it even amounts to a certainty in absolutely characteristic cases.

More than one experience similar to that of the nun is known. There is even one other account having to do with an apparition in a cellar, appearing to some one going to get some beer. Here it is:

An old woman, now dead, had long been in service with my family. She had ended by filling the position of concierge on our estate. We had absolute confidence in her; she was a sensible woman. This is what she related. One day, when a comrade had called on her husband, the latter had sent her to the cellar to

¹ There have been cases of impressions made by phantoms on inanimate objects—tables, cloth, furniture—which cannot be attributed to autosuggestion. I have no space in which to give them here, and can only hold them in reserve for another book. Some remarkable examples will be found in *Luce e Ombra* (Dec. 1910).

get beer. When she was going upstairs she thought that she saw her dead father, most distinctly; he was going downstairs. Full of fear, she pressed back against the wall, to let this phantom pass; he did not seem to see her.¹

These impressions and spontaneous experiences which resemble one another are, assuredly, most bizarre. But, we cannot refrain from remarking, once more, that *things behave as if* the dead manifested themselves, either intentionally or for an unknown reason.

Let us record the occurrences. It is our duty.

One of the oldest and most venerable members of the Astronomical Society of France, Monsieur Louis Crémère, wrote me from Bordeaux, on March 30, 1899:

I am one of the twelve members of long standing whom you mentioned last May in your speech at the General Assembly; your books are my constant companions. Three years ago I lost a wife who had made me happy for fifty-five years. Since my misfortune I have been living in her room, surrounded by all the things which remind me of her. One evening last winter I was reading; the room was lighted by an oil lamp, with a white paper shade, which allowed a softened light to illuminate all the objects about. Suddenly, by the lateral vision well known to astronomers, I saw my dear wife in the corner that was least brightly lighted. It was a curious thing that when I looked at the vision directly, it disappeared, to my great unhappiness. I made this experiment three times. What explanation can there be?

(Letter 350.)

The writer of the letter is a scientist, possessed of perfect coolness. He did not doubt the reality of the occurrence; he simply asked himself why the apparition could be seen by oblique refraction through the crystalline, and not by di-

¹ *Annales des Sciences psychiques*, 1894, p. 272.

rect vision. In studying astronomy—when we look at the stars—we explain this peculiarity on the supposition that the retina is more fatigued and less sensitive in the center. All astronomical observers have grown aware of this peculiarity of vision.

I shall give some of the numerous accounts I received during this period. The following letter was sent me from Montbéliard, on March 26, 1899:

It was sixteen years ago, one month after my husband's death, which occurred in August, 1883. One night, when I had awakened, I heard the door of my room open; then I heard steps and saw my dead husband draw near my bed. He pressed my right side to him, very hard, without saying a single word. Astounded, I did not speak. Then he went away, and I leaned out of my bed to watch him go (this proves, absolutely that I was awake.) I heard steps again, and heard the door close once more.

Long afterward, I still felt pain in my side. I shall ask you to give only my initials in case you publish this.

C. H.

(Letter 210.)

The happenings would seem to have been noted coolly: (1) The door was opened. (2) Steps were heard. (3) The husband was seen. (4) A pain began in the wife's side. (5) The husband left. (6) The door was closed. (7) The pain in the wife's side persisted. It is difficult to suppose that there was an hallucination in this case.

The following is another account, sent me at that same period. It was mailed on April 5, 1899. I was asked to give it anonymously.

My mother and my sister—about a month after my mother's brother-in-law, our uncle, had died—were witnesses of an apparition of him. They saw this on different dates—my mother about a month after the death, and my sister fifteen days later still.

My mother saw it spontaneously, without previous warning. As for my sister, she was on this occasion alone in a room. She was astonished to hear some one walking in a hall near my mother's room. She went into the hall and found herself in the presence of the apparition, which vanished immediately. I must add that my sister had learned of the apparition seen by my mother.

L. B.

(Letter 532.)

Was this a double hallucination? We are seeking truth. Let us continue to compare examples. It seems to me that my readers will, like me, attain to certainty, if they have not already attained to it by reason of the cases given in the preceding chapters. We have already learned how varied these happenings are, and how difficult it is to interpret them.

Here is one of them, that is both indubitable and inexplicable. Dr. L. Arnoux of Guadeloupe, related it, stating that it was an experience of one of his patients, about one month after the death of the latter's wife. He wrote me:

Marie Galante, Guadeloupe,
June 18, 1899.

I was called in to render professional services to the wife; she was carried off, in forty-eight hours, by a violent fever. The husband and wife, who already had three children, had a happy home life; they were united by bonds of deep affection. Here is the husband's authentic story:

"It was about four o'clock in the morning. I was lying on a mattress about a meter away from my bed, on which I had not slept since my wife's death. I had been awake for some moments, and was smoking a cigarette which I had just lighted, when I heard the noise of steps on the stairway which ends at my room. I listened; the noise grew louder and louder; I looked in the direction from which it seemed to come. I saw my wife enter, pass rapidly between the bed and the mattress, cross the room, and kneel down before a little altar in a corner. She rose almost im-

mediately and retraced her steps, going in the direction of the stairway. As she was passing near me I stretched out my arms toward her instinctively, as if to catch her dress, and cried out, 'Louloute!' the given name by which I usually called her. But, passing me rapidly, she avoided me. 'Peace, Fernand!' she said, in imperative tones, and at once she reached the stairs, where she disappeared.

"Then I rose abruptly, went down to the ground floor by this same stairway, and went through all the rooms carefully. I found them all locked."

L. ARNOUX.

(Letter 673.)

The husband did not understand the apparition in the least, and we do not understand it any better than he. It is always easy to escape from the dilemma by using the oracular word *hallucination*. But is that an explanation of occurrences so varied? In this case, the observer was wide awake, smoking a cigarette, listening and looking closely.

Let us continue to inspect our panorama, in chronological order. The following narration concerns a reflected form, seen six weeks after death by six persons.

Mr. Charles A. W. Lett, a member of the London Military and Royal Naval Club, wrote on December 3, 1885¹:

On April 5, 1873, my wife's father, Captain Towns, died at his home in Cranbrook Rosebay, near Sydney, New South Wales. About six weeks after his death my wife went into one of the bedrooms of the house at about nine o'clock in the evening. She was accompanied by a young woman, a Miss Berthon. As they entered the room (the gas was lighted) they were surprised to see Captain Towns's image reflected on the polished surface of the cupboard. They could see half his body: his head, his shoulders, and his arms. It was not unlike a life-sized portrait. His face was pale and thin, as it had been before his death, and he

¹ *Phantasms of the Living*, II, 213. *Hallucinations télépathiques*, p. 359.

had on a gray flannel jacket in which he had been in the habit of going to bed. Surprised and half afraid, they thought at first that they were looking at the reflection of a portrait in the room; but there was nothing of the sort there.

While they were gazing at it, my wife's sister, Miss Towns, came in. Before the others had spoken to her, she cried, "Good Heavens! Look at Papa!" One of the chambermaids was passing on the stairs at that moment. She was called, and they asked her if she saw anything; her reply was, "Oh, Miss!—the master!" They sent for Graham, the captain's orderly, and he cried at once, "God preserve us, Mrs. Lett! it's the captain!" The steward was called, then Mrs. Crane, my wife's nurse, and both of them said they saw him. At length they asked Mrs. Towns to come. When she saw the apparition she went forward, her arms outstretched as though to touch it, but as she advanced, holding out her hand toward the panel in the cupboard, the likeness gradually disappeared. It was never seen afterward, though the room was often occupied.

Such were the actual circumstances; it is impossible to doubt them.

The undersigned, after having read the above account, guarantee its authenticity. Both of us witnessed the apparition.

SARA LETT.

SIBBIE SMITH (née TOWNS).

Mrs. Lett assures us that neither she nor her sister had ever had any other hallucinations. She is certain that the witnesses recognized the apparition independently, and that this recognition was due to no suggestion on the part of the persons who were in the room.

But why was there a portrait on the cupboard, and not a bodily replica? How was the image produced? What was this momentary, transcendental photography, seen by six persons? Was it a collective hallucination? A case of thought-transmission? What are these expressions but mere words?

The following account of an apparition of a dead woman, a month and a half after dissolution, was sent me from Pointe-à-Pitre, Guadeloupe, in a letter dated April 15, 1921, by Monsieur Gilbert de Chambertrand:

About 1896 my wife and my sister-in-law were living with their father, in Saint-François (Guadeloupe). A lady, a friend of the family, had been dead for about a month and a half; she was the godmother of one of the young girls; they called her "Aunt Armande." The two sisters were going to the first mass; it was about half-past five in the morning. They were going downstairs, the elder in front, when they saw a form standing at the bottom of the stairs. The elder said to her sister, "There's some one there!" They went on down to the strange form, and the younger, looking attentively, cried out, "Aunt Armande!" They collapsed from fright. A cry brought their father, but nothing more was to be seen. The lady's replica *had been seen very distinctly by the two sisters*. Her arms were crossed, her eyes bright; a veil covered her head and fell down on one side.

The apparition had remained motionless and dumb.

(Letter 4623.)

It is more and more questionable, always to attribute everything to causeless illusions. There are too many cases, without ascertainable causes.

An account of a manifestation on the part of some one dead, two months after dissolution, was given, with reservations, in that chapter of Volume II of the present work that deals with cases in which deaths were announced by physical phenomena: a brother was seen by his sister in a dream; he told her that a ring she had entrusted to him had been taken from his finger at the moment of his death. We let it be understood that the manifestation might be attributed not to the dead man but to a living person's subconscious mind. Nevertheless it cannot be proved that the man who had died had nothing to do with the dream. The

incident (page 256) should be read once more, and compared with the one just given.

As we see, these were manifestations two months after death. Here is an account of another, sent me in a letter dated May 25, 1899:

Last year, in the month of April, an uncle of my father died in Marseilles. At that period we were all living there; when we came to live here, in Luc (Var), we left my sister with her aunt, the dead man's niece. My sister had dearly loved this uncle, and, during the hours when his remains were being watched, she had made a vow to pray for him.

At this point I shall let her continue the story:

"One day (he had been dead for about two months) I was alone in the house, sewing, and my cat was lying on a chair before me. Suddenly I saw it get up, look to one side of me and spit—*pfiff!*—as it does when it is angry or when it sees strangers. At the same time I heard a barely perceptible voice say to me, '*Marie!*' I felt on my shoulder the weight and sensation of a hand pressing down hard.

"My sewing fell from my hands. I wished to get up, but the hand still gripped my shoulder. Then I thought: 'Good Heavens, it's my poor godfather who's come back to ask me to pray for him! For several days I've forgotten my usual prayer.'

"The pressure ceased as I thought this. Nevertheless, to find out whether or not the cat had spat at some one, I opened the door of the little adjoining room. There was nothing there; there was no one in the hallway. Since then I have always said a prayer for my uncle, and have felt nothing more."

I believe neither in phantoms nor in ghosts, for I know that our imagination makes us see things that do not exist. But in this case? And the cat's behavior?

MADAME H. PONTET, JR.,
Luc, Var.

This occurrence is equally inexplicable. Why are these frequent demands for prayers made?

We can see how all these phenomena concerning the dead, pile up. Here is another one, that is very strange. A doctor's mother, who had been dead for three months, made a very useful little revelation to him, in unexpected circumstances.

In 1896 the "Revue Spirite" published a letter signed "Manfred Meyer," giving a case in which a spirit's identity was established. The experiment took place at St. Paul (Brazil); hypnotism was used. The case seemed to Dr. Hodgson sufficiently worthy of notice to justify his making an investigation, the results of which were, in the main, confirmative. Here is the story as told in the "Journal of the Psychical Society," for 1898 (pages 281-295).

Dr. O. Vidigal lives in the Allée du Triomphe, with his family, consisting of his wife, his two sons, and his old father. His mother died three years ago. Since he needed a young maid-servant, he went to the bureau of immigration. There he took into his service a young Spanish girl, twelve years old. She had arrived that same day, and did not know a word of Portuguese.

The child's father had died. The same evening on which she entered Dr. Vidigal's service, the latter had a visit from Monsieur Edouard Silva, who had been born in Gibraltar, and who spoke Spanish fluently.

Monsieur Silva asked for a glass of water, and the child brought it to him. Since he was a good hypnotist, he asked her, moved by a remarkable intuition, if she would let herself be hypnotized. She consented, and, a few moments afterward, fell into a trance.

Suddenly, opening her eyes, she said that she saw exceedingly beautiful things, and asked them not to interrupt her vision. After some moments of silent contemplation she declared that she saw her own father, speaking to her, and she lifted her hand to her ear, as an ear-trumpet, to listen. Her father told her that an old lady, then present, had a communication to make to Dr. Vidigal, and she gave such an exact description of this old lady that intimates of the family recognized, in her, the doctor's dead mother. Then the lady's spirit, through the little girl as a medium, ordered

her son to go into the room in which she had lived; no one had gone into it since her death. There he would find, she said, a black silk garment hanging on the wall, and in this garment a pocket with the sum of 75,000 reis (about five hundred francs) sewed up in it; *she wished this sum to be given to her husband.*

Those who were present did not attach any great importance to this revelation, but the intimates of the family, taking into consideration the fact that the child had been with them only one day, and could not have found out what she had told them, decided to verify the thing. Dr. Vidigal had a great deal of trouble in opening the door, for the lock was rusty. He went into the room, accompanied by Dr. Silva and three persons desirous of knowing the result of the investigation. A garment of black silk was hanging on the wall, and they found in it a sewn-up pocket which contained exactly the sum indicated.

It appeared from the investigation made by Dr. Hodgson and Professor Alexander that neither the seer nor the hypnotist could have known how the dead woman looked, or anything about her clothing, and that Monsieur Silva had known Dr. Vidigal only after the latter's mother had died. They learned, too, that at the time of the old lady's death Dr. Vidigal was in financial difficulties, and that he had barely been able to meet the funeral expenses. This is an important point, for one may well imagine that if he had known of the existence of this money, he would not have left it where it was.

Here are Dr. Hodgson's conclusions:

"We could admit that there was thought-transmission on Dr. Vidigal's part had Françoise (the seer) merely confined herself to descriptions of things of a physical nature, such as the dead woman's person and the clothes which she had worn on her death-bed. But in the case of the designated sum, sewed into a pocket, we are obliged to admit that the dead woman alone knew of this, and that the revelation came, at least in part, from this disembodied entity."

Can we accuse a child less than two years old of imagining things that have no real existence, and concede that there

was an hallucination, without external cause, in the following visual impression? We are concerned with the spontaneous apparition of the child's grandmother, who had been dead for three months. The account given was sent in by Monsieur Gabard, parish priest of Saint-Aubin.¹ The parents are speaking:

On Sunday, January 12, 1891, about six o'clock in the evening, Ernest, our little boy, aged twenty-three months and twelve days, was on his father's knee in the chimney-corner, in the kitchen. He began to wriggle, and cried: "Lady! Up there! Lady!" He got down and climbed the stairs which led to the upper room, above the kitchen. We followed him with a candle, greatly puzzled. As soon as he reached the second floor, he ran to the bed in which his grandmother had died three months and a half before, on September 26, 1890. Since he did not see her, he went all around the room looking for her. At last he saw her at the window and ran to her, crying: "Lady! Grandmamma! Oh, pretty lady!"—smiling, stretching out his little arms to take her in them. When he reached the window, the vision, it would seem, moved to the corner of the room, where he followed it, but without being able to seize it. Finally it moved to the window, where it vanished. There he made signs to it; spoke to it: "Good-by. Oh, pretty Grandmamma . . . Gone . . . Don't see any more; let's go away"—all this in his childish language, so easily understood.

The next day he went up again several times without seeing anything. In the afternoon of the day following that, he went up, carried by his mother. He looked about for some time; at length he saw her, for about five minutes, and greeted her once more: "How d'y' do, Grandmamma! Oh, pretty Grandmamma!"

Ernest was nineteen and a half months old when his grandmother died. He loved her dearly. He had never seen her except in the bed in which she died after eight months of a long and very cruel illness. Ernest is neither more nervous nor more intelligent than other children of his age. When he was asked where his grandmother was, he used to answer that she had gone

¹ *Annales des Sciences psychiques*, 1894, p. 7.

to heaven, without knowing what that meant. She had not been mentioned for several days before the manifestation.

BRÉMOND (JOSEPH).

MADAME BRÉMOND.

Monsieur Gabard adds that, according to the factory records, Ernest Brémont was born on February 8, 1889, and that the widow Chardonneau, his grandmother, died on September 26, 1890. He obtained the above information from the Brémonts' own lips; they signed the account. "I declare," he states, "on my honor, that I believe them incapable (knowing them well) of distorting in any way what they believe to be the truth. The husband is a hired farm laborer; the wife is a dealer in groceries, with a family of children. Both are little given to flights of the imagination."

Here is another occurrence; this, too, took place during the first year after death. The following communication was sent me from Algiers on April 27, 1921:

DEAR MASTER:

Since I was twenty I have been an assiduous reader of your books! I am now sixty. I had not felt that I dared write you, but I have been assured that you will read my letter.

My husband died five years ago. I left my apartment, sold everything, and went to the home of one of my sons. Three months after my husband's death I had returned from the country, where I had spent a day; there I had hardly thought of my husband at all. I went to bed; it was dark in the room. With my eyes open, I saw my husband before me, in a suit of clothes which he had worn out a long time before. His expression was mild and calm; it was as though his face were lighted up. His features were not bright, but were clear and distinct and seemed unsubstantial. I asked myself if it were really he. He bent over and kissed me. "This is an illusion," I told myself. I also perceived an odor of menthol (when he was alive, he always had a stick of it with him, because he suffered from headaches). Again I thought that this could not be possible. Mechanically I passed my tongue over

my lips and tasted something slightly bitter; I did not know whether or not it was the taste of the menthol. "Is that really you?" I asked. Slowly he vanished. I have not seen him since, and have rarely dreamed about him.

Was this an illusion? I have never had any others.

V. SCHWARTZ.

(Letter 4472.)

It would seem that if these were hallucinations, people would have more than one of them in their lives. This inexplicable occurrence took place three months after dissolution.

We may suppose that the dead husband thought of his wife with intensity, and that his thought was transmitted in the simplest and most direct way possible. The following transmission, also several months after death, took quite another form; that of sound. The account was sent me from Crest, Drôme, on August 26, 1921.

My grandfather, Monsieur Vertupier (former Assistant Paris Postmaster, in retirement in Crest (Drôme) had been dead for some months.

I was about eight years old at the time. After his retirement my grandfather had been accustomed—in order that he might remain active and keep his limbs in condition—to taking a simple sort of gymnastic exercise, when he got out of bed. This consisted of walking to and fro in his room, stretching out his arms and drawing them in as he inhaled and exhaled. I had seen him, more than twenty times, taking this exercise, and had very often heard the sound of his Turkish slippers sliding over the floor, dragging a little.

Some months after his death (I could give you the date, if it would interest you) I was in his suite of rooms, in which we had lived ever since he died. It was six o'clock on a winter evening. I was in the dining-room; it was divided off from my grandfather's bedroom by an open door, before which curtains hung. I was reading a book for children, "*Les belles images*."

I was reading this, and thinking of nothing else, when I heard *very distinctly*, in the adjoining room, the slippers treading the floor rhythmically, just as my grandfather used to do. A mad terror came over me, and I wished to call my mother, but could not; the steps drew near the curtain which divided the rooms. My mother came up at that moment, and I fled away with her, but without daring to tell her what had happened. It was only the next morning, in broad daylight, that I told her of it, weeping, but she thought it merely a childish story, and paid no attention to it.

Since reaching an age of reflection (I am now thirty) I have gone over that evening, in memory, and I *am absolutely certain* that I again heard this noise, which had so often reached my ears.

R. MARCELLIN,

(Letter 4632.)

Crest.

Always to attribute these impressions to ingenuous illusions leads to no satisfactory hypothesis. The narrator heard the noises. Where did they come from? Was it a continuation of the grandfather's habits in his apartment? What an odd idea! Happenings of the same sort have been observed for centuries—among others, that concerning the parish priest in Sentenac (page 218). Here is another experience, which reminds us of several similar ones, equally incomprehensible:

A member of the K—— family, living in the village of Bischheim, near Strasburg, had been drafted into the German Army and was killed by a bursting shell, at Verdun. About six months after his death, his body was brought to Bischheim, to be buried in the cemetery. At two o'clock the corpse, which was at the railway station, was taken from the baggage-car and put into the hearse. A certain number of relatives had gathered, to be with the young widow, in the deceased man's house. Suddenly, just when the body was being placed in the hearse, a decorative plate which the dead man had hung on the wall several years before, when he and his wife were setting up housekeeping, was thrown violently and obliquely; it fell to the floor. Those present were

deeply agitated, for they had the impression that an invisible hand had seized the plate and hurled it.

(Letter 4100.)

This may have been mere chance. But, confronted with the simple incident, we may also think that the poor dead soldier's soul was the cause of it. When the worthy workman had arranged the decorations in his home, he had been interested in ornamenting his dining-room with a row of plates. He set great store by those plates, it seems. His body was brought back; it was about to be carried to the graveyard. He took up one of the plates and threw it to the floor. This was a strange idea, we think. Why this expression of discontent? Perhaps we understand it only too well. It was commonplace, it was vulgar, it was all that we like to say of it. But that is what happened. Doubtless the dead man had in the other world the same mentality as in this life. That must be more or less the case with every one.

On May 25, 1899, I received the following letter from Marseilles:

Allow me to tell you, for your instructive investigations, of something that happened to me personally.

I am forty-two years old. I was brought up in a religious atmosphere; unfortunately for me, I lost my faith as a result of the misfortunes without number which have afflicted me for many years—and are still afflicting me without truce or mercy. I scarcely believe any longer. But I am bringing up my child as I myself was brought up, happy to see in him the faith and the religious feeling which were the joy of my youth.

I have, therefore, no prejudices; I suggest no explanation; on the contrary, I shall analyze, coldly, what follows:

Ten years ago, at two o'clock in the morning, my father died, suddenly, in my arms. All the proper religious observances were complied with, and masses—though not in sufficient numbers, perhaps—were said for him.

One night, at two o'clock, six months afterward, my wife and I were awakened by a lively scratching in the bed-curtains.

Then every night, at the same hour, the scratching began again, each time in a different place in the room.

Every night I would get up and light the gas, but I could find nothing.

I had the upholsterer come. The bed was taken to pieces,—both the hangings and the top covering,—for I thought mice might be in it. But not a trace of anything was found.

On those same nights, at the same hour, my mother, who was living on our estate, was awakened by the beating of wings in her room.

It goes without saying that there was no trace of anything there, either.

We thought of my father, and had masses said, and since then we have never heard anything more.

I must add this detail: whenever I was awakened, it was always at two o'clock in the morning.

I must add, too, that on the second or third night on which we were awakened, my wife thought of my father and confided her thoughts to me. Immediately, without the slightest fear, I said aloud, "Papa, if that's you, speak or appear to us." The noise ceased at once.

So far as I am concerned (my coolness is said to be extraordinary), I have no doubts as to this manifestation. I am very sure that there was no autosuggestion on my part, for I analyzed my impressions at the moment when I had them.

This took place in Bordeaux, in 1889.

My name is for you alone.

A. T.

(Letter 702.)

This strange manifestation, which took two forms, leads us to admit:

- (1) That the narrator's father survived after death.
- (2) That his Catholic beliefs persisted after his death.
- (3) That he grew quiet when these beliefs were respected.

It is our duty to record such happenings in all frankness. We shall explain them later—if we can.

The following communication, of the same sort, was sent me from Russia, on June 12, 1899:

In 1847 I had gone with my husband to the home of my cousin, who had just bought a farm. And since a great many of his relatives had gone that day to felicitate him, and there was not enough room, beds for my husband and me had been placed in the parlor. About three o'clock in the morning I awakened, gradually, and saw a gentleman in the middle of the room. That happened more than forty years ago, and I can still see his face clearly! The gentleman—who was unknown to me—said: "I died in this room; I need your prayers; pray to the Holy Virgin for the repose of my soul. My name is Jean."

It is astonishing that I was not in the least afraid. I got down on my knees at once, to pray. My husband, who was sleeping in the same room, saw nothing and heard nothing, but he saw me praying. After the prayer I fell asleep again, quietly.

The next day when I questioned my cousin, he told me that a gentleman named Jean (I forget his family name) had died there.

Two days afterward the deceased man's widow, who lived twelve versts away, came to tell us that on the same night on which I had prayed she had dreamed that her dead husband asked her to come and thank me for my prayer. I must add that the lady was unknown to me.

I am, sir, seventy-three years old; at my age people tell only the simple truth. I should not dare to write you if the occurrence were not authentic and if it had not remained in my memory during my whole life.

(Letter 668.)

HELENE DANITOVITCH,
Tyraspol, Russia.

It is indeed difficult to deny that the deceased man (unknown to the narrator) appeared in the death-chamber.

These demands for prayers continue to surprise me. But it is only honest to tell of them here.

Monsieur Moreillon, an architect (102 rue Réaumur), gave Monsieur Vetter the following account:

A young man had been brought up in Alsace by his grandmother (his parents had died young), whom he had lost when he was anywhere from twenty to twenty-five years old. From that time on, he lived in his grandmother's room; it contained, among other pieces of furniture, an arm-chair in which she had loved to sit. One night, several months afterward, she appeared to him, seated in this arm-chair. He rubbed his eyes, struck a light, and saw her for a moment more. Then he noticed that his dog, whose favorite bed the arm-chair was, was not in it. He ended by discovering him hidden under the bed, and trembling all over. Never again did the dog jump up into the arm-chair.

The story given below is still stranger.

An estimable correspondent had told me that a nun—the head of a Home for Aged Men—had, personally, both seen and heard an apparition of some one dead, under conditions indicative of authenticity, which rendered the case worthy of special attention. As a result I went to this Home, that I might speak directly to the nun, and be able to judge, as exactly as possible, of the impressions which she might have had. Here is what she told me, asking me not to give her name, or that of her order:

I only told it to the priest, and I'm astonished that the story of it has spread. It didn't happen here, but in a convent in the North, where I was several years ago.

It was half-past nine in the morning. I had taken charge of the children, and had just left them. When I drew near the iron fence surrounding the convent I noticed that the entrance gate was open. I went to close it, and, reaching it, I saw a priest leaning against it. He was poorly dressed; in his hand he held a stick, made of the branch of a tree, and a little bag, like a

beggar. He also had in his hand a large yellow checked handkerchief. Surprised by this costume, I asked him what he wished.

"I'd like a mass," he answered.

"There are no more masses at the convent at this hour," I replied, "but if you go to the church, you might perhaps hear one."

Then I went with him down the three steps at the entrance, and, leading him along the iron fence, I pointed out the most direct road to the church. While talking, there in the bright light, I looked at his garments more closely. He did not wear any band, but a little collar, and had on glasses; he was gazing at me from beneath them. Suddenly his features, the glasses, the collar, and the checked handkerchief reminded me of the father superior of our order, who had died six months before. Then I pointed to the road he must take, looking in that direction. When I turned toward him again I did not see him: he had disappeared!

We still think of hallucinations; hallucinations of the eyes, the ears—or, rather, of the brain. But the witness assured me that she was absolutely cool, in very good health, not imaginative, and that she had *seen clearly*.

"The idea that our dead father superior had stood before me struck me with such force," she said, "that I scarcely had the strength to stand erect. The sisters asked me, when I reached them, if I were ill. I am convinced that it was he whom I saw."

"Have you ever had *any other hallucination?*"

"Never. Besides, you can see that I'm a healthy woman, with normal mental balance. That I was the dupe of an illusion—it's a most fantastic theory. This presence lasted for about three minutes. I was thinking neither of our dead father superior nor of anything that might have affected my imagination. And at first this priest seemed to me like a beggar, and that astonished me. I didn't lose my presence of mind for a single instant. I was as calm as I am now.

It was only afterward that I realized he did n't want to go to a mass, but to have one said for him."

"Did you have one said?"

"The next morning—and more than one. His was a soul from purgatory, in need of prayers."

Such was the nun's story. It seems to me that her position would justify us in considering it perfectly sincere. These apparitions seem to us more and more clearly defined, as we examine a succession of them. Nevertheless the dead man was not there, with glasses, with his checked handkerchief and his garments.

The occurrence challenges explanation. Here is another.

The protective visit of a dead mother to her little boy is described in the following story, which has all the earmarks of indubitable authenticity. The mother manifested herself six months after her death. The account was furnished by the Rev. C. Jupp, head of the Alberlour Orphan-Asylum in Craigellachie.¹

In 1875 a man died, leaving a wife and six children. The three eldest were taken into the orphan-asylum. Three years afterward the widow died also, and friends raised the money to send the other children there. The youngest was four years old. Rather late one evening, six months after these children had been admitted to the asylum, some visitors arrived suddenly. The superintendent consented to sleep on a bed placed in the children's dormitory: it contained ten beds, nine of which were occupied.

At breakfast one morning the superintendent told the following story: "So far as I can remember, I fell asleep about eleven o'clock, and slept soundly for a time. Suddenly I awakened, without any apparent reason; I felt an urge to turn toward the children. Lifting my eyes, I saw a soft light in the room. The gas in the hallway had been turned low, and as the door to the

¹ This account first appeared in June, 1883, in the orphan-asylum's annual report, and was published in *Hallucinations télépathiques*, p. 360. It is absolutely authentic.

dormitory was open, I thought that the light was coming from there, but such was not at all the case. I turned, and saw something surprising.

"Above the second bed, against the wall, and on the same side of the room on which I was, there was floating a small cloud of light, forming a halo as bright as the moon on an ordinary moon-light night.

"I sat up in bed, to examine the strange apparition. I took up my watch, and noted that the hands stood at five minutes to one. All was still, and all the children were sleeping soundly. In the bed above which the light seemed to float was sleeping the youngest of the children previously mentioned.

"I asked myself, 'Am I dreaming?' No, I was wide awake. I thought I would get up and touch the substance, or whatever it was (for, taking it as a whole, it was five feet high), but something held me back. I heard nothing, but I felt and understood, perfectly, these words: 'Stay in bed; no harm will come to you.' It was not long before I went to sleep, and I got up at half-past five, as was my habit.

"About six o'clock I began to dress the children, commencing with the bed farthest from mine. I reached the bed over which I had seen the light floating. I lifted the little boy up, put him on my knee, and drew his clothes on. The child had just been talking with the others; suddenly he grew silent. Then, looking me full in the face, with an extraordinary expression, he said: 'Oh, Mr. Jupp, my mother came to me last night. Did you see her?' For a moment, I could not answer him. I thought that it was better not to speak at all of that, and said: 'Come! Let's hurry, or we'll be late for breakfast.'"

Never again did the child speak of this vision, we were assured, and neither did any one speak of it to him. The superintendent of the orphanage acknowledges, simply, that there is a mystery in it, to him. He has recorded the occurrence, and there the thing stands. He is virtually certain of having given, without a single mistake, an account of what he still remembers very exactly.

In short, we have here two wholly separate experiences: that of the head of the institution, and that of the child.

How can we doubt the reality of the phenomenon? Does it not offer us testimony concerning a mother's love for her child, six months after her death?

The head of the orphan-asylum had told the story to his wife, who made this reply on the occasion of the Psychical Society's investigation: "I certify that this account is exact; that it was given me on the morning after the incident." The story was then told to the bishop, and to other persons.

I am classifying the occurrence among the "Manifestations" rather than among the "Apparitions." But, although it is a trifle indefinite, it must be recorded and its value determined.

Frank Podmore, too, published it in his book "Apparitions and Thought-Transference"; he regarded it as a telepathic hallucination. Nevertheless one cannot see, at all, that there was any thought-transmission in the manifestation. Thought-transmission on whose part? On the part of the head of the orphanage? Nothing would indicate this. Of the sleeping child? He may have dreamed of his mother, but the light irradiating the room? "There was floating a small cloud of light forming a halo as bright as the moon on an ordinary moonlight night." No, this is not an explanation; let us not try to push classification so far.

In the course of a lecture made before the London Spiritual Alliance, General Dryson told of the following experience:

It happened many years ago. One morning I received a telegram announcing the death of an excellent friend of mine, a clergyman from the North of England. On that same day I made a visit to a lady who claimed to possess the faculty of seeing spirits and talking with them! When I reached her home I was given over to thoughts of my reverend friend. After some moments of conversation with the lady, I asked her if she did not see a spirit near me who had just left this world. She answered that she did see one, who had died very recently. I thought it

must be the clergyman. But the lady told me that the apparition was in military uniform, and had told her that he had died a violent death. She gave me his Christian name and his family name, and, besides these, a nickname by which not I alone, but also several other of his brothers in arms, had been accustomed to call him. I questioned her, wishing for fuller details as to his death. She replied that his head had been cut off, and his body thrown into a canal; that this had happened in the Orient, but not in India. Now, I had not seen this officer for three years, and the last news that I had had of him was that he was in Hindustan.

After this visit I went to Woolwich for information. I learned, in this way, that the officer in question had really been in India, but that he had left for China. Some weeks later the news arrived that he had been taken prisoner by the Chinese.

A large sum was offered as a ransom; but he was never found.

Long years afterward I met, in India, this officer's brother. I asked him if anything had ever been learned as to his brother's death. He told me that his father had gone to China, and that he had, in that country, come upon proof that a Tartar chief, furious at the loss of one of his friends, had ordered the officer's head cut off, on the banks of a canal into which his body had been thrown.

I agree with Metzger that in this case suggestion must be, of necessity, eliminated, as well as thought-transmission. The general was not thinking of the officer, and knew nothing of what had happened. It is equally plain that the subconscious had nothing to do with the case.

Manifestations of the dead are not so rare as people believe. My fellow-countryman Count A. de M—— (he asked me not to give his name) told me of a certain number of cases which occurred in his family. He guaranteed their authenticity. I shall select only the following one, since it belongs in this chapter, holding the others in reserve for a later book:

My cousin Baroness de M—— was living in Paris. Some months after the death of her son René she was coming home, after visiting friends. It was broad daylight. She entered the drawing-room, her mind perfectly calm, and saw her son seated in an arm-chair before the fireplace. She fled, and never again entered that drawing-room.

Let us end this chapter with the following experience, a manifestation one year after death. It was published in the "Revista de Ciencias Psíquicas" of Caracas, in November, 1913.¹

Dr. Cabral, head of "El Atheneu Brasileiro," relates that he had taken care of a poor, deserted girl named Déolinda, who had died of consumption. Some time afterward the doctor had accepted the hospitality of his friend, Monsieur Barbosa de Andrade, who lived in a rather out-of-the-way place. Monsieur Andrade's sister had just fallen so seriously ill that it was necessary to look after her during the night.

This is the doctor's story:

One night, when I had finished my rounds, I was so tired that I went to bed. Two sisters, Mesdames Ana and Felicia Diaz, took my place at the invalid's bedside.

I had scarcely stretched myself out on my bed when I was pervaded by an intense feeling of well-being. I could not account for this sensation. Soon I had an impression that some object was touching my head, as though some one were wrapping me up in something. Astonished at this feeling, I called to the two ladies who were on duty in the next room. Madame Felicia Diaz said to me: "I see a young girl, dressed in white, at the head of your bed; she's putting a wreath of roses on your forehead. She says that her name is Déolinda, and that she has come to show her gratitude for the generosity with which you cared for her."

I was greatly astonished by this statement. I recalled the fact that it was the anniversary of Déolinda's death; neither I nor any

¹ *Annales des Sciences psychiques*, 1909, p. 166, and 1914, p. 125.

one else had thought of this. I had never spoken to any one in that house of what I had done for Déolinda.

DR. CABRAL.

This account is hereby confirmed by the following signatures: Manuel Barbosa de Andrade, Madame Emilia Barbosa de Andrade, Madame Ana Inès Diaz Fortes.

How shall we explain this manifestation of a dead woman? Was it a waking dream? But, if we accept this hypothesis, why the shade, the wreath of roses? Did the deceased woman transmit her thoughts?

Professor Alexander, the recorder of the occurrence, states that, according to the declarations of members of the Barbosa family, no one knew of the story concerning Déolinda. He adds that Madame Felicia was endowed with very pronounced mediumistic faculties. (Proceedings of the Society for Psychological Research, Volume X, page 385.)

This case was taken from Professor Sidgwick's "Inquiry as to Hallucinations." Myers, Frank Podmore, Mrs. Sidgwick, and Miss Alice Johnson were his collaborators. Here are the deductions of this committee:

If one wishes to exclude the possibility of any real intervention on Déolinda's part, one must assume: (1) that Dr. Cabral remembered subconsciously that that day was the anniversary of the young girl's death; (2) that the memory gave rise in him, through association, to his feeling of happiness and his tactile sensations, without, however, influencing his conscious memory; (3) that the subconscious recollection was transmitted, telepathically, to the lady who saw the deceased. Let us acknowledge that this triple hypothesis seems forced and artificial beyond all measure, and that a small number of similar cases, as precisely substantiated as this, lead us to grant the reality of manifestations after death.

Such are the posthumous manifestations observed during the first year after death. They have been selected from a

large number of others. Let us also read of those still farther removed from the date of dissolution. They grow more and more infrequent.

IX

MANIFESTATIONS AND APPARITIONS DURING THE SECOND THIRD, AND FOURTH YEARS AFTER DEATH

The great discoveries are born of the
precise observation of unexpected phe-
nomena.

AS we draw farther away from the hour of death, manifestations and apparitions grow rarer. In all the preceding chapters I have been obliged to eliminate a great many accounts, in order that I might not further increase the number of pages, a number already large. From this point on we shall not be so swamped. I shall bring, in the same order, the principal occurrences to my readers' attention, still without prejudice and with but one object: our enlightenment. I shall give the accounts exactly as I received or came upon them, without explanatory hypotheses. The hypotheses will come afterward. The manifestations which follow occurred from one to three years after death.

The first, observed one year after dissolution, was accompanied by an analytical statement which substantiated it, a statement which would seem to eliminate any possibility of hallucination or illusion. The account was sent me from Paris, on April 7, 1921.

My maternal grandfather, a devout and loyal man, adored his wife. He was extremely jealous where she was concerned.

He died in 1895.

About one year afterward my parents, who had gone to call on my grandmother, found her in tears. They asked her the rea-

son. "Yesterday evening," she told them, "I was sitting in my arm-chair. Lifting my eyes to the glass door, I saw my poor Henri [this was her husband's name]. He gazed at me fixedly, then passed on, smoking a cigarette; I could see its glow distinctly. Terrified by the vision, I sat motionless. Then, suddenly, he went by again, in the opposite direction, and always at the same gait, as though he were walking. I rushed after him, calling to him: the hallway was empty, though brightly lighted, and the door to it was locked."

In vain my parents tried to persuade her that she had been the victim of an hallucination; she would not admit this. "I *saw* him," she said, "as distinctly as I see you."

It had been my grandfather's habit in the evening to walk up and down in the hallway which ran the length of the apartment, while his wife was busy with household duties. When he left his study he usually wore a work-jacket and a skullcap. It was in this costume that he appeared to her.

On another occasion my grandmother saw her dead husband in a dream; he spoke to her roughly, and gripped her arm with force. The pain awakened her: she wept, and suffered as before. The pain in her arm persisted; in the morning an extremely large bruise could be seen upon it, *as though something solid really had gripped it*.

According to my parents, my grandmother did not have strength enough to make such a serious bruise; moreover, there was no trace of finger-marks. They would have been there in the normal course of things if she herself had pinched her arm while asleep. On the other hand, the hypothesis of a blow received accidentally must be ruled out.

I must add that before this experience my grandmother, although of a nervous temperament, was in no way inclined to a belief in the supernatural, and would never have admitted that occurrences of this sort could take place.

As regards the first case, the phenomenon would seem to have been only visual. No one thought of asking her if it had been auditory as well (the sound of steps) and olfactory (the odor of tobacco). It would appear, however, that in this case my grandmother would not have omitted to mention such a thing. She died

in 1918; this is, therefore, a point which cannot be cleared up.

As to the second case, the objection may be raised that a nervous invalid, during an attack, has a strength incomparably greater than this same invalid's strength in a normal state. My grandmother never had any nervous disorder.

However that may be, there was no question, in the first case, of a vaporous apparition in the darkness; we are concerned with an opaque, material presence, occupying a given space and seen in perspective, and *in a bright light*.

I cannot end this letter, dear Master, without telling you how much we venerate you and your work, in our home, and how many times we have found in it interest, courage, and consolation.

For twenty years my father has been buying your books; they have the place of honor in his library. This is enough to show you that I have been brought up under your mental guidance, and have spent nights reading your books. I wish to express my gratitude.

What I have said will also serve to give you assurance of the authenticity of the occurrences here related. I authorize you to make unrestricted use of them.

Allow me to express, etc.

HENRI LABOUR.

(Letter 4426.)

This letter was accompanied by the parents' attestation:

We certify that the preceding account is exact, and we share our son's feelings.

L. LABOUR.

JEANNE LABOUR (née DELPEUCH).

There is no need for me to remark, for my readers' benefit, that if I gave the end of this letter, it was simply, as in similar cases, to bring out the fact that these accounts are absolutely sincere, and do not warrant our doubting the reality of the occurrences. We must concern ourselves merely with their interpretation. We must ask ourselves, at the outset, if the first vision were not a sort of waking dream.

But all that the narrator saw was seen in a bright light, and she ran after the phantom. The stigma which followed the dream in which she saw her husband and felt the pressure of his hand would indicate that, in this case, an extremely violent pressure was exerted. It would seem admissible to me that the deceased was the real cause of the pressure. Not that he came back, either the first time, smoking a cigarette and with a skullcap on (this would have no meaning) or the second time, when he grasped her arm, but that he projected his thoughts toward her; thoughts which gave rise to images, through psychic energy. This manifestation was less sharply defined than those figuring in the photographs of phantoms which we shall have occasion to discuss, but it too was caused by the deceased communicating, in thought, with his wife.

The hypothesis of an hallucination is easy to put forward, but it has not in the least been proved satisfactory. In the following case this hypothesis would not seem even admissible, since the witness was totally unprepared.

An account of the apparition of a young girl who had been dead for a year, was sent me from Sestri Ponente, Italy, in a letter dated July 22, 1899, by Monsieur Giuseppe Cavagnaro; he took an oath that it was true. This young girl, who had died at eighteen, was seen crossing certain rooms, not only by the narrator but by other occupants of the house. The observer was calm; there are no grounds for the hypothesis of an hallucination.

Here is the letter:

I was eighteen years old and was a student in Genoa, where I was living in my father's home. One morning, about seven o'clock, while I was turning the pages of a Greek book, I heard a noise like that of a door being opened. I looked up and saw a young girl, in her chemise, coming out of the kitchen. She was tall, white-skinned, and beautiful, with long dark-brown hair which fell in curls down her back. She passed me, looking at me and almost smiling, then

entered my father's room, opening the door and closing it noisily. I was astounded, and said to myself, "I'd like to find out who she is and why she's here."

About ten minutes afterward my father came out of this same room and, as was his custom, went into the kitchen to wash his face and hands. At once I ran into the room which he had just left, but found no one there. I looked everywhere: under the cupboard, where, as a matter of fact, no one could have hidden because the shelves were so low; under the bed, which was very low—not even a child could have got beneath it. I also opened the drawers! I looked behind the chairs and in all the corners; in a word, I sought everywhere. It would have been impossible for the young girl to escape by the window, for we were living on the fifth floor, in an isolated street, 4 Via Edera.

When my father came back, after washing his face and hands, I told him what had happened. At once we ran to the stairway, to search it carefully, and could find nothing. My father was obliged to unbolt the street door, which was still locked. The concierge assured us that no one had either entered or gone out. Then we went to a neighbor who lived opposite us, Manzini, a lawyer, and told him of the occurrence. To our great surprise, he was not at all astonished by our story, recognizing, from my description of her, *a young girl of eighteen, who had died a year before* in my father's room, which I had seen her enter. He added that I was not the only one who had seen her, and that a whole family, which had lived in the house before us, *had been obliged to give up that apartment* because of these apparitions, which had frightened all those who had witnessed them.

I affirm under oath that what I have told you is the exact truth.

C. CAVAGNARO.

(Letter 767.)

The investigation made for me on the spot proved to me the authenticity of this account. It was proved as indubitably as the fact that Madame Brentano threw herself from a window in a Milan Street, as Prince Troubetzkoy related to me ("At the Moment of Death," page 236).

I confess that, after making every allowance, I am more

and more astonished by the denials of those who contradict everything.

Has the testimony of persons belonging to the lower classes of society the same value as that of cultivated persons? This is the question which the narrator of the following observation put to me. The story was told her by her charwoman.

One midsummer day, about three or four o'clock in the afternoon, this woman was sewing. She states that she saw her father, who had been dead for about a year, pass before her. He went into an adjoining room, where the store of wood for the winter was kept. She ran after him. Although she knew he was dead, she was so sure of having seen him that she looked into the little room into which he had gone, but saw no one there. She was not thinking of her father at the moment of this apparition, and affirmed positively that she had seen him as distinctly as one sees a person of flesh and blood, when that person stands before one. She even remembers that he carried a cane in his hand, and had on a brown suit.

BERTHE LIEBMANN,
Paris.

(Letter 308.)

When we see dead persons in our dreams and talk with them, this mental illusion proves nothing. The most incongruous and absurd situations arise in the course of dreams. But our normal waking state is different. Why should not this observation on the part of a charwoman be as valuable as that of a savant, of a scholar, of an artist, if this person has a calm disposition and good sense that is proof against illusions? Moreover, why are observations of this sort so numerous?

The foregoing narrations would lead us to think that dead persons return to their former abodes. They may think of these abodes without really coming back. We may, on the other hand, see in such cases only mental images or hallucinations, but we must beware of solutions that are too easy.

Thus we might see in the following impression an optical and auditory illusion. But the percipient was a child five or six years old, who did not, probably, at the time of this experience, have much imagination. On the other hand, we know of rather a large number of similar manifestations on the part of dead persons who continued their former habits. An account of the following phenomenon was sent me by Mademoiselle Eve Cabot, from Montpellier, on April 27, 1920. It bears the number 4134, on my records of psychic occurrences.

When I was five or six years old, I was living in the country, with my grandmother. We slept in the same bed. One morning, when I waked up, I saw my grandfather, who had been dead for a year. He was sighing as he walked from one window to another. I was not in the least frightened. In this same way my grandfather came back several times. My grandmother used to say to me, again and again, that what I had told her was meaningless, but I heard my mother tell her that my visions corresponded to my grandfather's former habits. He had almost ruined himself by building the house in which we were living, and he used often to go from one window to another, sighing.

As we said a short time ago, a large number of happenings of this sort would lead us to think that the dead continue the habits peculiar to them when they were alive. Is this strange and inexplicable circumstance enough to make us reject these happenings? Would it not be better to try to explain them?

We shall read now of a posthumous anniversary. I received the following letter from Port-Louis, Ile Maurice, on May 4, 1899:

When I was twenty I celebrated my birthday with my brother-in-law, who was passing through this city; his age was exactly double mine. It was on December 13, 1874. Ever since that time

we have continued to celebrate our birthday together. My brother-in-law died in October, 1897, about two months before his sixty-third birthday. I did not celebrate that birthday alone, for I was very sad. At the close of 1898, I did not think of our birthday. This is all the stranger from the fact that I cannot remember forgetting this date on any other occasion in my life. In the course of the night of December 12th-13th—I do not know at what hour—I saw my brother-in-law distinctly, while asleep. His features were clearly defined. I did not see him as though in a dream, but as though it were broad daylight. He seemed a little older, as he might well have, after one or two years. When I awakened in the morning, this experience seemed very odd to me. It was only in the course of the day that I thought of the date and remembered that it was my forty-fourth anniversary. I must add that there was a very close intimacy between us.

I had never had any vision such as that since my brother-in-law's death.

RÉGIS DE CHAZAL,
Manufacturing Engineer.

(Letter 654.)

We are free to seek every possible explanation. Could the narrator's subconscious mind have perceived what his conscious mind did not? But have we a right to deny the influence of the deceased brother-in-law? It was a year and a half after his death. If we wished to interpret the dream in a literal spirit, we should conclude that the dead man's soul was not free to manifest itself two months after death, but was able to do so fourteen months afterward.

We read in Volume II (page 122) of a mother who manifested herself one year after her death, and asked her daughter to go, despite her fatigue, to the religious ceremonies at the anniversary of her death. Was this not a mere reflection of the daughter's thought? She had been particularly busy in preparing for the ceremony. Let us never lose sight of the fact that we are far from knowing the whole extent of human faculties. It was on account of consideration such as this that

the occurrence just mentioned was given in Volume II, and not here.

The following is an account of a ghost, distinctly seen and closely scrutinized by the observer. The witness himself wrote out the story of it.¹

In 1880 I succeeded my predecessor as librarian. I had never seen him, nor any photograph or portrait of him. People may have spoken to me about him and about his appearance, but that was all. One evening in March, 1884, I had remained in the library until rather late, and was working, alone. Suddenly I realized that I should miss my train if I did not hurry. It was then fifty-five minutes past ten, and the last train left at five minutes past eleven. I rose hastily, took up some books in one hand and the lamp in the other, then went out through a hallway. As my lamp lighted up this hallway I perceived a man at the other end, and it occurred to me at once that a burglar had broken in—a thing that was not impossible. Instantly I went back to the room I had just left, put down the books, took up a revolver, held my lamp behind me and again went along the hallway to a corner where it seemed to me that the burglar might have hidden himself, in order to make his way, from that point, into the main room. But I could find no one, and saw only the room, lined with shelves of books. Several times I shouted to the intruder to show himself, hoping that my call would be heard by a policeman. Then I saw him again. I noted that he seemed to be examining the shelves of books. His head was bald, colorless; his eye-sockets were very sunken. I went toward him. He was an old man with high shoulders. He swayed from side to side as he gazed at the books; he continued to look at them, turning his back to me. With a dragging step he left the shelves and made his way silently toward the door of a little lavatory opening on the room in which the books were, a lavatory which had no other door. I followed the man into it, and, to my great surprise, found no one. I examined the window (it measured about fourteen by eighteen inches), and found it securely locked. I opened it and looked out. Outside was a pit ten feet deep; no one could have got out of it unaided. He could not have escaped.

¹ Frank Podmore, *Apparitions and Thought-Transference*, p. 427.

Deeply mystified, I admit that I began to have, for the first time, what might be called "a feeling of supernatural fear." I left the library and found that I had missed my train.

The next morning I told my story to a clergyman of that region, who, when he heard my description, replied, "Why, that's the old librarian!" Soon afterward I was shown a portrait of my predecessor; the resemblance was very striking. The deceased had lost all his hair, his eyebrows, and his eyelashes; he had, if I remember rightly, been the victim of an explosion. He had high shoulders, and walked with a waddling gait.

Later inquiry proved he had died at about the time of year at which I saw the figure.

After telling this story, Mr. Podmore admits quite frankly that to account for it by the hypothesis of thought-transmission "has seemed to some extravagant." But, all the same, he will not abandon this theory. In the course of the discussion he cites Gurney's reflections in the second volume of "Phantasms of the Living" (Volume II, pages 267-269), "where the telepathic bond between the agent and the percipient would seem to be of a local, rather than a personal character." We can guess, after a fashion, what the author is driving at, but his meaning is not dazzlingly clear. Podmore adds:

In the case of the most usual apparitions—for example, that of a dying mother to her son—the manifestations are not of the same sort as in the case of casual acquaintances, since people who have lived together a part of their lives have sentiments in common.

In the case given here, the bond of union which led to such common sentiments may be found in the fact that the witness had the same occupation as the deceased.

This interpretation would lead us to conclude that the witness saw the librarian's form in his habitual environment because *a friend of the deceased, may at this precise moment* have remembered the former librarian and mentally recalled his image.

All of us feel that this "explanation" is no explanation at all. Thought-transmission is no universal panacea. To go so far as to suppose that some unknown person thought, at that very moment, of the former librarian, and that the thought produced the vision seen by his successor, who followed the shade which was walking in the library, and which disappeared into the lavatory—this supposition forces us to put forward a hypothesis so audacious in its temerity that it would seem further removed from truth than the admission that the phantom actually existed. If it did actually exist, as an image projected by the dead man's thought, it was distinct and substantial enough in appearance to have been taken for a burglar and followed by the observer, armed with a revolver.

To see in these phenomena only hallucinations is really not possible; this would mean finding madmen and mentally unbalanced persons everywhere. The observer did not know the former librarian, and the apparition corresponded to the portrait which he saw afterward and the description given him later. The librarian was bald, with high shoulders, and he walked with a waddling gait. It was really he whom his successor met, scrutinized, and followed; the witness had no nervous disorder, moreover. What was the phantom doing there? Was it a harking back to his life, his habits? These ghosts are, most assuredly, bizarre. There are numerous analogous cases. Though we have no preconceived ideas, we are forced to admit their authenticity. What had this old librarian come to look for? Why was the Sentenac priest seen walking up and down and telling his beads? How do impalpable beings grow visible? All these occurrences have been denied, disdained, and accounts of them suppressed; plainly, this was the simplest course. But would it not be better to learn from them?

The exact date of dissolution was not given, but it would seem that the apparition was observed one year after death.

Whether the phenomenon was subjective or objective, it had a cause. After all, there may be nothing unpleasant in meeting a ghost; the thing may resolve itself into a problem in optics demanding an explanation. We shall read later of the ghost of Maupertuis in a room of the Berlin Academy.

The apparition of which I am about to give an account—that of a horseman, a year after his death—was actually seen by a man known and esteemed for his physical and moral qualities, General R. Barter, of the British Army. The account is particularly fantastic and unbelievable, and nevertheless it cannot be doubted! Here is the picture¹:

The general was campaigning in the Punjab. One night, when the moon was full (there was that splendid tropical moonlight), he was alone, some distance from his camp. He was calmly smoking a cigar, when, on his left, he heard the sound of a trotting horse. About a hundred meters away, above the sunken road, he first saw a moving hat appear—evidently the horseman's hat, he thought. Soon afterward a group emerged full into the open; there was a European in civilian dress, on a horse, accompanied by two native servants. The group approached at a good rate of speed. General Barter cried, "Who goes there?" There was no answer. The rider still came on, with his followers. He was not more than four paces away when, upon a last commanding challenge, he stopped short and turned his face toward Barter. At once the general recognized in him a lieutenant whom he knew to have been dead for a year. With a quick glance he took in the whole picture. The lieutenant was in full dress—a high hat, a white vest, et cetera—but, though he had been clean-shaven, the general saw that he now had whiskers under his chin. Besides this, he noted that he was much more corpulent than when he had known him. The lieutenant's mount also drew his attention; it was a vigorous mountain pony, brown, with a black tail and mane. General Barter restrained himself no longer; he wished to banish all doubt as to this adventure, and he threw himself toward the fantastic horseman, across an inter-

¹ *Annales des Sciences psychiques*, November, 1891.

vening slope. But the earth gave way beneath his feet, he fell forward on his hands, and rose instantly. All had vanished! The subsequent inquiry brought out the fact that the lieutenant had let his whiskers grow a short time before his death, and that he had become much stouter in his latter days. General Barter learned, at the same time, that he had owned a horse, bred in the Punjab. This horse corresponded, point by point, to his description of the horse of his vision. This horse was also dead, having been killed through the imprudence of his master, who was known as a break-neck rider. General Barter, who had lost sight of the lieutenant for some years, was completely ignorant of all these details. His memory, therefore, could not have aided his imagination to create the apparition, with all its special characteristics. Nor could the apparition have taken form in the mind of any telepathist, and have been reconstructed in every detail, without any error or omission.

In citing this case of the apparition of an officer who had been dead for a year, and of his horse, Durand de Gros admits that the initial thought would seem to have resided in the phantom himself, "as in the case of the apparitions of those in a trance; as in Alfonso of Liguori's visit to the pope" ("Le Merveilleux scientifique," page 68). But his theory seems to me extremely vague.

It is, certainly, most difficult to explain such a phenomenon. We may think that there was no real phantom there, either of man or horse. But may we not admit the visioning of a real scene which actually occurred? Through double vision, through clairvoyance, people sometimes perceive a future scene. Why should they not witness a scene in the past? Time has no real existence. And could not this image have been caused by the deceased himself, thinking of his friend?

Into what world have we set sail, dear readers? But let us not be disturbed. Let us calmly continue to give occurrences carefully observed. Let us not imitate the writers who suppose that all must be explained by the natural

sciences in their present state of development and who are inexcusably fatuous enough to throw doubt and suspicion on the best efforts of those who seek in good faith.

If we must be convinced of any one thing, it is that *we know nothing*.

The preceding occurrences took place during the first and second years after death. We shall now read of those which happened after the second year.

I take occasion to state here that since 1899 I have been keeping the following note separate from the letters I was receiving:

In the course of the night of January 1 and 2, 1898, I saw my mother in a dream; she had been dead for two years and a half. She came toward my bed gravely, kissed me on the forehead, and went out without saying anything to me. The next day I received a letter telling me of *the sudden death of my sister* at ten o'clock on the evening of January 1st. Since I did not awaken, it was impossible for me to know if there was an exact coincidence between the *time* of the dream and that of my sister's death.

M. RAZOUS,

Instructor in Trélons, Haute-Garonne.

(Letter 360.)

The correspondence between the mother's manifestation, in a dream, and the unforeseen death of her daughter, is indubitable. The theory of chance really will not suffice; we need an explanation. Our interpretation is that the mother thought of her son in this supreme hour, and that there was telepathic communication between her and him.

This account was taken from "L'Inconnu." When I was preparing that work for the press, I received the following communication. I did not publish it at the time, my intention being to give accounts relative to the dying before considering the dead.

I can guarantee the absolute authenticity of the following occurrence. My mother had this experience some years ago:

An aunt, of whom she was very fond, had died two years previously, leaving a son with whom my mother, for special reasons, had practically broken off all relations. One night she was awakened by a very clear perception of this aunt's presence; she had seen her open the door of the room, draw near her bed, and stand, erect and motionless, at her bedside.

The phenomenon was repeated again after two days. This time my mother was most agitated; she told my father about it, and asked him to find out if any misfortune had happened to her cousin; she had no doubt that the apparition's intention had been to commend him particularly to her.

The presentiment was a true one, for on the following day my parents were informed that a member of the family, who was dying, had asked to see them. The cousin—since it was he—wished for a reconciliation with my mother; she regarded it as a double duty to take care of him until the last. He lived on for some days.

Even to-day, although several years have gone by since this happened, my mother never speaks of it without emotion, and is convinced that her aunt came to tell her of her son's illness.

For family reasons this note must remain anonymous.

(Letter 48.)

A. J.

How can we deny the reality of this apparition?—its object and its result?

A mother's voice was heard two years after her death. I received the following letter from Siorac de Belvis, Dordogne, on May 14, 1899:

I think it my duty to bring to your knowledge a happening in the commune of Bosset, in the canton of Laforce.

A lady named X—— died in 1895, leaving a little daughter, four months old, who was taken care of by her uncle, a worthy farmer. Two years afterward the latter was gathering in the harvest, with his daughter and his wife. The child, then about three years old, had followed them into the field. This field was so situ-

ated that no one could approach the harvesters without being perceived.

Suddenly these harvesters heard the word "Good-day" spoken near them, slowly, in a sad tone. The three of them, who had known the deceased woman well, recognized her voice immediately. The little girl, who could not remember it, having been orphaned at too early an age, asked her aunt, whom she called mother: "Mamma, who's saying good-day to us? There's no one here."

They did not answer her, but began to weep, believing, according to the superstition of their region, that the dead woman was demanding her daughter, and that the latter would die very soon.

All these persons are trustworthy, and almost completely illiterate. They never spoke of this incident without tears in their eyes.

If you wish more exact information as to these people (I know them slightly, and all of them are still living), and as to the day and hour of the hallucination, I shall take advantage of the Easter holidays and shall go and question them myself.

REBEYROL.

(Letter 117.)

The investigation confirmed the authenticity of the curious account. It showed me, once again, that it is unreasonable to deny everything. We are concerned in this case with an auditory perception: there were three adult hearers and a child.

The following occurrence took place during that same period (1899):

Something quite strange happened to my mother and me.

We lived in Seine-et-Marne for a long time. Through a change in the government my father was called to Chalon-sur-Saône. One evening, when my mother and I were going to the post-office and were passing under a gas-light, at a corner we saw a lady some paces in front of us, coming from the opposite direction. Both of us cried, "Madame Seigneur!" (She was an old lady we had known, who had lived near us formerly, and had been dead for about two years.) After a moment's thought we added, "That is

she!" We turned to follow her—. Nothing! We have never been able to explain this apparition. My mother and I often speak of it. *We are sure* of having seen her; we can describe what she was wearing, to the smallest detail. If it had been I alone, I should distrust my nervous and impressionable temperament, but my mother is very calm. We used to care a great deal for that old friend, and often used to speak of her. Did she wish to show us that she had not forgotten us?

Here is another manifestation. In the religious school where I finished my education, my schoolmistress grew dangerously ill. A young girl about twenty years old came from Paris to take her place. She lived in one of the little rooms called *chambrettes*, with an assistant mistress, a young girl preparing to take her diploma, and a woman in charge of the linen. Every morning all these went to mass at half-past six, with the exception of Mademoiselle Adrienne. One morning, when all the sisters were leaving the chapel, Mademoiselle Adrienne was seen in the kitchen. She said that she did not wish to live in her room any longer, that a sister had frightened her. They proved to her that all the sisters—that every one except herself was at mass. "I know that," she said. "It was a sister whom we don't know. She's tall, slender, and very pale. She came up to my bed, and looked at me. I spoke to her and she did not answer, but I shall never forget her gaze. She walked all around the room, slowly, then went away."

There was no sister who corresponded to Mademoiselle Adrienne's description, and they spent the whole day discussing this phenomenon. Then one of the nuns thought of showing her a photograph of Sister Bouchez, who had died two months before Mademoiselle Adrienne entered the school. She recognized her at once. Sister Bouchez had been accustomed to working in these small rooms, where she gathered together all sorts of things for the sick.

L. DELVERT.

(Letter 223.)

I repeat for the hundredth time that we cannot always see in these cases mere hallucinations—that this explanation of occurrences so numerous and varied is absolutely unsatisfactory.

The following incident would lead us to admit that a dead person may manifest himself, in exceptional circumstances, three years after he has passed away. The communication which I am about to give was sent me from Intra, Italy, on August 31, 1899, by the learned Dr. Perossi.

The Italian newspapers, my dear Master, give us assurance that you are still patiently questioning the Unknown, and that it will please you to be kept informed as to manifestations touching on the problems which you study, as well as the sky. I seize this opportunity to tell you of a personal, technical observation.

A young girl, Marie Bottini, aged thirteen (she is a peasant from Boregio), fell over a precipice and struck her head against a stone which made a wound on her right temple. It fractured her skull and a piece of bone was driven into it. It was 6 x 7—that is to say, 42 centimeters square. The fragment of bone, completely detached from the skull, buried itself in the gray matter of the brain, where it still is. A great deal of the gray matter issued from her head; in order to sew up the flesh wound I had to take out about fifty grams of it. The little girl was brought to me thirty-six hours after the accident; I found her able to give clear answers to all my questions, and up to the present time she has not been afflicted with any nervous disorder, either of her intellectual faculties, her muscular control or her sensibility.

In spite of the effects of the wound on her system, she suffered no mental disturbance, and was able to give, and can still give, minute explanations of what happened to her. Having fallen into a ravine hollowed out by water, she took refuge in it and remained there until the following day. When she was asked if she had not been afraid during the night, she answered that she had not, and stated that toward the close of the day *her father had appeared to her* and had given her courage, telling her to wait patiently for her relatives, who would surely come to look for her the next day and would take very good care of her. Her father had been dead for three years. I told her that a person who had been dead for so long could not come back, but she stated with conviction that her father had come, and had protected her during the whole night. This child still sticks to what she said.

There, my dear Professor, is the authentic account of the occurrence. It is for you to study. Was it an illusion or reality? We physicians see in it an hallucination.

Allow me, dear Professor, etc.

DR. PEROSI.

(Letter 771.)

May we, logically, deny all these occurrences? Then, how could all these numerous and consistent apparitions of the dead—fathers, mothers, children, relatives—manifest themselves, if there is no truth at the bottom of it all? Could these be varied, *mutually unconnected* hallucinations, in agreement one with the other? Each of my readers must honestly and sincerely ask himself this same question.

We shall now read of the mysterious voice of a dead father, who saved the life of his son and the lives of a ship's crew. The "Filosofia della Scienza" of Palermo published the following letter, sent from Civita Vecchia on February 27, 1911, to the editor of this review:

All my ancestors were seamen. My father came into his own when he took command of the brig *Notre-Dame de Grâce*, in Marseilles. This was in 1837. He left Marseilles for Brindisi with a cargo of grain. Navigation was at that time much more difficult than it is to-day, because of pirates on the one hand, and, on the other, because the coasts had no lighthouses. There were only a few lanterns here and there.

When they neared Brindisi it was black night, and a tempest was raging. The brig was sailing to windward. My father was at the stern of the vessel, trying to discover some vague light which would show him where the port was. The wind was blowing tempestuously; the waves, with a noise like hell, shook the vessel at intervals, covered it with foam, and pounded its sides. Peals of thunder followed the flashes of lightning. The fury of the tempest increased steadily; it was a critical moment.

Suddenly a loud voice cried: "Captain, Captain, come here!

Come here at once!" Not knowing what had happened, my father rushed to the poop, whence the calls were coming.

"What is it?" he asked the helmsman. The latter, dazed and trembling, stammered:

"Don't you hear it? Did n't you hear the voice that's been repeating, '*Puggia! puggia!*'¹ for the last few minutes?"

"The voice? What voice? The rain's making you hear imaginary voices, or it's the whistling of the wind that's fooling you. I don't hear anything."

But he had not finished speaking when a voice from the steering-apparatus (at least that is where it seemed to come from) repeated in a commanding tone: "*Puggia! puggia! puggia!*"

Astounded, hardly believing his ears, my father approached the spot from which this cry had seemed to come. He went all around it; he examined all the nooks of the poop, but since he discovered nothing and thought that he, too, must be the victim of a sensory hallucination, he said to the helmsman: "But there's no one there. All the crew are at the bow." Then the voice, clearer and more vibrant, repeated the command. This time my father not only heard it distinctly, but recognized in it the quality, the cadence, and the very tones of *his father's voice*—a voice that was most familiar to him, since he had made trips with his father from the age of nine.

Fascinated, moved, in his turn, by an irresistible and incomprehensible force, he shouted out the order to haul taut. Taking the tiller from the helmsman's hands, he himself exerted the necessary strength. The crew then loosened the sheets and the yards on the leeward side.

The brig, catching the wind, swung over to the right, and parting the raging waves, pushed forward swiftly, like a runaway horse when the reins are released. Almost at the same time a flash of lightning irradiated the quarter from which the wind was coming—that is to say the larboard side—which was precisely the direction in which the vessel was previously moving. By the light of this

¹ This word (it is Neapolitan dialect) may be translated, "Haul taut!"—which here means to steer the ship in the direction opposite to that from which the wind was blowing.

fleeting gleam the frightened eyes of the crew beheld the foamy whiteness of raging waves beating the rocks of the coast.

If the vessel had continued her original course for a few more minutes all would have been over for both ship and crew.¹

F. SCOTTI,
Ship's captain.

To suppose that this was an hallucination seems to me pure madness.

People may always say that the story was merely made up, that Captain Scotti lied. All the preceding narrations might be met with this same special answer. Some people are deaf, blind, idiotic. Let us continue, in all freedom, to seek self-enlightenment.

The remarkable, symbolic manifestation which we shall now read of took place three years and eight months after death.

In general we can eliminate only with great difficulty the possibility of influence exerted by living persons' minds. Our efforts to attain to truth lead to no precise results comparable to those achieved in the solution of algebraic equations. With these equations we proceed by elimination, until we are left with an absolutely definitive quantity. In the following case, as in so many others, we can really see no other course but to admit the personal influence of the deceased. I thank the observer for having been kind enough to allow me to set forth, for the benefit of all those anxious to solve the greatest of problems, the graphic account which follows. I owe my knowledge of it to her.

Her letter was sent me from Paris. It was dated February 7, 1921.

In order that you may have one more document for use in the important investigation which you are making, allow me to tell you

¹ *Annales des Sciences psychiques*, 1911, p. 126.

of the two following experiences. I was concerned in them personally.

On September 2, 1916, between ten and eleven o'clock in the morning, I was dressing in my room when, suddenly, I was seized by a terrible, stifling anguish. What I felt was so painful that I rushed, scarcely dressed at all, into my daughter's room, making my way along the walls so that I might not fall. I cried out to her, "I don't know what's the matter: I'm suffering, I'm stifling!" Then, when my daughter's kind words had calmed me a little, I said: "Good Heavens! A great misfortune's happened to René!"

Two days afterward, on September 4, Major Duseigneur, commander of Squadron 57, informed me that my beloved son, a pilot in the aviation service, had disappeared behind the German lines, after an aerial battle above Verdun, on the very day and at the very time when I had been so agitated.

Only after the armistice did the Germans inform us that my son had been brought down within their lines on September 2d, at Dieppe, near Verdun, and that he had been buried in the Dieppe soldiers' graveyard, in grave 56. We made four trips and searched innumerable times in this cemetery, without finding anything. The graveyard had been torn up by bombs, and most of the crosses were broken. Since we could not find our dear child's remains, we addressed ourselves to the officer in command of that sector, whose duty it was to see to the exhumation of the bodies, that he might let us know the day on which the corpses in this graveyard were to be exhumed. Several persons in high positions had communicated with him on our behalf, and my husband wrote to him continually in order that he might not forget us. This took place last spring.

At half-past eight on May 25th I was pervaded by a feeling of great sadness; I was even sadder than usual, without reason. That I might shake off this deep depression, I went to the window, and my gaze wandered to the rue Ribéra, which runs up a slope directly opposite. There are trees there, and a little blue sky. Suddenly, in a group of trees, I saw my son René appear! His handsome face was pale and sad; he seemed to be depicted on a great circular medallion. At his sides were two young men, one on his right, the other on his left. I did not know them, and had

never seen them. Terrified by this vision, I left the window, put my hands to my head, and asked myself if I were going mad. I walked up and down the room several times, then went back to the window; the vision was still there. There could be no doubt that it was René. His head was tilted to the left, as usual. "But who can these young men be?" I asked myself. "The one on the right seems to be a Russian, and the one on the left, a German. But that means that my son is n't dead: he must be a prisoner somewhere." Still overwhelmed by terror, I left the window once more and ran to tell my husband. But when I reached the door of his room I got myself in hand and said to myself: "No, I must n't speak to him; he'd think me mad; it would be too painful for him. What shall I do?" I went back to the window: the vision was still there. This time I sat down on the window-sill, determined to stay there to the end, near him. What happened? I came to myself. Had I been asleep? Or had I lost consciousness? I no longer saw my son. I rose painfully, left the window, looked to see what time it was. It was half-past ten o'clock. All this had lasted for two hours. I went to bed, much agitated, shaken by emotion, but could not sleep and dared not say anything to my husband. What could the vision mean? I never ceased asking myself this question.

Some days afterward I told three of my women friends all that had happened to me; they can vouch for this, if you like.

Three months went by. Then, at the close of August, the officer in command of the sector, in reply to a further demand on my husband's part, more pressing than the others, informed us that the bodies in the cemetery in Dieppe had been exhumed, and that *our child had not been found there*. We were deeply grieved. How could we ever know, now, what had become of our poor son? I, for my part, felt hopeless. After some days of extreme depression I took courage again, and wished to return to the Dieppe cemetery.

It was a fixed idea on my part. My husband opposed it, telling me, very reasonably, that since we had found nothing when there were bodies there, we could not, now, hope to find anything whatsoever. Nothing could convince me. Since my decision was final, my husband was good enough to accompany me, and we left in the course of the first days of September.

We went directly to the Eix sector. I asked on what date the bodies in this cemetery had been exhumed. The officer consulted the records and told us, "It took five days (there were one hundred and ten bodies), from the twentieth to the twenty-fifth of *May*." This last date was precisely *that of my vision!* I looked at my husband, for, most fortunately, I had decided to tell him everything. This coincidence in dates disturbed both of us. We set out. The cemetery was five kilometers away.

As we were going there, I reflected that my husband was right: what were we to look for, since there was nothing left?

When we reached our destination, I ordered the men to dig in a great shell-hole; I thought that, most certainly, no one could have looked in it. In this hole they found a pair of aviator's goggles. I took courage once more: without any doubt, an aviator had been buried there. They made a further search. Nothing—absolutely nothing. At last a little soldier who was most intelligent took charge of things. Under his guidance we reached an empty ditch where we found a large piece of fur—which I recognized—gloves, some pieces of a pair of violet silk suspenders. There was no longer the shadow of a doubt: my son had lain there. "Where did you put him?"—"In the German cemetery. We wrote the word 'Unknown' above him, and put up a black cross." The cross of those accursed men! My grief and indignation may well be imagined! I wanted to hurry to the other graveyard; I did not wish my son to remain there. But the officer refused my request. He could not undertake to have bodies in coffins unearthed. Besides, how could we find the particular coffin which we were looking for? There were more than two thousand graves in this German cemetery. But my mind was made up. We went back to Verdun, eighteen kilometers away. We found the officer in charge of the graveyards. After a long discussion, and influenced by our determined, threatening attitude, he yielded, and authorized us to have a search made.

The next day, at five o'clock in the morning, we were in the cemetery, with nine men and several soldiers. By noon they had opened twenty coffins without any result. The men went to lunch. My husband and I remained there, deeply distressed, for we were beginning to lose hope. We were in despair at the idea of leaving

our child among his accursed enemies, when, suddenly, *I thought of my vision*. As though a gleam of light had irradiated my mind, "Why, yes!" I said; "we'll find him; he's between a Russian and a German. There was a Russian in the Dieppe cemetery; let's look for him." The men came back and took up the work once more. As for us, we looked for the Russian. We had to interrupt our search again and again, to inspect each newly opened coffin; this delayed us greatly. At last, at four o'clock, I found the Russian. On his left was an unknown man; on the latter's left was a German. I felt, I was sure that—beyond a doubt—the unknown man was my son. They dug up the coffin; it was he! His poor skeleton was enveloped in his fur coat. More bits of suspenders. But, above all, I recognized his teeth. They had opened forty-two coffins. One hundred and ten of them had come from the Dieppe cemetery, and in all there were more than two thousand, that had been sent from various regions! Except for my vision we should have had to give up our search.

Wasn't this marvelous? My poor child did not wish me to leave him in this graveyard; he did not wish me to have this added, cruel suffering. He came to my assistance; he gave me the will power to push on to the end, to overcome all difficulties, all obstacles. Now that I am calm, I feel that he lives, that he sees me. A ordinary thing about my vision; it must have been their very feature. But I find the portraits of the two young men the most extraordinary. Oh, how happy I should be if you would tell me how this could happen. I think of my vision constantly, and each time that I do I am most disturbed.

My husband and my women friends will certainly vouch for the scrupulous exactitude of this account. It is, doubtless, too long, but I thought that every detail would have its own importance in your eyes.

A. CLARINVAL.

(Letter 4378.)

It will be readily understood that, after reading this story that is so touching, so sincere, so remarkable, I wished to render it complete through the investigation which I

usually make when the subjects of inquiry warrant my doing so. Accepting the kind invitation of the narrator herself, I asked her husband, Monsieur Clarinval, a retired officer of high rank, to be good enough to write me directly, and *to give his own personal recollections*. His reply was a detailed account; it set forth, in different terms, the incidents just related; it seems to me superfluous to give it here. It ends as follows:

This discovery was absolutely providential. I hereby state that without my wife's vision it would have been altogether impossible to find our poor child again. He is now lying in the Montparnasse Cemetery, where we had him taken on November 22, 1920.

The bodies in the Dieppe cemetery were exhumed during the period from May 20th to May 25th, 1920. Now, it was precisely on May 25th that my wife had the vision. After the circumstances were verified, it appeared that it was precisely on this date—May 25th—that our son's remains were transferred from the Dieppe cemetery to the German cemetery.

I can therefore vouch for the veracity of this account. I must add that my wife has a clear, well-balanced mind. Her judgment is always so sound that I admit I was impressed by her account of the apparition, which lasted two whole hours. The occurrence was all the more important because of the fact that she is not subject to hallucinations, and in all her life—that is to say for sixty-three years—*she never had any other vision*.

CLARINVAL,
Retired Major.

This statement by Major Clarinval was, certainly, all that was required for my investigation. Nevertheless the three persons whom Madame Clarinval had told of her vision were good enough to add their attestations; I shall place these, too, before my readers' eyes. But I shall first give another statement, of equal significance in our investigation: that of Dr. Vercoutre, the distinguished physician.

ATTESTATIONS

A

I the undersigned, Doctor of Medicine of the Paris Faculty, hereby certify that Madame Anna Clarinval, despite the severe test that she was put to when she lost her son René, an aviator killed at the front, has never suffered the slightest mental trouble. On the contrary, it was due to the perfect clearness of her mind that she was able to bring to a successful conclusion the extremely difficult search for the remains of her dear dead son.

DOCTOR VERCOUTRE,¹

Member of the Association of French
Physicians; officer of the
Legion of Honor.

Paris, February 14, 1921.

B

It is with all my heart that I am sending you these lines, certifying that my friend Madame Clarinval had told me *all* that she wrote you. She did so several days after she saw the vision of her son. Allow me to add that this did not astonish me in the least, and that, wishing to calm her, I advised her to hope, in spite of what I thought of it all.

I must add that my friend Madame Clarinval, before the vision, did not believe in spiritism in the least,² and would not even allow people to speak of it in her presence.

BARONESS DE BOURNAT.

C

I am very happy to be able to certify that Madame Clarinval, during the first days in June of last year, told me that on May 25th she had seen her son appear to her in a group of trees in the rue Ribéra, which is directly in front of her home; that on each side of her son there was a young man whom she did not know;

¹ It seems indiscreet to me to give addresses (they are now before me) of the signers of these four bits of testimony.

² To identify this vision with spiritistic experiments would be a mistake.

these men appeared to be a Russian and a German. She was greatly preoccupied by this apparition and spoke of it often.

It was only when she made a trip to Verdun, in September, that she understood what the extraordinary vision meant.

J. DUMAILLET.

D

I am happy to attest the authenticity of the communication which you received from Madame Clarinval; I had read it before she sent it.

The account is scrupulously exact in every detail. Madame Clarinval had told me of her vision eight days after she had it.

M. BARBIER.

Such was this occurrence. It is unquestionable; the account of it was based on observations mutually in agreement. The manifestation came long after death: from September 2, 1916, to May 25, 1920, there are three years and two hundred and sixty-six days—that is, three years, eight months, and twenty-six days.

What conclusion may we draw, in the interests of our own personal convictions?

Monsieur and Madame Clarinval came, themselves, to talk to me about their experiences. My investigation was made as methodically as in the case of an astronomical, a meteorological, a geological phenomenon, or a historical fact. It was a real scientific inquiry. No doubt can remain as to the authenticity of the vision, and its connection with the discovery of the young aviator's body. We all of us feel how great was the resultant consolation, to the grief-stricken mother, to the hopeless father: their dear child's body is now here, in the city of Paris, where they are living. Nothing is left of it, or almost nothing. But the body was only the garment of the soul, and they know that the soul survived the catastrophe of death, that it manifested itself, that it guided them in their energetic and persevering inquiry.

We are, doubtless, not yet entirely satisfied. We should like to know more, and we ask ourselves why there was this symbolism in the vision, why this enigmatical apparition, between the Russian and the German. It would seem that it would have been simpler for René Clarinval to inform his mother, directly, that he had been killed on September 2d, and buried in such and such a place.

We might suppose, perhaps, that since Madame Clarinval was thinking constantly of her son, she was endowed for a moment with the faculty of seeing at a distance, or, to phrase it more precisely, with the faculty of feeling what was taking place. And we might suppose, too, that the feeling took the concrete form, to her eyes, of a living scene: the apparition of her son between a Russian and a German. But, in this case, why should she not have seen the reality? I have published so many examples of precise visioning at a distance that this interpretation seems very debatable and less probable than that of psychic influence on the part of the deceased.

We must not, we cannot judge things from our commonplace point of view. The whole of the invisible world is still to be discovered; we know neither its conditions nor its laws. Let us be grateful for the rudimentary knowledge that has been vouchsafed us, with which to begin our investigation. Christopher Columbus discovered America, believing that he had reached the East Indies: it was a new world, on the opposite side of the globe from the East Indies. The spiritual world is still less known to us than America, in 1492, was to the people living at that time, although it concerns us more deeply and is all about us.

What shall we think of the following case? A person gifted with the faculty of foreseeing the deaths of certain people proved to be endowed with this same faculty after death. Let us read the account of it; it is given word for word:

DEAR MASTER:

I must tell you of the following personal experiences. In 1891 I was not yet married. I knew in Paris a most intelligent woman, fifty years old, who took a great liking to me. She had this peculiarity: she always dreamed of the misfortunes which were to happen to her friends and acquaintances. How many times was I not a witness of the veracity of her dreams! One day, when she saw that I had been rather frightened by her power of prevision, she said to me, laughing: "Don't be afraid; I'll never foretell your death to you, for that would make you suffer—only the deaths of others."

She herself died that same year (1891), after having foreseen her own death, as she had the deaths of other people, in her dreams.

My regret was sincere, but having left Paris, and even left France, I was no longer thinking of her, when, one night in December, 1892, she appeared to me in a dream. She was dressed in black. Gazing at me sadly, she said to me, "All is over." I suffered terribly, without knowing what she meant. My father was ill at the time, but I had had a letter from him on that very day—a happier letter than usual, for he was better. Three days after this dream he died. It was the first and the greatest sorrow of my life.

In November, 1895, she appeared to me again, still dressed in black, but this time she did not speak to me. Three days later my beloved mother was dead.

At length, in October, 1898, I saw her, still in black, for the third time. "Whose turn is it now?" I asked myself. Alas! it was my best friend, who was living in Wiesbaden, and whom I loved with all my heart. The next day I received a letter from her; she was unwell, but she wrote gayly and cleverly, as she always did. Three days afterward, however, through a telegram from her husband, I learned of her death.

These were, certainly, three very strange dreams; in them my woman friend still had the habits peculiar to her while she was alive. You alone, dear Master, may be able to explain them. This woman in black had, until her death, denied the existence of the soul. We often discussed this subject, for at that time I was certain that the soul exists, as I am now.

Why is it she who appears to me to predict the deaths of those whom I love? To prove to me, doubtless, that she was mistaken when she was alive, and that my belief was the true one.

I have no other religion save a great love for the Creator of life in His all-powerful grandeur, and for everything here below that reflects His image.

IDA CAIL,
Paris.

(Letter 803.)

Walter Scott, who wrote a book on spirits, apparitions, and sorcery,¹ showed himself a radical skeptic. He denied these occurrences utterly, thinking them only hallucinations, nightmares caused by indigestion, visual or auditory illusions, and even, most of the time, symptoms of mental derangement. He gives, moreover, examples of temporary insanity, such as the visions of Nicolai and of Gregory, well known to historians. To him all apparitions were mental impressions on the part of people who were ill.

I shall borrow the following narration from him. Despite his opinion it seems to me worthy of attention, seen in the light of present-day knowledge. We are concerned with Maupertuis, a member of the Paris and Berlin Academy of Sciences; he was its president, in fact. Here is Walter Scott's account:

A short time after Maupertuis's death, Monsieur Gladisch was obliged to cross the room in which the Academy held its meetings. He had some work to do in the Natural History room, which came within his province, and he wished, furthermore, to prepare himself for Thursday, before the hour of meeting. When he entered the room, he perceived Monsieur de Maupertuis's shade, erect and motionless, in the first corner on his left; the apparition's eyes were fixed on him. It was three o'clock in the after-

¹ *Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft*, translated into French by Albert Montémont (Paris, 1838) p. 36.

noon. The professor of philosophy knew too much about physics to suppose that his president, who had died in Bâle, with Monsieur Bernoulli's family, had come back in person to Berlin. He regarded the thing only as an illusion caused by some derangement of his organs. He went on about his business without being stopped any longer by this object. But he told his colleagues of the vision, assuring them that he had seen a shape as well formed and as perfect as Monsieur de Maupertuis himself.

When we remember that Maupertuis died far from Berlin, formerly the scene of his triumph, crushed by the merciless ridicule of Voltaire and out of favor with Frederick, in whose eyes to be ridiculous was to be guilty, we can hardly be astonished by this spell which fell upon a physicist who thought he saw Maupertuis's phantom in the room which had witnessed his early grandeur.

Walter Scott refused to admit the possibility of the reality of this apparition. Nevertheless he believed firmly in the story of the fallen angels, in Adam and Eve's fall, in the deluge, in the Chosen People, in diabolical powers, in the eternal damnation of children who died without being baptized, and in other legends devoid of all experimental proof.

Schopenhauer considered, with his usual critical acumen—which was sternly analytical but a trifle obscure—this question of apparitions of the dead.¹ He reached the conclusion that apparitions of the dying and the dead are subjective, in the mind of the seer; that the first are of frequent occurrence, the second exceedingly rare. He gives a great many examples, and takes up in particular the case of the Seer of Prévost. The reader can pronounce upon Schopenhauer's ideas better if I give the final conclusions of his dissertation:

Apparitions are, like dreams, mere appearances, and, like them, exist only in the consciousness which perceives them; but the

¹ *Parerga und Paralipomena* (Berlin, 1851; second ed., published by Frauenstadt, 1862). A good French translation was published under the title *Mémoires sur les sciences occultes, Magnétisme et Apparitions* (Paris, Leymarie, 1912).

same may be said of our real, external world. Our immediate perception of this world is a mere appearance; it is a mere mental phenomenon caused by nervous excitation, and governed by the laws of our subjective functions (forms of pure sensibility and reason). Could we have any other sort of reality? The question which arises is that of *the thing in itself*. This problem, discussed by Locke and solved too hastily, was taken up by Kant, who saw all its perplexities. Finally I found its solution, although with a certain limitation. But, in any case, no matter in what way the thing in itself (which shows itself in our perception of an exterior world) is distinguished from this world, as in the case of apparitions of spirits, there is in this, perhaps, only manifestations of *will*. In the matter of the objective reality of the apparitions of spirits, as with the physical world, there are four different systems of thought: realism, idealism, skepticism, and, finally, the critical philosophy, the metaphysical system which I have adopted.

It appears from his rather fine-spun dissertation that to Schopenhauer it is our inner vision—what he calls “the organs of dreaming”—which perceives apparitions; that apparitions of the living are rather numerous and those of the dead extremely rare; and that the thing in us which survives the destruction of the body is not the soul, “for Man is not made up of a body and a soul,” but *the will*. He declares that spiritualism is in error; that it is idealism which is true; that our vision of the exterior world is not merely *sensuous* but above all *intellectual*, and that it is the same with the visioning of spirits.

The theories of the German philosopher have, with good reason, been widely discussed. But we cannot pass them by in silence.

The following remarks, which he made on the subject of the apparition of spirits and of souls in purgatory, are strange:

To deny, *a priori*, the possibility of apparitions and to ridicule this possibility, as is ordinarily done—such a procedure can only

be based on the conviction that death is the absolute end of Man, unless such a conviction were founded on the beliefs of the Protestant Church. By the Protestant way of thinking, spirits cannot appear, because, according as human beings believed or did not believe during their few years of earthly life, they will as soon as they are dead go to eternal joys in heaven, or suffer torments equally eternal in hell, and they can never leave either of these places. As a consequence, according to the Protestant belief, all apparitions of this sort come from the devil, or from the angels, but are never caused by the souls of men. This was explained at length by Lavater (*"De Spectris,"* Geneva, 1580, Part II, Chapters 3 and 4). The Catholic Church, on the contrary, even in the sixth century, owed it to Pope Gregory the Great, in particular, that this absurd and revolting dogma was, fortunately, ameliorated through a belief in purgatory. This middle state was interpolated between the two extremes of these desperate alternatives. The Catholic Church admits that it is possible for souls that are in purgatory, for a short time, to appear. It even admits that other souls may appear, under exceptional circumstances, as is explained at length in Petrus Thyracus's book (*"De Locis infestis,"* Part I, Chapter 3, and following chapters). The Protestants believed themselves forced to maintain that the devil existed, for the simple reason that they could not get along without him in explaining apparitions of spirits that were impossible to deny. Apart from such mythological views, the possibility of the real apparition of the dead cannot be rejected save on the conviction that when Man dies he is utterly annihilated. Aside from this conviction, one cannot see why a being which still exists somewhere, might not manifest itself and even influence another being, though the latter were in an altogether different state.

If we wish to admit the possibility of the dead really acting upon the world of the living, we must also admit that this influence is exerted with difficulty and is rare and exceptional.

I have given Schopenhauer's dissertation at greater length in my book (still unpublished) *"Les Apparitions."* In giving a resumé of it here, I wish to remind my readers that while he admits the possibility of apparitions, the German philosopher does not explain them very clearly to himself,

since these visual phenomena seem to him both subjective and objective. Be that as it may, he does not doubt manifestations of the dead.

Let us continue our experimental survey, a survey that is independent of all theories. It is progressing gradually.

X

MANIFESTATIONS AND APPARITIONS FROM FOUR TO THIRTY YEARS AFTER DEATH

Are there any scientific observations which permit us to doubt the *total disappearance* of the individual, after he is dead?

LE DANTEC.

THE accounts which we have just read differ in value. All of them present testimony as to survival, but certain of them are pervaded by such a human quality that we may well ask ourselves whether future anthropological science may not, one day, discover an explanation. Some, however, seem to be unquestionable posthumous manifestations, definitely and rigorously proved, such as, for example, the manifestation of the sailor Scotti, saving his son and the son's vessel (page 280); the young girl, dead for a year, seen in Monsieur Cavagnaro's apartment (page 265); General Dryson's friend who was murdered in China (page 258); a mother's visit to her child in the Alberlour Orphanage (page 255); the Sentenac parish priest (page 218); Count Beni of Lucera, who announced to his wife and his mother that he had been murdered (page 170); the astronomer Tweeddale's grandmother, who appeared to him as well as to his father (page 134); Mademoiselle Stella's friend (page 127); Robert Mackenzie (page 26), and a certain number of other manifestations as plain as sunlight at noon. Nevertheless a very well-known contemporary writer, Félix Le Dantec, who is esteemed for his honest-mindedness (he is a convinced materialist and atheist) wrote me in 1914: "I shall soon be forty-five years old, and I have never per-

ceived anything that justified me in believing in extraphysical intervention. If souls could manifest themselves, it would be most astonishing that I had never found a single one of them in evidence when I made my observations.”¹ And he wrote with entire conviction the sentence given at the beginning of this chapter.

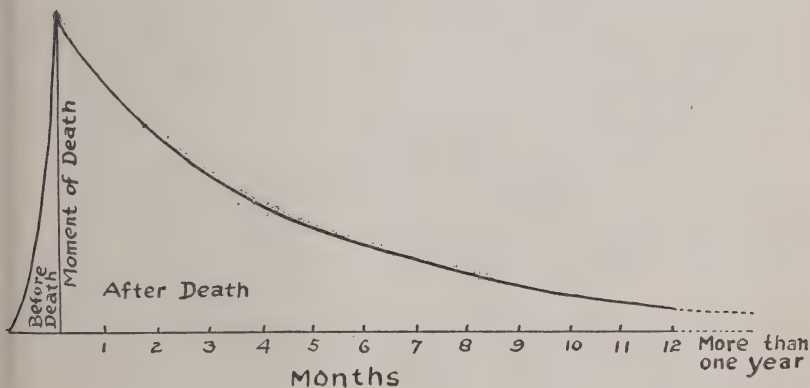
I do not think that a single one of my readers can be of this same negative opinion.

Our classification of posthumous occurrences has shown us that manifestations may occur a very long time after death. We now reach those which took place some time after dissolution: five, ten, fifteen, twenty, thirty, forty, sixty years and more. I have not enough space to set all of them before my readers' eyes. All of them are, moreover, open to discussion. We shall examine the principal ones. Readers will be struck, in these cases also, by clear and unquestionable examples—among others, that of Palladia, who appeared recurrently during a number of years (page 302) as well as that of Monsieur Cocozza's father, ten years after his death (page 310). We shall investigate these posthumous manifestations so long after death.

Apparitions of the dead have already been classified by Frederic Myers, in a very detailed statistical study (“Human Personality,” 1903, Volume II, page 14), in the order of their relative frequency after the day of dissolution. His statistics show that the maximum number occur at the moment of death. I have come to virtually the same conclusion in classifying the accounts sent me. The manifestations begin before death—several hours, even several days before it—when the subject is in a state of coma or weakness, and we set them down under the heading of telepathic manifestations of the dying. (See “L’Inconnu,” pages 59 to 215 and 411 to 457, and “At the Moment of Death,” chapters IV, V, XI, and XII.) These occurrences suggested the pos-

¹ Le Dantec, *Le problème de la mort et la conscience universelle*, p. 69.

sibility that certain manifestations of the *dead* might be delayed manifestations of the *living*, which had remained latent in the percipients' brains for some physiological reason. The case of H  l  ne No  l was of this particular kind (Volume II, page 320). But this theory is applicable only to a small number of cases. Certain apparitions did not manifest themselves for several months, or even several years after dissolution. We saw, from our own classification, that the greatest number were observed during the first days, the first weeks, the first months. By the end of the first year the phenomena diminished in number: this may be represented graphically by a very sharply dipping curve. It does not seem to me, however, as it does to Myers, that the curve could be lowered to zero, and instead of his diagram in which it touched the bottom line, at its right extremity, I should like to propose the diagram shown below. It is based on



thousands of comparisons which I have made, and takes into consideration apparitions more than one year after death, for there are certain apparitions of this sort, though they are rare. And we cannot omit all consideration of haunted houses.

The accounts in the preceding chapter have already included phenomena occurring several years after death. We

shall push on. If all these scientific observations were false, illusory, this would be entirely useless. Each of my careful readers can judge for himself, as I do. Though many of the accounts make us entirely certain as to the authenticity of the facts related and the resultant proofs of survival after death, it is not to be doubted that others appear to warrant the theory of autosuggestion, illusion, hallucination. What are we seeking, in all freedom of conscience? The truth. Now, there are two alternatives: either the stories that we have read are all false, or there are true ones among them. Were but a single one of them true, incontestable, unquestionable, its reality would suffice to prove survival after death. Well, I ask every honest-minded reader to which side the balance leans. Does not the heavy side of positive occurrences outweigh, decisively, the light side of debatable or uncertain cases? In every human work, mistakes may occur. We are not dealing with mathematical theorems. Let us, above all, be fair; let us judge things as they must be judged. A grain of oats lost in a bushel of wheat does not lessen the value of the grains of wheat. If, therefore, we take things as a whole, we are led to think that those readers who are not yet convinced will never be convinced by any proof. I know perfectly honest-minded men who think, sincerely, that the rotation of the earth has not been proved!

From among the posthumous manifestations which belong, chronologically, after the preceding ones, I shall first submit the following one to my readers. It took place as late as the third year.

Dr. Martin, of the Paris Faculty, who lived in Penne, Lot-et-Garonne, wrote me in March, 1899:

Two most respectable ladies, who are still alive and can furnish attestations, were living in a house in the open country in which, three years before, an infirm old man had died. He had lived on

the second floor and had tyrannized over the servants by continually ringing the bell. The bell was in the vestibule, on the ground floor, high up near the ceiling, and the wires had been removed after his death. Now, one fine day, these ladies and their servants heard a diabolical peal; they rushed into the vestibule, where they saw the bell ringing madly. Terrified, the witnesses of this went through every part of the house. There were no practical jokers about, and they ascertained that the wires were still missing. The ringing lasted a certain number of minutes, and then stopped. They always supposed that the old fellow had fallen back into a former habit of his. This took place at the home of Mesdames Daubèze, in Castel-Sarrasin.

There is no need for me to add that the attempts to discover a natural explanation ended in nothing.

DR. MARTIN.

(Letter 148.)

My investigation (it was, however, superfluous) confirmed the authenticity of this account. It cannot have surprised my readers. They will remember, in particular, the account on page 244 of our first volume, with its accompanying sketch. They know that these odd manifestations—so incomprehensible, so inexplicable—were witnessed by observers as well balanced as you and I.

People object, sometimes, that these are most commonplace things. I am the first to acknowledge the truth of this—above all, when we regard the problems to be cleared up from the philosophical point of view. But what can I do about it? Rain is commonplace, too, and so is the birth of a child (eighty-six thousand, four hundred babies a day are born on our diminutive planet.)

In general, the dwellers on our globe are not philosophers, thinkers, or savants. On the day after death they must be the same as the day before.

The time to put forward theories has not yet come. This work has only one object: to prove a certain *fact*—that the

dead manifest themselves. Even this is a great deal, and I shall be satisfied if I succeed in convincing my readers of that much.

We shall now consider an apparition that occurred repeatedly. It was seen not only by two persons but by several, and it was perceived by a dog. It is particularly interesting. I am taking it from Myers's "Human Personality" (Volume II, page 21). It was described in the following terms by a Russian magistrate, Monsieur Mamtchitch:

St. Petersburg, April 29, 1891.

Palladia was the daughter of a rich Russian landowner, who died one month before she was born. Her mother, in despair, dedicated her unborn child to life in a convent. The girl's name owed its origin to this circumstance; it was what the nuns called her. Two years afterward her mother died, and the orphan was brought up, until the age of fourteen, in a Moscow convent, by her aunt, who was the mother superior.

In 1870, when I was still a student in the University of Moscow, I made the acquaintance of Palladia's brother, a student like myself, and we often talked of giving back to the world this girl who was a nun, though not by her own choice. But our plan was not realized until 1872. I had gone to Moscow in the summer, to see the exposition, and I met Palladia's brother there, by chance. I learned that he was preparing to send her to the Crimea for her health, and I seconded this project as earnestly as I could. It was then that I saw Palladia for the first time. She was fourteen; though tall, she was very timid, and she already had tuberculosis. On her brother's request, I accompanied her and her sister to the Crimea, where they spent the winter.

In the summer of 1873 I happened to meet Palladia and her sister in Odessa, where they had gone to consult physicians. On August 27th, while I was reading to the two sisters, Palladia died, suddenly, of an aneurism. She was fifteen years old.

Two years afterward, in 1875, when I was in Kieff, I happened, one December evening, to be at a spiritistic séance for the first time. I heard blows inside the table, but this did not astonish me

in the least, for I was convinced that it was a joke. When I got back home, I wished to see if I could produce any rapping; I assumed the same position, with my hands on the table. Soon I heard blows. Imitating the procedure which I had witnessed, I began to recite the alphabet. Palladia's name was dictated. I was astonished and almost frightened. Not being able to calm myself, I again took up my position near the table, and asked Palladia what she had to say to me. The reply was, "*Set the angel up; it is falling down.*" I did not understand what she was talking about.

She is buried in Kieff, and I had heard it said that they wished to put up a monument on her grave, but had never been to the spot where she was buried and did not know what sort of tombstone it was.

I did not go back to bed, and as soon as dawn came I went to the cemetery. With the superintendent's assistance, and not without difficulty, I discovered the grave, buried under the snow. I halted, astounded: the marble statue of the angel, with a cross, was tilted, markedly, to one side.

From this I concluded that there is another world, with which we can enter into relations.

In October, 1876, I was moving into my new dwelling (rue Droresnaya) with Potołof, my colleague in the Department of Justice. I was in a very good humor, and was playing on a small, upright piano; it was about eight o'clock in the evening. On one side of me was my study; it, too, was lighted by a lamp. My comrade was busy at his desk, at the other end of these adjoining rooms. All the doors were open, and from where he sat he could see the study very distinctly, and the room in which I was. Suddenly I saw Palladia! She was standing in the middle of the doorway, her form turned a little to one side. Her face was toward me; she was looking at me calmly. She had on the same dark dress which she had worn when she died in my presence. Her right hand hung free. I saw her shoulders and her waist distinctly. I was looking into her eyes the whole time, queerly enough, without thinking that a dead person stood before me. She was lighted up on both sides, and my eyesight is very good. But I admit that at once I felt a shiver run down my spine, and was as though petrified! It was not fear, it was something else, such as the feeling I have when

I look down from a great height; at such times I experience a terrible, giddy qualm. I could not say how long Palladia remained there before me, but I remember that she moved to the right and vanished behind the door of the study. I rushed toward her. Only then did I remember that she was dead.

At that moment my comrade came up to me and asked me what was the matter. I told him what had just happened; then we went into the study, where we found no one. My comrade, who had heard me suddenly stop playing, had lifted his head and, so far as I can remember, he told me that he, too, had seen some one pass before the door. Because of my excitement he told me, to calm me, that it was probably my servant, who had come to attend to the lamp. But this servant was downstairs, in the kitchen. That was how I saw Palladia for the first time, three years after her death.

I have often seen her since. Sometimes she appears to me three times in a week or twice on the same day; or even a month may go by without my seeing her.

Palladia always appears unexpectedly, taking me by surprise at a time when I am least anticipating it.

Never do I see her in my dreams.

I see her both when I am alone and with a great many people.

She always appears to me with the same serene expression in her eyes; sometimes with a slight smile.

I always see her in the dark dress which she wore when she died before my eyes. I see, distinctly, her face, her head, her shoulders, and her arms, but I do not see her feet, or, rather, do not think of looking at them.

On these occasions, when I see Palladia unexpectedly, I grow dumb, I have a feeling of coldness in my back, I turn pale, I utter a feeble cry, and my breathing stops (this is what I am told by those who have by chance seen me at such moments).

The apparitions of Palladia last one, two, or three minutes, then gradually vanish and dissolve.

These manifestations bear a great resemblance to the best-known types of hallucinations, with the exception, however, of the first one: the revelation concerning the grave in the

cemetery. The following experiences do not bear out this analogy :

In 1879, at the end of November, I was in Kieff, seated at my desk, writing out an indictment. It was eight o'clock in the evening; my watch was before me on the table. I was hurrying to finish my work, for at nine o'clock I was to go to an evening party. Suddenly I saw Palladia seated in an arm-chair before me; her right elbow was on a table and her head was in her hand. When I had recovered from the shock, I looked at my watch, following with my eyes the movement of the second-hand. Then I lifted my gaze to Palladia. I saw that she had not changed her position, and I could see her elbow, clearly, on the table. Her eyes gazed at me with joy and serenity. Then, for the first time, I decided to speak to her. "How do you feel, now?" I asked. Her face remained impassive; her lips, so far as I can remember, did not move, but I distinctly heard her voice utter the word "Calm."—"I understand," I answered. And, as a matter of fact, I understood at that moment all the meaning she had put into the word. That I might be still more certain that I was not dreaming, I looked at the watch again, and the second-hand. When I looked at Palladia once more I noted that she had begun to melt away and vanish.

In 1885 I was living with my parents on an estate in the Province of Poltava. One day, when I woke up at dawn, I saw Palladia. She was standing before me, about five paces away, gazing at me with a joyful smile. Drawing near me, she spoke these words: "I have been, I have seen," and, still smiling, she disappeared. What did these words mean? I could not understand them. In my room my dog was sleeping near me. As soon as I saw Palladia, the dog's hair bristled. With a yelp, he jumped up on my bed, pressed against me, and looked in the direction in which I was gazing. He did not bark, though ordinarily he let no one enter my room without barking and growling. Whenever my dog saw Palladia he pressed against me, as though seeking a refuge. I spoke to no one about the incident. The evening of that same day, a young girl who was stopping with us told me that something strange had happened to her that morning. "When I waked up early this morning," she said, "I had a feeling that some one was standing at

the head of my bed, and I heard a voice saying to me, distinctly, 'Don't be afraid of me; I'm good and loving.' I turned my head, but saw nothing."

A year later, I was engaged to this girl. I must add that on the previous occasion I had met the young lady for the first time, and was not thinking in the least of a future marriage.

Five years afterward, in 1890, I was with my wife and my son, aged two. We were staying with my old friends the Strijewskys, on their estate in the Province of Woronège. One day, about seven o'clock in the evening, I was returning from a hunting expedition. I went into the wing in which we were living, in order to change my clothes. I was seated in a room lighted by a large lamp. The door opened and my son Olég hurried to where I sat in an arm-chair. Then, suddenly, Palladia appeared before me. I noticed that he did not take his eyes from her. He turned to me; pointing at her, he spoke these two words: "My aunt." I took him on my knee and glanced toward Palladia, but she had vanished. Olég's face was absolutely calm and joyful; he was only beginning to speak; this explains his words concerning the apparition.

This detailed statement was supplemented by the substantiating declarations of the other witnesses. This is important, for the first explanation which occurs to us, in every case, is that of a possible hallucination. Among others, Madame Mamtchitch wrote:

I remember very well that on July 10, 1885, when we were visiting Monsieur C. Mamtchitch's relatives, I waked up at daybreak, for my sister and I had agreed that we would take an early morning walk. I sat up in bed and saw that Mama and my sister were asleep. At that moment I had a feeling that some one was standing at the head of my bed. I half turned around, for I was, so to speak, afraid to look, but saw no one. When I had lain down again I heard at once, behind me and above my head, a woman's voice saying in a low tone, but distinctly, "Don't be afraid of me; I'm good and loving," and a whole sentence more, which I forgot as soon as she had spoken it. Immediately afterward I dressed and went out for a walk. It is strange that I was n't frightened in

the least. I said nothing about it to my mother and my sister, for they did not like such things, and did not believe in them; but on the evening of that same day, when the conversation turned on problems of the unknown, I told Monsieur Mamtchitch what had happened to me that morning.

Such is the story of this odd psychic manifestation. Plainly, if we should persist in seeing here only an hallucination, we should be in error, for we should have to admit that (1) the narrator (2) his wife, who was at that time a stranger to him (3) his child, two years old, (4) his dog—we should have to admit, I say, that all these were the victims of hallucinations. We should still have to explain the first warning, regarding the cemetery. Everything, in this case, would lead us to decide in favor of real manifestations on the part of the deceased Palladia (who died at the age of fifteen) in the years 1873, 1875, 1876, 1879, 1885, and 1890—that is to say, two, three, six, twelve, and seventeen years after her death. The only way to avoid reaching this conclusion would be to accuse the narrator of having made up a whole series of lies. That is a most serious accusation. And the magistrate has some one to vouch for his honesty: Aksakof.

That there were hallucinations may be granted in the cases of certain visual and auditory phenomena; but this hypothesis is far from explaining everything, as is generally imagined. Even if hallucinations played the chief rôle, people about whom the narrators were thinking would show themselves, rather than spontaneous apparitions of unknown people. And it would be nervous, sensitive people who would have these visions, rather than those who are calm, well poised, and often skeptical. Out of five thousand accounts sent me from various social classes in various countries, there were, perhaps, only a hundred sent by men or women (women, above all) whose mental poise might have been doubted—in whom light-headedness dominated reason,

Generally these observations are as positive as an astronomical, meteorological, physical, or chemical observation made, on some one occasion, by chance, and under unexpected conditions. There is nothing pathological about them.

It cannot be doubted that (at times) we receive warnings in dreams. In general these warnings would seem to come from ourselves, from our own consciousness, from our subconscious minds. But they are (at times) connected with communications from dead relatives. This connection may be only an apparent one, and have no basis in fact. Nevertheless we know, on the other hand ("Before Death," page 308), that there are voices from outside ourselves—voices that are unreal, but of psychic origin. Besides, it happens not infrequently that we see dead persons in dreams, as though they were still alive, and they do not count for nothing in these illusions. When, therefore, a warning is given by a friend beyond the grave, the question arises as to whether or not this deceased person was really the sender of the warning.

The following letter presents this problem. It was sent me from Baltimore, Maryland, by an interested reader.

When I was young—nineteen years old—I lost a mother whom I adored. Her memory is sacred to me and I often used to take counsel of it, mentally. Several years later—five or six years—I had to go through great struggles, and was, *without knowing it*, in much danger.

One night I was sleeping deeply, without dreaming. I saw no one; no scene rose before me, but my mother's voice said to me distinctly, "*Take care, Fanny!*" I cannot tell you if I woke up when I heard the voice, or after hearing it. I know that I still heard, distinctly, the sound of this dear, familiar voice when I was fully awake—a voice the sound of which remained engraved upon my heart. The next day, at a certain moment, I understood suddenly why my mother's voice had put me on my guard.

Several of my dreams have come true. They are what I might

call parable-dreams, and when I awaken I know their meaning intuitively; not after a time, but at once.

Now that I am older, and perhaps stronger, less nervous, and less impressionable, such things have almost ceased to happen to me.

It seems to me—if I may express my opinion—that we can more or less put ourselves in touch with psychic forces, or cut ourselves off from them.

I have never seen an apparition, and the very thought of one frightens me, but, in order to reach a scientific conclusion, no research seems too arduous to me; for, dominating all my inner struggles, came this voice from beyond the grave, clear and distinct: a mother's warning to her child whom she saw in danger because of her ignorance.

Why my mother's voice rather than any other? Whence came this voice? Why did not the presentiment of danger come to me precisely at the crucial moment? I often have presentiments, I feel things, and I believe in these presentiments; but my mother's voice was as clear and distinct as if she had spoken to me, in her earnest tone. And she did speak to me; therefore she is not dead.

F. TH. MEYLAU,

Bryn Mawr School, Baltimore.

(Letter 653.)

It seems to me that this voice belongs in the category of exterior causes, and came from the dead mother. It is anti-philosophical to deny because of preconceived convictions. The narrator's perception may not have been one that could be ascribed merely to sentiment.

The following occurrence is a clear case of posthumous intervention.

A man who had been dead for ten years appeared to his children in a dream. He reproached them for having left his bones—unearthed by grave-diggers—abandoned in the snow, and the prey of wolves. They could not in the least have suspected that this was the case. This example is particularly remarkable in that it would seem to show with certainty the influence of the dead man, and because

it led to legal action and the sentencing of the grave-diggers.¹

Castel di Sangro, Italy,
May, 1905.

In the pretty little town of Castel di Sangro—lost in the midst of the high Abruzzi-Aquilan Mountains and until a few days ago almost buried under the snow—something happened which has excited and held the attention, these last few days, of the local authorities and the whole population.

On the night of the third of last March, Signore Pascal Coccozza, a worthy man—Baron Raphaël Corrado's game-warden—saw, in a dream, his father, who had been dead for ten years. His father reproached him, as well as his brothers, for having forgotten him, and—something still more serious—for having left his poor bones, unearched by grave-diggers, behind the tower in the cemetery, in the snow, the prey of wolves!

Signore Coccozza, greatly affected by this gruesome dream, related it to his sister the next day. To his great surprise, his sister declared that *she had had precisely the same dream*. Then the worthy warden, without further delay, and in spite of a snow-storm, took his rifle and went to the cemetery, situated on a hill above the town. There, behind the tower, among the brambles and on the snow, *on which there were wolves' footprints*, he saw human bones! The dream had, therefore, been veridical.

Naturally, Signore Coccozza sent an accusation of the superintendent of the cemetery, François Mannarelli, to the town hall. It was transmitted to Signore Casoria, the Justice of the Peace, who ordered the arrest of Mannarelli and three other grave-diggers. The accused men said, in self-justification, that since the time set for the exhumation of the bodies and their transportation to the charnel-house—*ten years* after burial—had just come, they were moving the bones at nightfall, had been overtaken by the snow and the cold, and had not been able to transfer some of the skeletons. At first the grave-diggers, in their own defense, tried to deny that the bones found were those of Signore Coccozza's father; in this way they could plead that the game-warden had not been wronged by

¹ *Annales des Sciences psychiques*, September, 1905, pp. 551-555.

their negligence. But it appeared, through confidential information and from other investigations made in the cemetery, that the bones were really those of Signore Cocozza, senior, who had been dead for ten years.

The dream was veridical from every point of view. If, on the one hand, we cannot exclude the possibility of the grave-diggers having influenced the percipients telepathically, there remains, however, an implication that some more than human agency intervened, some agency which alone knew that wolves had gnawed the bones. The grave-diggers, moreover, could not, when they exhumed the bodies, have known to whom the skeletons belonged. And lastly—and this is remarkable—two percipients, the only persons directly concerned, had this dream simultaneously.

GUIDO FIOCCA-NOVI.

A careful, systematic investigation of these strange occurrences has led to certain conclusions that are worthy of our attention. One of the most important documents in the case bears the stamp of the Castel di Sangro justice of the peace. Here it is:

On Dr. Guido Fiocca Novi's demand and in the interests of scientific research, with the authorization of the Justice of the Peace of Castel di Sangro,

We hereby certify:

That, from the records of the trial instituted by the Justice of the Peace with an ordinance against Mannarelli Francesco, Gentil Antonio, Fusco Ippolito, Petrarca Antonio, and Ricchiuto Giovanni, following an accusation dated March 4, 1905, for the misdemeanor of exhuming human bones, it appears:

(1) On page 1 of the official records of March 4, 1905, that the police officer Vito Peschinelli, as soon as he received the accusation of Signore Pascal Cocozza (son of the deceased Pierre), went to the spot and verified what Signore Cocozza had related. He found, also, that there were wolves' and foxes' footprints near the bones; this helped to explain the disappearance of certain portions of the skeleton.

(2) On page 15 of the official report of the action brought by

the plaintiff, dated March 7, 1905, that Signore Pascal Cocozza stated to the magistrate that on the night of March 3-4, he had seen, in a dream, his father, who had complained that no one thought of protecting his remains. He then went immediately to the cemetery, and afterward went back there with his brother-in-law, who told him that he remembered the precise spot where the deceased had been buried. Scattered over a distance of from fifteen to twenty meters, thirteen human bones were found. Signore Cocozza, senior, had died on January 10, 1895.

(3) On page 20 of the Royal Riflemen's report, dated March 7, containing the record of the investigation, the commanding officer of the riflemen (the author of the report) declared that everything led to the belief that the bones in question had been abandoned there by the grave-diggers because of the difficulty they had had in carrying them to the charnel-house, about which a great quantity of snow had accumulated.

From the Clerk's Office of the Justice of the Peace (Castel di Sangro) May 24, 1905.

RIDOLFI GUIDO,
Assistant Clerk of the Court.

*(Official stamp of the
Justice of the Peace)*

*Examined this day by A. CASORIA,
Justice of the Peace.*

Before publishing this case, Dr. Dariex, editor of the *Annales psychiques* at that time, wrote to Dr. Fiocca-Novi once more, asking him for information as to the result of the grave-diggers' trial, and requesting him to find out whether in the days immediately preceding the dream Signore Cocozza had not passed near the cemetery, where, more or less unconsciously, he might have been struck by its disordered condition. Here is the doctor's reply:

Castel di Sangro, August 4, 1905.

First, I shall give the result of the trial: The grave-diggers were found guilty. The superintendent, Mannarelli, was acquitted, be-

cause he was able to justify his absence. Signore Cocozza was allowed to assume the position of plaintiff, as the injured party, since the Justice of the Peace admitted, after the proofs submitted during the proceedings, the reality of the dream.

As for the *accidental* or *subconscious* knowledge which Signore Cocozza might have had as to the condition of the bones, this theory must be absolutely ruled out: (1) because the cemetery is difficult of access; a special trip must be made to it; it is on the top of a very precipitous pass, surrounded by great, mediæval walls, as you may see from the enclosed photograph; (2) because, at the time when this happened, the snow was very high, wolves infested the country-side and we had had nothing less than 21° below zero! It was precisely for these reasons that the poor grave-diggers had withdrawn. How could Signore Cocozza have been walking in the graveyard under such conditions, when it was only with the greatest difficulty that he and the other subordinates (my clerk included) were persuaded to leave their houses? . . .

GUIDO FIOCCA-NOVI.

Can we reasonably dispute the fact that there was direct influence on the part of this man who had been dead for ten years?

These experiences are of the greatest interest.

Since this chapter is devoted to posthumous manifestations observed from four to thirty years after dissolution, I must here remind my readers of the occurrence related in Volume II (page 314) by Miss Lucy Dodson. A mother appeared, sixteen years after her death, bearing in her arms two children which she held out to her daughter, whose sister-in-law had just died, as a result of confinement. But we may suppose that the woman who was in childbed, thinking of the future of these children, acted telepathically on her sister-in-law, and that she herself produced the image of the mother.

In the matter of identity, we can be less certain, in this case, than in the case given on page 88: a father, dead for

fourteen years, who appeared to his son and to his daughter-in-law.

The following occurrence took place twenty years after death. I am taking an account of it from a letter sent me in May, 1900. The apparition, in a dream, seemed objective to the dreamer. Was there, in this case, only a wave of memory due to the subconscious mind? That hypothesis deserves discussion.

Mr. Holbrook, editor of the "Herald of Health" (New York), wrote on July 30, 1884¹:

In the spring of 1870 I had an attack of acute bronchitis, which made me very ill. Since I had had a similar attack every winter and every spring for several years, I was most disturbed and believed that it would become chronic, and would, perhaps, end fatally. I was young and having just begun a line of work in which I wished to remain for a long time, I was most dejected by the prospect.

One day I fell into a deep sleep, and had the following dream, which is still fresh in my memory:

My sister, who had been dead for more than twenty years, and whom I had almost forgotten, drew near my bed and said: "Don't worry about your health; we have come to take care of you; you still have a great deal to do in this world." Then she disappeared, and it seemed to me that my brain was electrified, as though by the shock of contact with a battery. But instead of being painful, this sensation was delicious. The current descended into my lungs and chest, where I felt it very strongly. It spread, thence, to the extremities, where it caused an agreeable warmth. I awakened almost at once, and felt very well. Since then I have never had any attack of this illness. The phantom of my sister was indistinct, but her voice was very clear. Nothing like that had ever happened to me before, and has not since.

M. L. HOLBROOK.

¹ *Proceedings S. P. R.*, VIII, 374. *Human Personality*, I, 370. *Annales des Sciences psychiques*, 1899, p. 168.

One may easily imagine the doubts of an honest-minded seeker, when these experiences are put before him. Is it probable that the sister counted for nothing, as regards these sensations? Was not, in this case, a sort of magnetism transmitted from beyond the grave?

The following account was sent me from Valparaiso on May 9, 1899. The apparition was that of a person who had been dead for more than thirty years.

I was extremely young at that time, and slept in a room with my mother. My bed was just in front of the door which gave on to a hallway. One evening I was sent to bed early, as usual. My mother went with me herself, with a candle which she put on the table, and left me, to rejoin the rest of the family; they used to stay up until ten or eleven. I was sitting on the bed, hesitating as to whether to slip under the sheet because it was growing cold, when, lifting my eyes by chance, I saw at the end of the hall—for the door was still open—an old woman coming toward me. I thought at first that it was my grandmother. But as I perceived details better I saw that it was not she, and that I did not know her. My astonishment changed to terror when the apparition entered the room. Although she stood fully in the light, and I could see her clearly, I perceived the furniture through her body. The phantom approached the foot of my bed, and then I could not help uttering piercing cries. Every one came up; I told what I had seen; they laughed in my face, and said that I had been dreaming.

No one in my family had died at that time. Some years later I heard my grandmother relate that, about thirty years before, my uncle had bought this house from the heirs of an old woman to whom it had belonged, and that this old woman had died in the very room in which I had seen the apparition. I should like to point out the coincidence without drawing any conclusion. I shall add only one thing: that I had never had any visions or hallucinations before this adventure, and that I have never had any since then.

L. JOURIDE.

(Letter 666.)

It is usual to reason like the parents of this child, who was accused of having seen nothing, of having dreamed. But he was not asleep. Was it an imaginary vision? He never had any other. In this way such occurrences—which are, as a matter of fact, inexplicable—have been dismissed. But should they not be examined a little more carefully? The child saw an old woman whom he mistook at first, in all calmness, for his grandmother. It was a phantom, through which he could see the furniture. On the other hand, an old woman had died in this room. It seems to me that instead of wiping the slate clean of the picture, and effacing everything because the occurrence puzzles us, it is more scientific to enlighten ourselves by investigating and discussing such problems.

These diverse accounts, therefore, give us examples of apparitions observed ten, fifteen, twenty, and thirty years after death. Have we not already read (in Volume II, page 195) of the apparition of a Mrs. Carleton, who had been dead for fifty-six years? Mrs. Carleton, faithful to her promise to a woman friend, announced to this friend that she must prepare to die in twenty-four hours. The friend, convinced of the truth of the announcement, took a bath, that the family might be spared the trouble of washing her dead body. She died at the time specified.

I have before me a great many bits of testimony as to manifestations on the part of dead persons. They include warnings helpful to those who received them. Among the documents is an account of a personal experience, which was sent me by Monsieur Oscar Belgeonne, secretary to the Anvers public prosecutor. The account bears the number 4421, in my records. The large number of documents contained in this volume obliges me to hold these bits of testimony in reserve; they might be considered a supplement to those published here.

While seeking to explain these experiences—to bring them

into line with the normal course of events—as forgotten recollections, latent in the memory, we have seen that many call for quite another sort of explanation. I had kept one last one in reserve, an occurrence which took place sixty-eight years after dissolution. It concerns a man who died in 1824, and who appeared to his grandson in a dream, in 1892, to show him where his grave was. The analysis of the case fills a large number of pages, and leaves us with an impression that it is “possible” to attribute the dream to a forgotten recollection. In any case, I should like to call investigators’ attention to it—the attention of those with a love for analysis. (See “*Annales des Sciences psychiques*,” 1912, page 24.)

Are the occurrences which have just been given (and painstakingly analyzed) not at one in proving the immortality of the soul and the reality of communication between the dead and the living? They take place at intervals, as we see, from the very moment of dissolution to days, weeks, months, and years afterward.

There are other occurrences still farther removed from the hour of dissolution. These persist as legends, even for several centuries. In this way we reach haunted houses, step by step.

We cannot here investigate this important field. But we cannot help taking still a little time to consider other proofs of survival and the continuity of psychic life by turning to the teachings of spiritism, which, so far, we have not been able to take up in this work.

I had planned to put still another series of occurrences before my readers, since they add special evidence. These were, on the one hand, apparitions, at death-beds, of those already dead. On the other hand, I had planned to show the actual reality of certain phantoms, and to give photographs of them. But space is lacking for such an analysis.

The conclusion that we may draw, therefore, from all the preceding pages, and from these ten chapters, is that if

readers have not been convinced by the innumerable proofs offered, clear as the sun at noon, they will never be convinced. One might as well go into the fields and speak Hebrew or Sanskrit to the husbandmen.

Perhaps future science will discover an explanation of the phenomena—one different from that which seems to us to-day the most direct and most natural. But the occurrences prove that there are such phenomena, and that they must no longer be disdained.

XI

MANIFESTATIONS OF THE DEAD IN SPIRITISTIC EXPERIMENTS

I, like every one else, laughed at spiritism. But what I mistook for Voltaire's laugh was but an idiot's laugh.

EUG. BONNEMÈRE.

SPIRITISM¹ is, in general, in bad repute, and deserves to be. Most of its disciples are unmethodical; they are often lacking in mental poise, are often dupes of illusions. They prefer a belief and a religion which merely console, to the impartial and critical investigation without which we can be sure of nothing. These are bad conditions for research; adequate safeguards are lacking.

In Allan Kardec's time (in the course of the speech which I made at his grave on April 2, 1869) I believed it helpful and even necessary to proclaim, at this very grave, that "*spiritism is not a religion but a science*," and to add that "we are now at the dawn of an undiscovered science." During the fifty years which followed the utterance of these words, the continued progress of our research has lent them greater and greater emphasis, confirmed them more and more fully.

It is by the scientific method alone that we may make progress in the search for truth. Religious belief must not take the place of impartial analysis. We must be constantly on our guard against illusions.

Apart from deliberate deception, dishonest and inexcus-

¹ Monsieur Flammarion makes a distinction between "spiritualism" and "spiritism." By "spiritualism" he means the general doctrine that departed spirits hold intercourse with mortals. By "spiritism" he means mediumistic research.—*Translator*.

able, there is autosuggestion leading to involuntary deception. Believers allow themselves to be easily gulled. I have seen tables moved, quite patently, by the hands of so-called "mediums," without these "mediums" themselves suspecting it (at times), despite the clearest evidence. People too often accept the sayings of self-styled "spirits," without the slightest verification (*contrôle*). Moreover, they have ended by giving the name *contrôle* ("control") to the spirit itself—that is to say, to the unknown cause which is to be determined! This is a grammatical absurdity.

And all this is usually done in good faith.

There are also dishonest exploiters of credulity, who give "séances," promising apparitions and posthumous manifestations to the simpletons who listen to them. Those who have been gulled then complain, laughably, of having been robbed! The human race, supposedly intelligent, is truly strange. One must have a great deal of courage to work perseveringly, surrounded by these impostors; one must be sustained by the conviction that there are truths to be discovered.

There is more than one danger in psychic research, and above all in spiritistic experiments. The chief danger is that we prove, indubitably, the reality of phenomena that are not merely inexplicable but are, at times, improbable and logically inadmissible. In this way we begin a dangerous descent, for where does reality stop? There is a limit. Where is it? Men and women admit the most blatant absurdities in perfect good faith—women, above all, if we must speak the truth. Their credulity sometimes equals that of the most simple-minded bigots, who see the devil or Providence in the least changes in temperature or the least important vicissitudes of existence. And with what ease certain "mediums" play upon weak minds! We even ask ourselves, often, whether these naïve experimenters are dupes or accomplices, and would not *prefer* to be deceived! We must

guess where this dangerous descent begins, and never draw near that point.

It is difficult to obtain definite results from the encompassing psychic atmosphere. We get, at times, replies differing so greatly from the ideas of the persons present that the identity of the spirit that has been evoked would seem to be proved by the particular details which that spirit reveals. Then, when his name is asked, he cannot give it! Very often, too, he gives only one initial. Why? It is disconcerting.

But those who reject everything connected with these experiments are wrong, without a doubt. We cannot say in such cases, "*Everything or nothing.*" There are occurrences worthy of the most serious attention. And these occurrences, as well as the diverse experiences given in the three volumes of this work, prove the materialistic theory to be erroneous.

It appears to me that, in order to form an exact and rigorous estimate of the authenticity of proofs of identity in spiritistic communications, we must be certain, above all, that no part of these communications proceeds from the subconscious minds of the experimenters and of those present. If any part can be attributed to them, this renders posthumous research illusory.

If the influence of persons present at the séance can be eliminated, research becomes possible. But, again, we must not lose sight of our present knowledge of telepathy and forget that living people may transmit thought to a distance.

We see what care is necessary in the experimental study of spiritism.

We have already, in this volume, seen examples of such manifestations—among others, in our preliminary investigation, in the revelations of Monsieur Bossan's family, and in other cases in which the identity of the communicating spirit has seemed to us well established.

They are not things of to-day, these investigations in which the identity of the communicating spirits is discussed; investigations which lead to positive results. More than a quarter of a century ago Dr. Chazarain published, in "*Le Progrès spirite*" (Lyons), the following account:

Monsieur Honoré Chavée was a distinguished anthropologist and linguist, and author of a remarkable book, valued by all the savants of the world: "*The Indo-European Lexicology*." He was Hovelacque's instructor in matters of linguistic erudition, and was one of the first lecturers who, with Flammarion, Jacolliot, Sarcy, Maria Deraisme, and others, used to speak in the lecture hall in the *boulevard des Capucines*, at a time when Yves Henry, whose physician and friend I was, was in charge of it. This was in 1866.

While attending his lectures I became acquainted with Monsieur Chavée, and entered into long-continued and friendly relations with him, which lasted until his death.

Monsieur Chavée believed in successive existences, but did not admit that it is possible for the dead to communicate with us. To explain spirit communications and the part played by mediums, he had evolved a most original theory, similar to that based on mental suggestion and the exteriorization of thought.

Madame Chavée had obtained, through Madame Rodière as a medium (in 1862 she had served as Monsieur Flammarion's medium), a communication which seems to me to express her husband's ideas before he returned to his life in space.

Some days later I had gone to the home of one of my patients, Madame D——, who was in bed. I entered her room, in which were two of her friends, Mademoiselle G—— and Madame V——, her housekeeper; they were seated at a table placed close beside her bed. Both were mediums and were at that moment engaged in spiritistic experiments. At once I decided to profit by the occasion and to evoke Chavée. It was simple curiosity on my part; I had no other idea.

The table having replied in the affirmative, Madame D——, sitting up in bed, wrote down the letters given by the rapping.

After the last letter, the table stopped; we asked whether the communication were ended. Since there was an affirmative reply,

Madame D—— wrote the spirit's name at the bottom of the sheet, spelling it in this way: *Chavet*. She believed this spelling to be correct.

Scarcely had she finished when the table, on which our hands were still resting, began to move once more, and dictated these words: "That is not the way my name is spelled."

When Madame D—— had had the pencil in her hand, I was about two meters away from her, on a level with her feet. Had I wished to do so, it would have been absolutely impossible for me to see what she had written. This was equally true of the other persons who had their hands on the table; they were, moreover, ignorant of the correct spelling.

No one of us, therefore, could have known that the name had been wrongly spelled when the table began to move, calling attention to the error.

Consequently, the medium could not have been warned, by thought-vibration on the part of the persons present, of the mistake that had been made, and could not have controlled the table.

I must inform you that the great linguist Honoré Chavée could not bear, when he was alive, to have his name incorrectly written or his first name altered. His widow, to whom I showed the communication in question and the subsequent remark which the writer of it had dictated, cried at once: "Ah, that protest was just like him! Just think: when one of his compatriots and friends [Monsieur Chavée was a native of Namur] spoke of his books most eulogistically in a speech he made in Brussels, the newspapers of that city printed a report of the speech, giving his first name as Henri. He was so annoyed by this error that he had scarcely finished reading the account in the Belgian newspaper when he sent a telegram protesting against the unintentional substitution; he was n't willing to wait until evening to send a letter."

This furnished still another proof of the spirit's identity. It was because of the persistence, beyond the grave, of this original side of his character that he wished to call attention to the mistake that had been made. For this reason we have here, more or less by chance, an extremely clear proof of identity; its value is unquestionable. But I am inclined to believe that, while faithful to this peculiarity which made him, when alive, unable to bear any

confusion of his name with any similar name whatsoever, even for a moment, he also availed himself, eagerly and joyfully, of an occasion to give us a rare proof of the identity of a spirit.

DR. CHAZARAIN.

The best proof that these phenomena are not always caused by autosuggestion is the fact that they often occur without our willing it. For example, how many times do we not, at table-rapping séances, demand vainly that an important message be continued! All those present wish ardently for a continuation, and despite all their waiting (it sometimes lasts a very long while) nothing happens. An *exterior* will dominates us, or, at least, dominates our own *conscious* will. The beginning of a sentence is dictated, and we think we can guess the end of it; but not at all: it ends in another way. A word is begun: we believe we foresee what the last letters will be; but it is another word which is dictated. On a particular day we are in an especially receptive mood as regards communications; we wait for half an hour, an hour, two hours, without obtaining any results. On another day there are rappings, cracking noises; the table moves at once. There is here, plainly, a cause other than our consciousness.

All of us live, without knowing it, in a psychic environment we do not understand. The atmosphere contains not only chemical elements—oxygen, nitrogen, carbonic-acid gas, watery vapor, et cetera—but also psychic elements. Everywhere there are souls. There is a constant mingling of animism and spiritism in the experiments of which we are speaking; it is extremely difficult to separate them, to isolate them. Let us try to do this here, however.

Among the experiments which would lead us to believe in communication with spirits, I should like particularly to call my readers' attention to the following ones, because these were made during the very first years of modern spiritism,

which had its inception in 1855. We are concerned here with unquestionable testimony: that of Judge Edmonds, who observed the phenomena in question in his own family, in the case of his daughter Laura.

Judge Edmonds was not a negligible witness. He enjoyed a considerable renown in the United States by reason of the exalted powers with which he was invested, at first as President of the Senate, then as a member of the New York High Court of Appeal. When his attention was drawn to spiritism he despised it with all the skepticism of a magistrate accustomed to dealing with uncertain human testimony. But after a conscientious inquiry he stated that he believed not merely that such occurrences took place, but also in the validity of the theory of spirits as an explanation.

The amazement and indignation of the best American society were so great that Judge Edmonds was forced to give up his work as a magistrate and tender his resignation. He sacrificed, unhesitatingly, his own personal interests to what he considered to be the truth. He showed in this a rare courage which we should do well to admire; it lent weight to the affirmations of this early witness.

His daughter Laura had received a careful education. She was a fervent Catholic. Her spiritual adviser ordered her to renounce mediumistic research; she did this, and refused to be present at séances, though the persons about her often held them.

But the dwelling in which she lived eventually became a sort of haunted house. Half a year had gone by in this way; she constantly heard strange sounds and witnessed phenomena no less strange occurring without apparent human intervention; phenomena which, nevertheless, seemed to be guided by some intelligent entity. Impelled by curiosity, she began, once more, to go to séances. Soon she was convinced of the presence of an intelligent force, without knowing what this force could be. She began to speak various

languages, though she knew besides her mother tongue only French, which she had learned at school. Her father stated that during this first year, in various circumstances, she spoke nine or ten languages, sometimes within an hour, with perfect ease and fluency.

But let us listen to the judge himself:

With her as an intermediary, people who were perfect strangers to us could speak to their dead friends in their own languages. The following occurrence, among others, took place:

One evening I had a visit from a stranger, a Greek named Evangélidès; it was not long before he was speaking to Laura in his own tongue. In the course of the conversation he seemed greatly affected, and even shed tears. Six or seven people were present, and one of them asked the reason for his emotion. The Greek avoided a direct reply, saying that it was a question of family matters.

On the next day he renewed his conversation with Laura, and since there were no strangers in my home this time, he gave us the desired explanation. The invisible personality with whom he was speaking, with Laura as an intermediary, said that he was an intimate friend, who had died in Greece: the brother of the Greek patriot Marco Bozarris. This friend informed Evangélidès of the death of his (Evangélidès's) son, who had stayed in Greece and had been in excellent health when his father left for America.

Ten days after his first visit Evangélidès informed us that he had just received a letter telling him of the death of his son. This letter must have been on its way at the time of his first interview with Laura.

I should like to know how I should regard this occurrence. It is impossible to deny it; it was too startlingly evident. I might just as well deny that the sun shines upon us.

Nor could I consider it an illusion, for there was nothing to distinguish it from any other reality which one grows aware of at any time in one's life.

All this took place in the presence of from eight to ten persons, all of them educated, intelligent, logical, and as capable as any one of distinguishing an illusion from a real occurrence.

It would be vain to contend that it was the reflection of our own thoughts. We had never seen this man; he had been introduced to us by a friend on that very evening. Moreover, even supposing that our minds could have transmitted to him the idea that his son was dead, how could our thoughts have made Laura understand and speak Greek, a language which she had never heard?

J. W. EDMONDS.

In giving this account Aksakof,¹ too, asks himself how it should be interpreted. If there ever was a case, he remarks, in which we might cite clairvoyance, this would be the one. But such an explanation could not apply, here. Laura saw Evangélidès for the first time in her life. She knew absolutely nothing of his family, which was living in Greece, and still less of his deceased friend, Bozarris's brother. Where, then, can we discover the "intense interest" the "powerful motive," capable of rendering the medium clairvoyant, by which Hartmann claims to explain everything? And however perfect this young girl's clairvoyance might have been, how could it have given her the ability to speak Greek? Nor would it be logical to attribute to one source the gift of speaking Greek, and to another source the revelation of the child's death. Plainly, the two manifestations had one and the same cause.

There is, in this case, a psychic element still to be isolated. Here is a similar story, also related by Judge Edmonds:

One day, an unknown entity caused my wife to speak the purest Scotch dialect. This entity had taken the name of a woman from Paisley, Scotland, who informed us of her death; she said that she had died in that town some days earlier. We learned that she was the grandmother of one of the members of our circle who had come to America about a year before. Three or four days afterward the same individuality manifested itself, using as a medium Miss Seongall, a young person from Rockfort, Illinois, who knows no Scotch

¹ *Animisme et Spiritisme*, p. 419.

at all. She announced her death through this young woman as well, speaking her usual dialect and giving various details as to the house in which she was living: the garden, the trees, etc. Miss Seongall had not been present at the first manifestation of this woman, and knew nothing about it. A young man who had a personal interest in the communication, asked various questions, that he might verify the identity of the entity manifesting itself. He sought information concerning certain people,—among others, those whom he had known in Scotland,—and got replies that were satisfactory in every respect. The same spirit manifested itself at several consecutive séances, and gave undeniable proofs of its identity.

The young man's conviction was so absolute that he wrote at once to his friends in Scotland and informed them of his grandmother's death, taking care to indicate the source of his information. The letters which he afterward received confirmed the news fully.¹

We have, therefore, in the foregoing, two similar occurrences: the death of a person completely unknown to the mediums, announced in a language with which the mediums were unacquainted, but which was spoken by the deceased person. These phenomena occurred during the period of the first experiments of modern spiritism.

We might give a large number of like cases in which the messages announcing the deaths of certain persons also revealed various details as to the deceased persons' private affairs, details which were entirely unknown to the others present. "Light" (Letter 1885, page 315) gave among other occurrences the following most remarkable one:

Dr. Davey, who was living near Bristol, had a son—also a physician—residing in a foreign country. The son, who wished to return, left for England on an English vessel, bound for London. Instead of paying for his passage he offered his services as ship's doctor; but he died in the course of the voyage. When the ship

¹ Edmonds, *Letters on Spiritualism* (New York, 1860), pp. 118–120.

reached London the captain informed the father of this, and gave him the sum of twenty-two pounds sterling which he said he had found on the deceased man. He also gave him an excerpt from the ship's log-book, in which all these details were set down. Dr. Davey was touched by the captain's acts and gave him, as a remembrance, a gold pencil-holder.

Some months afterward the doctor and his wife were at a spiritistic séance in London. Several boisterous manifestations took place, such as the moving of furniture, rappings, et cetera. The medium, who was a woman, explained these phenomena as meaning that the spirits had a communication to make to one of the persons present. We wished to know which one it was. Then a large table, which no one was touching, and which was at the other end of the room, began to slide along and stopped very near Dr. Davey. We asked who was manifesting himself. The name spelled out was that of Dr. Davey's dead son. He declared, to every one's horror, that he had been poisoned!

The doctor, wishing to make sure of this person's identity, asked for a proof. Then the occult speaker told him of his gift to the captain, a thing which no one of the persons present could have known about. The doctor asked whether the poison had been administered intentionally or by accident. The reply was, "Both things are possible." It was stated, furthermore, that the sum of money left by the deceased was seventy and not twenty-two pounds sterling. Various other details were also given.

After receiving these communications, Dr. Davey had the ship-owner give him a copy of the log-book; it did not agree with the excerpt which the captain had put into his hands.

In October, 1884, just before publishing this account, we wrote to Dr. Davey. Here is part of his reply:

"After my son's death (1863) I had occasion to take up spiritism. I learned, one day, at a séance held in London at which my son manifested himself, that the details as to his death, given by the captain, were not authentic. I found out that his death was due to the imprudence of a steward who had put extract of bitter almonds into his castor-oil instead of mint, as my son had requested. I knew nothing, beforehand, about all the pecuniary matters to which he alluded. Among the effects which were given me after my

son's death were only twenty-two pounds sterling and several copper coins, but I have every reason to believe that at the moment of his death he had nearly seventy pounds sterling in his possession."

We are seeking to arrive at certainty. But in what science do we attain it, absolutely? Most of the time we attain only a high degree of probability, generally speaking, as an equivalent for certainty. This is true, above all, in ethical questions.

The following is a remarkable case, vouched for by absolutely trustworthy witnesses.

Dr. Vincent Gubernari, who had made his home on the pretty Arcetri Hill near Florence (all Galileo's admirers know of it), had been an orphan from his earliest years and had been brought up tenderly by his aunt, who had become a second mother to him.

He was a convinced materialist, and was, above all, completely skeptical where spiritism was concerned. He was nevertheless impressed by the fact that several of his friends, who were learned and well balanced, were taking certain experiments seriously. Desirous of learning the truth with his own eyes, he expressed a desire to try a séance in his home.

Favored by fortune, he had married Signora Isabella Sergardi, a member of a patrician family in Siena, who had brought him a large dowry. The husband and wife had agreed that, in case either should die, the possessions of the deceased one should go to the other. Signora Isabella had already made her will with this provision, thinking that her husband had done likewise.

The doctor made an agreement with his spiritistic friends that he would be present at certain séances, and would see what happened. Let us listen to the story¹:

¹ Bozzano, *Luce e Ombra*, Dec. 1919.

So they held some séances. On the occasion of the second one, on October 29, 1874, the persons of the group had scarcely placed their hands on the table when it was violently shaken. The doctor demanded the disturber's name.

"Tua zia Rosa [Your Aunt Rosa]," was the answer.

Surprised, the doctor replied:

"Well, if you're really my good Aunt Rosa, help me in my profession and aid me to make money."

"I did not come for that. I came to advise you to change your way of life, and to think of your wife."

"Of my wife? I've already thought of her," the doctor answered boldly. "So much so that each of us has made a will in the other's favor."

"That is a lie," said the spirit, shaking the table violently. "She has left everything to you, but you have left her nothing."

It was then that Signora Gubernari, who was present at the séance, entered into the conversation. She declared that the spirit was mistaken and that her husband could prove it by showing his will to the friends then present.

Upon this interruption on the part of his wife, Dr. Gubernari, feeling himself compromised, answered that he was a conscientious man, but that he would show the will to no one.

Then the spirit, shaking the table still more violently, added:

"I tell you again that you are an impostor! Change your will, and change your life, too! You have no time to lose, for before many days have passed you will be in the spirit world."

This revelation was like a thunderbolt to the doctor. He was overwhelmed by it, and cried, in a rage:

"Die before my wife? It's impossible. I'm younger than she. To the devil with that table!"

The séance ended at this point.

The next day Colonel Maurizio, a friend of the doctor, saw that he was greatly agitated, and spoke to him of the deception often practised at spiritistic meetings, proposing that he verify the statements at another séance at the home of Countess Passerini. This seemed to calm the doctor, and he awaited impatiently the upshot of the new experiment.

"There was no deception," the spirit stated at this new séance, "and what was said was the absolute truth."

"Therefore," they asked, "Dr. Gubernari must soon die?"

"Without any doubt, and before the end of the year."

That they might not increase the doctor's worry, they told him that there had been deception in this case also, and that he would be wrong to bother himself about it. This statement calmed his distress to such an extent that he found himself unable to understand the anguish which the prediction of his imminent death had caused him.

Nevertheless during the night of November 12th, he came down with a raging fever. The physicians stated that his illness was not serious, yet the patient suffered terribly.

His friends went to Countess Passerini's home, for a new séance.

A spirit manifested itself, and made this reply to the questions asked: "I understand nothing about medicine, but to do you a favor I can go and look for a spirit who followed that profession during his life on earth. Wait a minute."

A silence. After some moments the table moved once more:

"I have found the doctor; he is here; question him."

"What illness is Gubernari suffering from?"

"From a fatal disease. He will soon be one of us."

"Is his illness merely physical, or is it mental as well?"

"Both physical and mental."

"Can you tell us who you are?"

"My name is not unknown to you: Dr. Panattoni."¹

Some days later Signore Gubernari's colleagues, called into consultation, diagnosed his malady as inflammation of the bladder, and he succumbed on December 30, 1874.

This former skeptic, on his death-bed, stated that he saw, near him, Dr. Panattoni, who did not desert him for an instant, and also his mother and his Aunt Rosa, who tried to console him, and exhorted him not to regret leaving this earthly life. And he added: "What I say is the absolute truth; I feel it's the end, for me, and under such circumstances people don't lie."

¹ Dr. Panattoni was, when he was alive, a physician in Florence.

This case seemed to me a most interesting one to give here. All conceivable scientific explanations are inadequate to explain it: the hypotheses that Signora Gubernari's doubt was transmitted, that the doctor had an uneasy conscience, that there was telepathy, and so on. As for the first hypothesis, the doctor's wife showed that she had no doubt of his sincerity. As for the second, Signore Gubernari felt, assuredly, no remorse, and was astounded by his aunt's intervention. Was it a case of clairvoyance on the part of the medium, who might have read his thoughts? But the whole thing was absolutely unforeseen. And who knew of this "Aunt Rosa," long since dead? That it was telepathy would seem equally out of the question.

The spiritistic theory must be taken into consideration, like all the other theories, and is no less "scientific." Let us repeat that when Newton discovered the laws of gravitation he summarized his thought in these words: "Things behave as if the stars attracted each other by a force proportional to the product of their masses and inversely proportional to the square of their distance apart." Let us state, here, with equal simplicity: "Things behave, in the story we have just related, as if the doctor's aunt had really appeared to reproach him as he deserved, and to announce his death." And this explanation is the most satisfactory of all; let us admit this without any prejudice and say, with Newton, "*Hypotheses non fingo!* I put forward no hypothesis, I merely state facts!"

Myers gave, as particularly conclusive evidence of survival after death, an experiment recorded by the English Psychical Society (VIII, page 428). This was the case of Mrs. Finney's brother, who, some months before his death, made certain marks on a brick and, breaking it in two, gave half of it to his sister. He promised to tell her after his death, if he could, the spot where he intended to hide the

other half, as well as the contents of a sealed letter concealed in the same place. After her brother's death Mrs. Finney received, by means of a table, the promised communication.¹

We may think that Myers had sufficient reasons for considering this case conclusive, for his discussion of motor automatism shows that he had a tendency to dismiss the spiritistic explanation. He had written previously²:

There is no reason to attribute the movements of a table to my deceased grandfather's intervention, any more than to my own influence, for though we do not see how I could have caused these movements, we see no better how my grandfather could have done so. By my way of thinking, the most plausible explanation is that these replies were dictated not by the conscious mind, but by that deep and hidden region where fragmentary or incoherent dreams originate.

It was, assuredly, the precise realization of the dead man's promise which made Myers certain of the reality of this posthumous manifestation. He himself tried an experiment conducted on the assumption that he was already dead. It did not succeed.³

These manifestations from beyond the grave, through mediums, are the subject of much debate, and rightly so, for it is of the highest importance that their authenticity be proved. A remarkable example was also afforded by the case of Minot Savage. His dead son asked him, in the course of one of Mrs. Piper's séances, to go to one of his (the son's) former dwelling-places, which the father did not know of, to look for certain papers hidden in a drawer, and to burn them. The father understood the reason for this. The extreme partizans of telepathy think that the son's sub-

¹ *Human Personality*, p. 346.

² *Idem*, p. 313.

³ Oliver Lodge, *The Survival of Man*. Official report, Dec. 13, 1904.

conscious mind might have acted, when he was alive, upon the father's mind, and have revealed the secret papers to him, and that Mrs. Piper might have read the father's subconscious mind. According to his extremely informative work on telepathy, Monsieur Warcollier considers this hypothesis preferable to that of influence on the part of the dead son.¹ It appears to me, however, the least probable explanation.

We were, assuredly, surprised, not many pages back, to read of a spirit going in search of a physician in the other world; but such quests are not infrequent in these strange experiments.

Proofs of identity are the touchstone of this research. They are as rare as they are difficult to obtain. Satisfactory, conclusive, unquestionable proofs are rarely met with. The following proofs were of a sort absolutely unlooked for. They were based on mutually consistent attestations published by the English Society for Psychical Research. The account was given, recently, by the review "Psychica," and was published by Myers ("Human Personality," Volume II, page 473), by Bozzano ("Les Phénomènes de hantise," page 129), and by other competent writers. The story was told by an esteemed observer, Mr. Hodgson, and deserves to be classified with the preceding ones. Let us listen to this curious narration:

On Saturday evening, June 14, 1890, Sofia-Alida Kamp, a widow living in Wymberg (Wolf Street), her daughter, Alida Sofia, and Miss Catherine Mahoney, who was living in the same house, went to bed about eleven o'clock, and from that moment to dawn were not able to sleep because of the strange noises which they heard. They could not discover what caused them, though they searched the farthest corners of the house.

The next morning they told me of these sounds. They had heard stools being rolled heavily in their rooms, noises of empty boxes

¹ R. Warcollier, *La Télépathie*, p. 335.

being dragged across the attic, though it contained nothing by which these sounds might have been explained. Upon their request I consented to go and spend the night in their house (Sunday, June 15th).

The narrator then goes on to say that, before he went to bed, he suddenly thought of improvising a "mediumistic séance" in his room, and of inviting the ladies in question to take part in it. When they were seated about the table the name "Lewis" was dictated, by rappings, and shortly afterward the words: "It is a warning." The séance then ended. Here is the rest of the story:

After I had gone to bed, I kept my candle lighted until after midnight, that I might finish a novel in which I was interested. Then I fell asleep.

About two o'clock in the morning I was awakened by the noise of a chair being dragged heavily about in the room in which I was sleeping. This noise was succeeded by another: that of a heavy body being pulled about the attic floor. There was such an uproar that it would have awakened any one. And, as a matter of fact, I heard Miss Kamp's voice asking me, from her room, what this noise could be.

I heard a box of matches fall down very near me.

I got up, out of curiosity, and groped for this box, which I had put on the candlestick, but was not able to find it. I had a second box of matches and was therefore able to light the candle. Then I saw that the other box was on the floor, two feet away from the candlestick.

Now begins the strangest part of this business. Up to that time not one of us had been able to guess for what motives an individual named Lewis should disturb our sleep. We were all the more perplexed from the fact that none of us had ever had anything to do with people of this name. On Monday morning, June 16th, I opened the newspaper I habitually read,—*"The Cape Times,"*—and among other news I read that on the evening of the fourteenth, at forty-five minutes past eight, an *unknown man* had been killed by a moving train, near Woodstock. It did not occur to any of us that the mysterious noises might be attributed to this accident.

The Tuesday edition of this same newspaper printed the records of the inquest, from which it appeared that the victim was *unknown*. That evening I was seated in the Kamps' shop, when a negress came in. In the course of her conversation with Mrs. Kamp, she asked: "Have you heard about the man who was killed by a train on Saturday evening?"—"Yes," Mrs. Kamp answered, "but they don't know who he is."

"I knew him," the negress replied. "He lived in my sister's home, and his name was Jim Lewis." When we heard this name we all thought that we had the key to the mystery. We thought so for the following simple reasons:

(1) A man had been killed at forty-five minutes past eight on the evening of June 14th.

(2) Mrs. Kamp had closed her shop at ten o'clock; she had gone to bed at eleven o'clock, and at that moment the noises had begun.

(3) None of us knew of the accident until we learned of it through the newspapers—that is to say, on the morning of the sixteenth.

(4) Before the night of the fourteenth no nocturnal noises had ever been heard in Mrs. Kamp's house.

(5) The disturbing spirit, on the night of the fifteenth, had given the name "Lewis."

Unquestionably, these arguments were enough to convince us. Out of curiosity, we held still another séance that evening. The name "Lewis" was again dictated, together with this message, "I cannot find peace until they succeed in identifying my body." He answered our repeated questions by declaring that he was "the spirit of the man who was killed by the moving train." He said that his name was Lewis.

This account was supplemented by the following attestation:

All of us declare that this account is in perfect conformity with the truth.—FREDERICK HODGSON, SOPHIA ALIDA KAMP, ALIDA SOPHIA KAMP, KATE MAHONEY, C. F. KAMP, J. S. KAMP.

It appears to me that this spontaneous occurrence leaves nothing to be desired as a proof of identity. To attribute

it, in all its details, to unknown human faculties, would seem to me absolutely out of the question.

Without prolonging endlessly our discussion of this subject (a subject which has already taken up six hundred pages of "*Les Forces naturelles inconnues*") I shall end this chapter concerning manifestations during the course of spiritistic séances and proofs of identity, with the following story, which is astounding, unbelievable, and yet real. The observer himself told it:

How many of the four of us who were together that evening are still of this world? Life has separated us. The war came. On two occasions I had news of the three others; one died at Sedul-Bahr, when he was leading his company of Senegalese in an attack on the Turkish positions. If one of my other two friends should happen to see these lines, this reminiscence will certainly awaken a deep emotion in his breast, for there are things which one never forgets, and the message which we received on that day is one of them.

As for me, my agitation was the beginning of a salutary moral evolution, which brought me faith, calmness, and serenity.

It was in 1904, in Toulon, when the entrance examinations for the Military School were being held. We had returned from the colonies, and had gone to the barracks of the Fourth Regiment of Marines. In this way we found one another again—three from Madagascar and one from Africa. We lived on the same floor, in the rue de la République. In the evenings we used to gather in the room of one of us, to work or to talk and drink tea.

A friend lived in the same house in which we were. One fine evening we went into his room, for he had invited us to a table-turning séance. The evening party was a gay one, and we received a multitude of revelations as to the contents of our pocket-books, the number of buttons which each of us had on his trousers, and the numbers on our watch-cases. One of us, who had mislaid his watch, found it again, thanks to the numbers stamped on the gold watch-case.

Every evening there arose in our conversations the question

whether in what we had seen, proved, experimented with, there was something supernatural: the manifestation of an intelligent entity, apart from that which we agreed to call the soul of each of the persons taking part. Can the mingling of fluids emanating from the organisms of several human beings produce another intelligent soul, which has access to our inmost consciousness, can read numbers in our pockets, and count pieces of money in our purses, the contents of which we do not know? Or is all that the marvelous feat of a clever conjurer or a potent trickster?—a trick which may deprive a whole gathering of the power of reasoning, of memory, and of feeling? Can the trickster draw from every one present everything he wishes to know, and, waking his subjects once more, restore each person's self-control, and astonish us with the result of his robbery of our pockets and our thoughts?

Or can there be really a manifestation on the part of a disembodied soul and for that reason could we find in life, once again, an object, an ideal, a driving force?

Such were the deep thoughts which glowed in our minds and lifted us to dizzy heights!

How could we know?

Why not ask this unknown thing to answer the question which was burning on our lips: "Who are you? Where did you come from?"

One evening we gathered in my room, about a small, round, three-legged table. We had placed this table in the very center of the room, with only our four chairs around it; all the other furniture had been moved away. We examined everything, so that we could see that there could be no tricks, and that no strings were tied to anything. On the mantelpiece were two lighted lamps.

We promised one another that we would do nothing either to help or to hinder anything that might take place, and sat down, with our hands flat on the table, forming a continuous chain with our fingers.

Ten minutes passed without anything happening. We were serious, and in a rather painful state, perhaps (at least I was), but were not in the least nervous. I was praying, under my breath: "If there is really something beyond terrestrial life, may a gleam come to us from this unknown source of light."

Suddenly, within the table—in the wood of the table, seemingly—a sharp blow was struck. We looked at one another. This cracking noise seemed to me so characteristic, of such a special kind, that the idea that it might have been caused by one of my three friends did not occur to me, and I felt a shiver run through me from head to foot.

Soon another sharp blow was struck; the table rose on two of its legs and struck three very distinct blows. I had the feeling that the cracking noise could not have been caused by any of us, but that the movement of the table, in striking the floor with one of its legs, might have been so caused, and without a doubt we all had the same thought: that perhaps without wishing to, one or the other of us, bearing down too hard, had pulled the table toward him.

We confided these thoughts to one another, honestly, and then decided to make use of the alphabet, and agreed that the various letters should be designated by the number of blows. After stipulating, besides this, that one blow should mean “no” and two blows should mean “yes,” we sat down again.

It was not long before the table tilted again. I asked:

“Is this table being moved?”

“Yes.”

“May I know who is moving it?”

“Spirit.”

“Spirit? The spirit of whom?—of one of us?”

“No.”

“Have you a name?”

“Yes; Baudelaire.”

The blows had been struck distinctly, and the letters designated without any mistake. One of the party, even if we had not been watching him, could not have made the table rap with such precision. In a painful state, we looked at one another, without daring to say anything. The table answered some questions as to the existence of the soul after death, and as to certain great moral and religious subjects; it stated the dominant defect of each one of us, and advised: “Read ‘Fleurs du Mal [Flowers of Evil].’”

All this time the rappings had been sharp. We were growing accustomed to this long and difficult mode of conversation. At times we would guess a word before it was finished, would utter it,

and the table would rap out, more sharply, "Yes." We sometimes guessed the wrong word, and the quick, jerky blows seemed to express the impatience of the spirit who was speaking to us; they were somewhat like: "No, no! No, no! No, no!"

After a silence the table said, of itself, "Jacquot doubts!"

"Why, yes, I do doubt!" cried Jacquot, getting up. "Have n't all of you doubts?"

No one answered, and the table rapped out, "*Kammara!*"

Only three of us had our hands on the table; Jacquot had gone over to the mantelpiece and had put his elbows on it. These seven letters meant nothing to us three. I asked that they be repeated, and said to Jacquot: "Get a pencil and take this down; it's growing complicated."

And the table said once more, "*Kammara!*"

But then something happened which froze us with terror and made us rise suddenly and leave the table. Scarcely had the last letter of the word been rapped out when Jacquot, who had written it down, advanced toward the table. I had never seen him so pale; his voice was raucous, though he had had a mocking, almost joking air before. He said, "Lieutenant, when you ordered me to stay, did you know of the danger?"—"Yes!"—"But, then, why did you tell Ravan to lead the men? It was my turn."—"Because I was fond of you."

We three from Madagascar witnessed this scene without understanding it. We felt only that something fearful was happening before our eyes. Our comrade, who had been skeptical a short time before, was standing before the table, and speaking to it respectfully, as he would have spoken to a real person, and the table, which we had left suddenly, was moving of itself, rapping replies which we spelled out, mentally, letter by letter.

It was terrible!

The dialogue went on, and we learned in this way that Lieutenant Maucorgé was speaking; he had been in command of the military post of Kammara, in western Africa, where he had under him the French non-commissioned officers Ravan and Jacquot, our friend. Since the lieutenant was fond of Jacquot, and knew that a reconnoitering expedition, which was to be made, was dangerous, he had chosen Sergeant Ravan to accompany him, leaving Sergeant Jacquot

at the army post. He went away and never came back. The whole of the reconnoitering party was massacred; the bodies of the two white men were not found.

Before us, the lieutenant told his former comrade the story of the ambushade in which he and Ravan were wounded. Both were roasted and eaten by their cannibal foes; the infantrymen were massacred, and no one ever knew what had happened. The guilty native chiefs would not be found, and this somber drama of the African brush was forgotten. The lieutenant gave our comrade the names of the traitorous and rebellious chiefs; he stated where his and Ravan's revolvers might be found, and Ravan's watch.

On that evening in February, 1904, we lived through hours which we shall never forget. When he had told his story, this entity went away; Baudelaire returned to say that he was fond of Jacquot, that he would always come back when he called him, and that we, too, had in him a familiar spirit and a protector. Then we parted company.

The examinations were held. Three out of the four of us entered Saint-Maixent that year. I, the fourth, went to Indo-China, where I served with the Native Guard.

Some years later, in Saïgon, I saw one of my three friends, and we talked of the past. I learned that, through information given by Lieutenant Jacquot to the Ministry of War, Lieutenant Maucorgé's weapons and watch had been found, and Sergeant Ravan's weapons. They were discovered in the hands of the black chiefs who had planned and carried out the ambushade in which a part of the Kammara garrison perished.

I have never seen Jacquot since, but the message from his former commander, who was fond of him and wished to banish all doubt from his mind, gave him back, most certainly, his faith in the immortality of the soul. And it gave him, as it did me, the courage to live on, doing a little good, and waiting for the blessed hour when we, too, shall step over the threshold of this new life, which will be what we know how to make it. There is, in the spontaneous manifestation of Lieutenant Maucorgé's soul, a fine example of communication with the dead, and a convincing proof of identity.

It is as a proof of this sort that I am giving the story. I guarantee its truth, so far as I can answer for my memory, and I assure

you that that past scene is always in my mind. When I recall it, I still feel a little of the intense agitation which it aroused in all four of us, who witnessed it.

P. DE LA FONTAINE.

This fantastic story was published in the "Revue spirite" of July, 1920. I thought at first that it must be taken only for what it was worth. I sought information as to the narrator, and when my first inquiry had virtually satisfied me, I asked Monsieur Jean Myer, the editor of this review, for his personal opinion. He was the founder of the Metaphysical Institute, is an unbiased thinker, and—something that does not lessen intellectual worth—is upright and a generous philanthropist. This was in February, 1921. His reply, dated February 18th, was as follows: "I knew Monsieur de la Fontaine personally; he died eight days ago. You may consider his story authentic."

It seems to me that all the objections that may be brought up on the score of forgotten recollections, and the subconscious mind—any objections whatsoever—could not disprove the identity of the spirit which manifested itself in this case. I could not say the same of the spirit of Baudelaire.

As regards testimony concerning the identity of the spirits manifesting themselves, I should like to bring to the attention of readers of psychic works the information given by Jules Baissac in my friend Eugene Nus's book "A la recherche des destinées" (1890), page 223, and the testimony that may be read on page 128 of G. Bourniquel's book "Les témoins posthumes" (1921). But, as a matter of fact, there is a whole library concerning these occurrences, infinite in their variety.¹

This chapter, which began with clearly defined manifestations occurring during the first years of spiritism and

¹ Among the latest books to be published, Madame Lacombe's is noteworthy, *Merveilleux phénomènes de l'Au-delà* (Lisbon, 1921).

gave, as a final example, a very recent case, must end here. It has given us clear proofs that in the course of certain mediumistic experiments dead persons have made their presence known. I have, in both an unpublished and a printed form, ten, twenty times as much testimony. It is of the deepest interest, above all from the point of view of the psychic environment, about which we must learn, but there is no place for it in a single chapter. Baffling obscurities must be cleared up before we can eliminate entirely the influence of the subconscious mind. Spiritism either will or will not become scientific. It must be transformed, and the time for this has come. As we remarked in the first lines of this chapter, most of its adepts have, until now, been the dupes of senseless illusions. When one asks a student of these problems, who is convinced of the reality of psychic manifestations, the question: "Are you a spiritist?" it would be wise to come to an understanding. Certain lecturers are of the opinion that spiritism is represented by incidents such as the following:

Knock, knock, knock!

"Dear spirit! Is that really you, Napoleon?"

"Yes. What do you wish?"

"It would be so good of you if you'd go and find the Virgin Mary for us, for we want to ask her for some information about the apparitions of Lourdes."

"All right, my friends. Wait a minute."

Knock, knock, knock!

"Is this the Virgin Mary?"

"No, she's busy. But here's Messalina."

I know spiritists so credulous that they believe in communications of this sort!

If this is what is called being a spiritist, we can say that we are not spiritists. But metaphysical research is quite another thing. From this time on such credulity must cease.

The pages already read are numerous and very closely packed. They contain a considerable number of documents: the basic material for the new science. I have already greatly overtaxed my readers' patience, and it is time to end this general exposition, that we may arrive at conclusions.

XII

CONCLUSIONS FROM THE THREE VOLUMES OF THIS WORK

I say that the tomb, which closes on the
dead,
Opens the firmament,
And that what, on earth, we call the
end
Is the commencement.

VICTOR HUGO.

THE object of this work has been attained. The evidence embodied in it is based on accounts which I have been amassing for more than half a century; barely a tenth of them have been presented here. The writing of the three volumes took no less than three years. The occurrences cited, the truth of which has been duly established, prove that there is no death; that it is but evolution; that human beings survive this supreme hour, which is by no means the last hour. *Mors janua vitæ*—"Death is the portal of life." The body is but an organic garment of the spirit; it dies, it changes, it disintegrates: the spirit remains. The matter which constitutes the body of Man is a mere appearance, like all other matter. The universe is a dynamism. An intelligent force rules all. The soul cannot be destroyed.

After the publication of Volume II of this work, a thinker wrote me:

Will your third volume give us the same certainty with regard to the immortality of the soul which the first two volumes gave us concerning the real existence of the soul? If it does not, there is nothing left for us but to die of despair, for we shall be forced to ad-

mit that Chance created us, that there are no moral truths, nor any justice, and that no fertile harvest will spring from all the suffering sown along the road of life. A negative reply from you would mean the final annihilation of all that constitutes the nobility of mankind.

(Letter 4743.)

I hope that I have now definitely brought out the fact that my reply is in the affirmative, and that my readers have gained the satisfaction which they desire and deserve.

Is this not, as a matter of fact, the time-honored wish of thinking beings, expressed in every epoch and in all tongues? It is Nature's cry. Among the works of our contemporaries, one of the beautiful poems of the Countess of Noailles, that passionate singer of Life and Love, ends with this sorrowful stanza:

Never to see you again, O radiance of the sky!
Alas, I was not made to die!

No, poets, your vibrant souls were not made to die; no soul was made to die, and the light of the heavens is not extinguished.

Empirical science gives us this assurance, to-day.

Readers who have had the time and the inclination to read the one thousand two hundred and sixty-five pages of the three volumes of this work must, like me, have reached the conviction that there is in a human being an element not yet understood in the recognized scientific theories: a thinking soul, endowed with special faculties. And they must know, also, that this soul does not undergo dissolution, like the body; that it survives the body. It was our object to prove this survival by positive occurrences. That is the chief result of this long work.

The conclusions arrived at in this book reach farther than those given previously in "*L'Inconnu*," published in

1900, and in "Les Forces naturelles inconnues," published in 1906. We have proceeded slowly, step by step, in this gradual elaboration. Our previous conclusions were:

(1) The soul exists as a real entity, independent of the body.

(2) It is endowed with faculties still unknown to science.

(3) It may act at a distance, telepathically, without the intermediary of the senses.

(4) There exists in nature a psychic element, the character of which is still hidden from us.

To-day we may add the following conclusion:

(5) The soul survives the physical organism and may manifest itself after death.

We have reached, experimentally, the conclusion that the reality of thought-transmission, at all distances, between the minds of the living, has been proved beyond question. And we decided that "the existence of telepathy is as certain as the fact that Napoleon existed, that oxygen and Sirius exist." Well, it is just as true that *there is this psychic transmission between the souls of the dead and those of the living.*

Phenomena the authenticity of which is unquestionable leave no doubt that at the moment of death the soul (whatever its nature be) acts upon the minds of the living when it is kilometers—hundreds and thousands of kilometers—away from these minds; it causes people to hear rappings and varied noises, often extremely loud noises, and to see the image of the dying person, under aspects equally varied. These phenomena convince us, also, that the soul manifests itself *after death*; the inquiry which I began in 1899 and have since continued, that I might add to the numerous accounts which I had been receiving for many years and aid in the experimental study of manifestations of the dead—this inquiry has yielded, as we have seen, conclusive results.

By reason of the phenomena which have been witnessed—consistent, numerous, and definite phenomena—it seems to

me that I am justified in putting forward the following, as statements resting upon unshakable foundations:

(1) Human beings who have died—those we call the *dead*—still live on after the dissolution of the material organism.

(2) They exist in the form of invisible, intangible substances, which our eyes do not perceive, which our hands cannot touch, nor our senses grow aware of under normal and ordinary conditions.

(3) In general, they do not manifest themselves. Their mode of existence is entirely different from ours. They act on our consciousness at times and, in certain circumstances, may prove their existence.

(4) When they act upon our souls and, through these, upon our brains, we see them in perceptible forms, as we have known them, with their clothing, their bearing, their habitual movements, their individualities. It is our inner eye which sees them. One soul can perceive another soul.

(5) These are not hallucinations, imaginary visions, but realities. Invisible beings become visible.

(6) They may also manifest themselves in objective forms.

(7) In a great many cases, apparitions of the dead do not appear intentionally. The dead person does not act on the spectator purposely. It would seem that he continues, vaguely, certain habits; that he wanders about the places where he has lived, or not far from his grave. But let us not forget that these are human conceptions on our part, and that with spirits distance does not count. Ether-waves emanate from the soul; these reach the percipient and are changed to images in his brain, which receives them and is attuned to them.

(8) Apparitions and manifestations occur with relative frequency during the hours which follow immediately upon dissolution; their number diminishes as time passes, and grows smaller from day to day.

(9) Souls which have left the body, long retain their ter-

restrial mentality. In the case of Catholics, demands for prayers are often expressed. This is a fact which might well be analyzed from a psychological and transcendental point of view.

These statements, induced from the entire body of scientific observations, hold good, in general, with regard to apparitions of the dead. There are cases not in accord with them; there are variations and exceptions. But the principle which may be laid down, from this time on, is that we may be certain that there is an entity which persists after death, that there is a dynamism, thanks to which our personality continues its existence.

We make these inductions from experiment and observation, and with the absolute conviction that every impartial seeker, endowed with a spirit of analysis, who gives himself up to a serious investigation of this sort, will reach the same conclusions.

Humanity has progressed since the time of Francis Bacon. That profound philosopher foresaw the gradually won victory of scientific observation and experiment in every domain of human research, *with the exception*, he said, of investigations as to the destiny of the soul, which belong in the domain of religious faith. He erred in making this exception. The positive method, the Baconian method, has pervaded such research as it has all others. Bacon made, in this case, the same error in judgment that Auguste Comte did when he declared that it would be impossible ever to discover the chemical composition of the stars. May the experience of these great minds guide us!

There is no break between this life and the next. There is continuity. Our personalities survive, though there is a considerable difference between the two states of existence. Material possessions no longer exist; physical suffering and infirmities are done away with. In general, the dead person does not understand his new state. There is slumber, there

are dreams and inconsistencies. Sometimes there are added faculties. The marvelous metamorphoses of insects—the transformation of the larva into the chrysalis and into the butterfly—present a vague and loose analogy to the change to the after life. The *psyche* spreads its wings; there is a spiritual life in the ether. The faculties function through the immensity of space; the bodiless spirit is not confined to our space; it lives in the fourth dimension, in hyperspace.¹ It can communicate with the living only with difficulty. In order to do this, it must enter our sphere of activity, must penetrate our minds, must undergo materialization, must express itself by mechanical means. The influence of invisible entities on us may be more general than would appear, and may even pass unperceived by almost every one: we are too preoccupied with the business of living to notice it.

Let us acknowledge that these posthumous manifestations are not in conformity with our usual terrestrial point of view. They are far removed from our conception of what they should be. We have an entirely different world to investigate: an unknown, unexplored, incomprehensible world. It is difficult, in the study of it, to eliminate our own earthly associations.

These difficulties are a great stumbling-block; they oblige us to be extremely cautious in our interpretation. So many objections rise up before us! It seems to us that our dearest friends should be at our beck and call, and should always manifest themselves. Beings from whom we expect testimony remain dumb. Most of the time the messages are vulgarly trivial, and teach us nothing about "the other world." The master minds—philosophers, savants, writers, artists—who in various lines of endeavor have contributed to

¹ Those wishing to study the fourth dimension and hyperspace may read, with profit, the astronomer Newcomb's dissertation; I published it in 1899, and included it in *Rêves étoilés*, pp. 343-345.

the progress of humanity, have not returned to enlighten us. These and a hundred other objections stand in the way of our honest desire to know the truth. Let us point them out without abandoning our investigation. They make us think, at first blush, that there is no greater equality among the dead than among the living. There is an infinite diversity among souls, from the most exalted to the humblest. For the moment all that we can affirm is that the spirit does not die when the body dies, and that, in certain circumstances, the soul may give proof of its survival.

Side by side with the material world, there is a psychic world, the reality of which is as certain as that of the visible world. These two worlds interpenetrate.

To gain as precise an idea as possible of the reality of the occurrences set forth in this work, it will be best for us to give, here, a sort of comparative recapitulation of these numerous and varied experiences.

The most usual communications are those from relatives and friends. They are with us, or, rather, distance does not exist for them. Some unforeseen circumstance often suffices to reveal their presence. The dead show their survival in the most varied ways.

In the first place, they may appear to be flesh and blood. To recall the truth of this, readers need only open this volume at pages 16, 26, 29, 32, 49, 54, 55, 64, 69, 70, 80, 91, 99, 120, 127, 129, 133, 138, 141, 143, 146, 151, 152, 154, 156, 159, 161, 172, 178, 183, 188, 191, 194, 202, 208, 212, 214, 216, 220, 223, 225, 227, 229, 230, 231, 234, 236, 239, 240, 242, 246, 247, 253, 254, 259, 265, 267, 268, 270, 275, 277, 279, 292, 303, 310, 315.

If curiosity impels you to re-read certain of these accounts, your conclusion will be the same in the case of each of them: that dead persons have been seen beyond a doubt, not in dreams, but in a state of mental alertness. This is a

fact; it is definite, positive; it demands an explanation.

The dead manifest themselves by noises, movements, psychic phenomena which are usually incomprehensible (pages: 10, 20, 22, 24, 29, 55, 56, 58, 98, etc.)

They appear to us clothed either in the garments in which we knew them, or in those in which they were buried (52, 134, 151, 179, 181, 191); or in forms more or less vague, though recognizable (page 16, etc.) These phantoms are sometimes opaque, like real bodies (pages 128, 152, 178, 190) sometimes transparent, and furniture and walls can be seen through them (page 315).

They may manifest themselves, for several years, to the same person (pages 291, 302-306).

They may return to keep a promise (pages 10, 47, 49, 54, 56, 58, 59, 61, 64.)

They may come back because of personal affairs (pages 77, 78, 79, 80, 83, 87, 91, 92, 94, 96, 98, 99, 103, 105, 245, etc.)

They may reveal their death, when thought to be still alive (pages 22, 126, 128, 129, 134, 138, 141, 143, 154, 252, etc.)

A murdered man may tell who the murderer was (page 172, etc.)

They may appear to be amusing themselves; their manifestations may seem farcical (pages 24, 55, 59, etc.)

They often ask for prayers (pages 87, 96, 119, 176, 199, 201, 224, 243, 251, etc.)

They may take gruesome revenges (pages 61, 101).

They may manifest themselves through spiritism (pages 34, 303, 322, 326, 328, 330, 334, 336, 338).

They may transmit telepathic mental impressions to the living (pages 150, 308, etc.)

They may appear to children (pages 30, 161, 183, 187, 225, 246, 256, 268, 277).

They may appear to animals (pages 16, 243, 253, 305).

They may not believe that they are dead, and may feel so alive that they are astounded to see their dead bodies and the people gathered about them (pages 154, 179, 195, 208, etc.).

They may save people from imminent dangers (pages 91, 280) or announce an approaching rescue (page 279).

They may be seen without showing themselves intentionally, (pages 190, 208, 212, 236, 265, etc.), as if they did not recognize their nearest relatives. How paradoxical is such indifference! But apparitions such as these manifest themselves frequently.

Let us not forget that these were actual *occurrences*, as real as all the happenings which make up daily life. They bring us face to face with posthumous manifestations that are extremely varied; almost all of them are, to us, inexplicable. The thoughts and beliefs of the living often play a part in such manifestations, and it is difficult to eliminate them and to decide precisely what belongs to the other world. Let us note, however, that a belief in the dogmas of the Christian paradise, the Christian purgatory, and the Christian hell is not justified by the communications—apart from the cases in which prayers are demanded.

What emerges most clearly from all this is the fact that there exists in us “something” that is unknown, that has up to the present time been systematically eliminated from all scientific theories, and that this “something” survives the disintegration of the earthly body, and the transformation of our material molecules; these, as a matter of fact, cannot, from the strictly scientific point of view, be said to be destroyed, either. Whether this “something” be called a principle, an element, a psychic atom, a soul, or a spirit, matters little. In what form does this force survive? That is what we are investigating. Manifestations (intentional or involuntary) on the part of the dead prove that this force inherent in every living being may in certain cases,

and during a rather long period, be bound to earthly life by extremely subtle threads. But there is nothing to show that this is the normal state of the dead. The change from terrestrial life to life after death would indicate that the soul must adapt itself to new psychic conditions—something very difficult for us, who are living, to grasp.

I am all the more certain of my inductions as to the existence of the soul beyond the grave, and the soul's influence, from the fact that I spent a long time in probing them, verifying them, and passing upon them. From 1861 to 1922 there are more than sixty years. So far-reaching an investigation is in itself a guarantee which gives me the highest hopes of the scientific worth of the conclusions. It would be only logical for those who deny the occurrences to base their opposition on an investigation of the same sort.

It is to be noted that we are here concerned with *facts* and not with explanations. There is an important distinction! We know almost nothing as to the real nature of all these phenomena. There is a whole world to be discovered.

The numerous discussions inspired by this complex subject show us that, in general, people do not form a correct estimate of the precise nature of the formidable problem. We may divide our uncompromising adversaries into two distinct categories: intolerant Catholics who are convinced that they know the fundamentals of the future life—heaven, purgatory, and hell—and who, knowing all, have nothing to learn, and materialists equally convinced that the soul does not exist. The materialists, believing they know that the soul is an illusion, see in everything manifestations of organized matter. It is, therefore, to neither of these two sorts of adversaries that these pages are addressed, since they are not impartial and are already predisposed to deny. Since they know everything, let them not waste their time reading this book, which is written for those who seek. But readers free from all prejudices may wish for indispensable

enlightenment on which to base their personal opinions.

First, a word as to the value of our method.

Despite all the care we may take in verifying documents and investigating the accuracy of the details given in them, it is impossible that they should all have an equal value. Some of them remain, of necessity, inexact, because, though people remember what they have witnessed, they do not always take note of details. Others, however, are mathematically exact. We must take this into consideration in judging the recollections. Our adversaries have not always the necessary honesty of mind. For example, the account given in Volume II, page 200, has been called questionable, doubtful (it is not a scientific report, but a mere reminiscence). But the hotheads who wish to reject it on this pretext, and who dare to say that this lack of precision is typical of all the rest of the accounts (!), have taken good care not to call attention to the apparition told of on page 335—a case in which the names, the place, and the time were given, or that on page 354, or a hundred other cases. This is not mental honesty: it is a systematic opposition to the search for truth. A person who relates an occurrence is not making a technical report, and is not of necessity careful in noting every detail. In the case in question (that of Lord Dufferin) there may have been confusion as to the place and the date, but the occurrence itself took place,¹ and this is what struck the writer. Why should we not feel that in this, as in every case, there are degrees of precision? Are there not degrees of precision in astronomy, the most exact of all sciences? What observer can be sure as to the thousandth-of-a-second parallax of a star? And in spite of this, who can doubt that the stars are really at a great dis-

¹ We may read of an analogous case in *Les Phénomènes prémonitoires*, by Bozzano, p. 397. It is even, most probably, another reminiscence of the same occurrence. Let us not take all these accounts literally.

tance away? For example, when the famous constellation of Hercules was measured with precision, the calculations did not agree. Do these divergencies prevent us from affirming that this star-cluster is an immense distance away? In all these extremely complex investigations, there must be a certain proportion of errors. These do not invalidate the worth of the investigation. Let us not judge these psychic phenomena more severely than we do mathematical astronomy, and let us not forget that in the case of every scientific observation there is the personal equation. Nor must we be more severe than in the case of historical facts, which it is difficult to be certain of. Let us judge every science, every field of research, according to its own special characteristics, and the conditions under which it may be investigated. Let us even suppose that out of these thousands of accounts, in general scrupulously authentic—accounts presented sincerely, carefully and faithfully—there are a few that are vague or incomplete: in what way would the exceptions lessen the value of the others?

We can be sure of the facts. The explanations are still to be found. I should like to take the opportunity, just here, to remark that our knowledge is not absolute. All human science comes down to a perception of the relations existing between the appearances of things: science is a tiny island in the midst of the unknowable absolute. In my first published book (*“La Pluralité des Mondes habités,”* 1862) I laid especial emphasis on this great issue in modern philosophy. Readers will find, as a matter of fact, the heading *“The Essential Relativity of Things”* on pages 249–253 of this work, and the following statement:

The whole of human science—from the alpha of our knowledge to the omega—is *but the study of relativity*. There is nothing absolute in the edifice of our sciences, however marvelous that edifice may be appear. The human mind seeks to know the relations between things; this is all that it may dare. Our knowledge has

validity when we compare things to an arbitrary "metaphysical unity," taken as a starting-point. The universe, with its interplay of forces which are transformed ceaselessly as they act upon matter, can provide nothing fixed which we might take as an absolute guide in our investigation of nature.

These lines were written in 1862. I did not suspect to what degree the progress of science would have confirmed them by the time the words should come under the reader's eyes.

The essential nature of the forces of the universe is hidden from us. We cannot be said to have penetrated the mystery merely because science has invented certain words. I have before me at this moment a compass made in the time of Louis XIII. It responds as readily as ever: its magnetized needle oscillates feverishly when it is moved in the slightest degree, and points with a sort of love toward the north pole. What is magnetism? What is this property which has lasted for three hundred years? With what inherent quality has the steel needle been endowed?

What is universal attraction?

The degree in which the worlds attract one another has long since been calculated by astronomers. Attraction between spirits, invisible communication and telepathy are quite as real. Some day the force of this attraction will be rigorously calculated. And there is nothing to prove that psychic communication will not be established between the worlds: between Mars or Venus and the earth, between the various earths of the heavens.

This work has proved, it appears to me, that spirit rules all, from the smallest molecule to human intelligence; I had already demonstrated this.¹ All is contiguous, but the world of thought is not the world of matter, and we must repeat, for the hundredth time, that materialism is an erroneous

¹ *Dieu dans la nature* (1886).

and untenable theory. Mental attributes such as the power of judging, of reflecting, of affirming, of deciding, are not dependent on a mechanical combination of molecules of iron or carbon. The world of thought is not like this. Nor could any collection of molecules succeed in even working out the simple calculation that two and two make four, or that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles. Yes, the materialistic doctrine is erroneous. If we assume that the universe is ruled by forces that are unconscious, blind, and hostile, this leads to the conclusion that all life will finally be annihilated because of the cooling of the earth and the dissipation of energy, while a belief in spirits leads us to grant the existence of an intelligent guiding force—a safeguard of the Ideal—and a progressive evolution of all beings. And, as a matter of fact (let us ask it again), what is matter, really? The difference between a block of ice and a cloud is only a difference in their state; the nature of them is not dissimilar. The word *matter* is but a word. An analysis of what matter really consists of makes it take on, to-day, fantastically intricate aspects. It would appear, from rigorous calculations and extremely precise experiments, that a milligram of radium contains two million trillions of atoms! What can the size of an atom be? The atom, in turn, is revealed as a world in itself, a system of forces. May not an “immaterial” soul be an atomic world? Matter and energy become one. This is what Pythagoras said (we quoted him at the beginning of this very volume). The visible universe is composed of invisible elements.

All is still to be looked into. But how unprepared humanity is for a complete investigation of things! Mankind as a whole does not live in the sphere of the spirit.

It follows that it is not possible to convince every one. In fact, our earthly human kind is not wholly intelligent. It is not ruled by pure reason; it is still a little barbarous, a little animal, we might say. General Berthaut, a man of

great mental vigor and wide erudition, wrote me one day: "Yes, this human kind of ours, supposedly logical, is stupid. I can still see Colonel de la Tour d'Auvergne, standing, in 1870, on the field of battle. Crossing his arms as death mowed down all those about him, he cried, 'Good God! how silly it all is!'"

With two or three exceptions out of every thousand human beings, we must acknowledge that we are living on a planet of brutes. Our earthly race, far from having reached an age of reason, is hardly more than four or five years old. People are children, unconsciously ferocious; they find amusement in cutting the heads off flies, in making innocent animals suffer; they think that war, which is infamous and the heritage of the beasts, is a divine institution and will endure forever. Yes, it will endure as long as men are fools.

Must we, on this account, despair of progress?

Analytical research will require much time, above all in the realm of the psychic. We must applaud every attempt.

The special problem which we have gone into deeply in this work has been probed and discussed numerous times, in particular by spiritists. Monsieur Léon Denis, a writer who is sincere, eloquent, and persuasive, published in 1890 a remarkable book entitled "*Après la mort: exposé de la philosophie des Esprits*" ("After Death: An Exposition of the Philosophy of Spirits"). It was widely read and ran through a large number of editions. It is a sort of new bible, founded on spiritism. I considered myself justified in giving the name "After Death" to the third part of this trilogy; I told the author of the aforementioned work, whom I have the honor of numbering among my friends, that it would be impossible to confuse his book with mine, since mine is the third part of a longer work, and is an independent scientific discussion, in which spiritism enters only as something to be investigated and not as a doctrine. I think that mediumistic research must not be disdained, must not be considered

illusory and valueless (this accusation is often made), but that it is far from having solved the problem. There is no connection between the work which I have had the pleasure of mentioning and the present work. Out of the four hundred and thirty pages which make up Léon Denis's book, one hundred and eighty are given over to an exposition of the various religions, from those of ancient India to Christianity, and the two hundred and fifty other pages are dedicated to the teachings of spiritism considered as a religion. It is a noble ethical and religious dissertation and is, above all, a work in which feeling predominates.

In the present work we have been careful not to abandon the experimental method; careful to remain within the realm of pure science.

The objection is often made that there is a possibility of illusions, of wrong impressions, of hallucinations; I believe that I have answered all such objections. To deny everything would be highly absurd. Unless we reject all human testimony, it is not possible to doubt narrations that are sufficiently well authenticated. Indeed, there are not many historical facts or scientific phenomena which are vouched for by so great a number of witnesses. To suppose that all these people were "woolgathering," had hallucinations, or were the dupes of their imagination—such a hypothesis is absolutely untenable.

We have before us a problem to be solved; the solution of it is so difficult, the problem is so obscure that in general people prefer not to face it, to deny everything. But not to admit the authenticity of occurrences because one is incapable of explaining them, presupposes, really, an ingenuousness no longer in fashion. What are we *really* explaining? Are we not always halted by a question-mark? But facts are facts; there is no escaping that. The skepticism of uncompromising deniers seems as strange and as lacking in logic as that of certain believers, who are familiar with

astronomical truths and know that the earth revolves around the sun; know the importance of this heavenly body; know that the distance from the earth of millions of suns has been measured; know about the Milky Way, the star-strewn immensities, and yet continue to believe that our planet is the ethical center and the goal of creation, and that the starry universe was created for the dweller on this tiny ant-hill. But most physiologists reason in this way, because they cannot discover a soul with their scalpels.

No one has the right to affirm that the dead never come back, that ghosts are always illusory, and that all apparitions are the products of erroneous impressions. We do not die (as was proved recently, in his treatise, by Monsieur Chevreuil, one of the most indefatigable of our contemporary psychologists). But what we may state with certainty is that manifestations of the dead are not a part of the normal course of nature and that they constitute extremely rare exceptions.

Life beyond the grave must be regarded as entirely separate from ours, from a physical point of view. The two spheres are dissimilar, and our mortal eyes cannot behold the other world.

By watching the course of events we see that *in general* the dead do not come back, and that manifestations from the other side of the grave are exceptional. We may regret this with regard to the administering of justice and the correction of errors in the teaching of history—in particular cases as well as in general. But it is a fact.

The ethical world is governed by laws, as is the physical world; but we do not know these laws. Everything still awaits investigation. It is a world very different from ours, and we, with our earthly ideas, should like to see it conducted on different principles. After certain crimes, should not spirits protest, reveal, take vengeance? (We are astonished, for example, to mention a recent case, that the

eleven women and the youth murdered by Landru remained unalterably dumb during this long trial of a vain and infamous monster.) Such silence on the part of victims is—let us not deny it—one of the great objections which our honest investigation finds in its way. Unfortunately, psychic phenomena always come unsought; we wish for them in vain. It is a question of *observation* and not of *experiment*, a difference which is almost always forgotten.

These phenomena are spontaneous; they are witnessed; they are not deliberately produced. Several professors at the Sorbonne and at the Collège de France are declaring that an occurrence is authentic only if it can be reproduced in a laboratory. Such reasoning is absolutely fallacious. We cannot reproduce, experimentally, a shooting-star, an aërolite, a storm, an electrical disturbance, or a sun-spot. I will go farther and add that the impossibility of authenticating a metaphysical occurrence does not justify us in denying that it actually took place. A celebrated physician told me that a woman who was in his care grew seriously ill and almost died as a result of a psychic manifestation on the part of some one dead. But it seems that she refused, obstinately, to allow her name to be mentioned in connection with the story, which remained, of necessity, anonymous. We must take things as they are.

If, therefore, on the one hand, the immortality of the soul has been proved positively, the fact has been brought out, on the other, that these occurrences which prove it are rare, exceptional, and often incomprehensible. But—let us repeat it—it is not important from the standpoint of reality whether or not we understand a thing, whether or not we can explain it. Are there indubitable manifestations of the dead?—yes, or no? This was the question which we asked. We have answered it in the affirmative.

Judging by the occurrences as a whole, we gain an impression that visible manifestations of the dead are rare.

But who can prove to us that spirits do not act upon our minds, and that thoughts which seem our own are not caused by them, in certain cases? Beings whom we love may be near us without our suspecting it, and may, though we know nothing of it, act upon our souls, which are attuned to theirs.

An invisible world surrounds us; unknown forces are more numerous than known forces; science is merely at its dawn, and—let us repeat it—what we know is but a tiny island in the midst of an unexplored ocean. During the last quarter of a century, unexpected discoveries in the realms of physics and occultism have made us guess the existence of regions hitherto unsuspected; since we are now better informed, we shall be able to explore them from this time on. For centuries, our minds have slumbered too deeply on the pillow of indifference offered us by the recognized sciences.

We must not expect to enter into relations with the dead under the same conditions as with the living. They have no material bodies, endowed with physical senses. They are different beings, in a different world. Communication between the living and the dead is of the most varied and enigmatical nature.

In this work we have always stressed actual occurrences, not metaphysical reasoning, not philosophic or religious considerations nor sentimental inductions. Eventually all these must be brought into harmony with the new facts; but the positive experimental method must continue to be our guide.

Now that it has been proved that death does not annihilate human beings and that they continue to live on, we should like to know what substance they consist of, where they exist, whether they are happy, whether they continue their relations with us.

Yes, these questions must now be asked. Where are these souls? Do they remain in communication with the beings whom they loved? What do they do? What becomes of them? Do they go far away from the earth? Do they oc-

cupy a determinable sphere? By what means do they manifest themselves? Are they immortal? Are they reincarnated? Does the multiplicity of the soul's existences complete the doctrine of the multiplicity of inhabited worlds? All these are further problems, supplementary to our first problem; they could not be taken up until it had been considered. Can they be solved by the scientific method which enabled us to solve the initial problem? All these are questions like those which we have just looked into; I should be particularly happy if I could solve them, as well. I must ask my readers to take into consideration the fact that we had to begin at the beginning—that is to say, *by first proving the existence of the soul after death.*

Since this main point has been settled, we shall now try to elucidate some few of these questions. But before beginning this attempt we must bear in mind the fact that we shall not be able to attain the same certainty that we did in the case of the existence of the soul, and that we shall, doubtless, succeed in solving only a small part of a mystery that has until now been impenetrable.

In the first place, the accounts of occurrences given in this work show us that our loved ones who have died remain for some time in our mental environment, and manifest themselves when circumstances are propitious, though to them time and space are not what they are to us, and though they live in the fourth dimension, in hyperspace. Material manifestations do not take place easily, and are rare, but psychic impressions may be frequently transmitted. Reincarnation, which would seem to be the general law, does not take place immediately. Perhaps the higher spirits soar, of themselves, and without any delay, to the other worlds for which their evolution has fitted them. The ethical world, as we have said, is governed by laws, as is the physical world.

We have proved that manifestations of the dead are unquestionable. But how can we understand the manner in

which a dead person acts upon a living person? This requires extended and complex investigation. I should like to remind readers that I had made this my subject of inquiry when I wrote "*Uranie*" (1889), and that I tried to sum up my conclusions in the following terms:

Must we admit that in these apparitions the dead person's spirit really took on bodily form? It does not seem necessary to assume this. In our dreams we believe that we see persons who are in reality not before our eyes, which, as a matter of fact, are closed. We see them perfectly, as distinctly as in broad daylight. We speak to them, we listen to them, we converse with them; we have an impression that we are really living through certain scenes. Assuredly, it is neither our retina nor our optic nerve which sees them, any more than it is our ears which hear them. It is a question of our brain-cells alone.

Certain apparitions may be subjective, within us. In this case, the being who manifests himself acts, from a distance, on the being who perceives, and this influence on the percipient's brain determines the inner vision, which seems exterior, as in dreams. But this vision, while subjective, is neither chimerical nor illusory.

The investigations conducted recently through experiments in the phenomena of suggestion, hypnotism, and somnambulism put us on the road not to an explanation, perhaps, but at least to a rational admission of a certain number of facts. In these cases, one mind influences another, beyond a doubt. Certainly the soul is not actually borne from one place to another, and does not really take on the aspect of a person whose clothes were made by a tailor or a dressmaker. And there is no being before the percipient; no being with an overcoat more or less ample, a dress or a cloak, and the various accessories of masculine or feminine dress; no being with a cane or an umbrella. But, without a doubt, the spirit which is to appear acts directly upon the mind of the percipient and effects it in such a way that the percipient believes he sees, hears, and even touches a person appearing in the exact form in which he (the percipient) knew him.

Just as a thought, a recollection gives rise, in our minds, to an image which may be very clear and vivid—in this same way a be-

ing, acting upon another being, may transmit to him an image which will give him a momentary illusion of reality. These phenomena are now obtained experimentally in investigations of hypnotism and suggestion, investigations which are still in their first stages but which yield nevertheless results worthy of the closest attention, from a psychological as well as a physiological point of view. It is not the retina which is affected, but the optic centers of the brain; these are played upon by psychic forces. It is the actual mentality which is influenced. In what way? We do not know.¹

I still agree with what I wrote at that time. I continue to think as I did then, after more than thirty consecutive years of experiments, and this interpretation has been confirmed and elaborated by the progress of the psychic sciences, by the prodigious discoveries of Hertzian waves, of the wireless telegraph and telephone, and by the new phenomena observed in the fields of telepathy and thought-transmission.

One mind may act upon another, from a distance. This mental action results, in the receiving brain, in a mental image which seems objective.

There is, really, no clothing, nor is there any body, even an ethereal or astral body; there is merely a cerebral impression which results in an image. The image which we see in a mirror is not real, though it seems so, at first sight, to a child or a dog.

As the fact that there may be suggestion from one incarnate mind to another incarnate mind is admitted to-day in scientific theories, is it rational to refuse to admit that the soul, freed from the material bonds of the body, may possess the same faculties, since its survival has been proved?

Is it over-bold to suppose that a bodiless soul may manifest itself to an incarnate soul, and may make this incarnate soul perceive a form, an aspect known or unknown to the percipient?

¹ *Uranie*, p. 236

My readers may have seen the following (in the year 1900) in "*L'Inconnu*," on the subject of apparitions:

It is not necessary to suppose that the soul of the dying person leaves its sphere and is borne to the subject affected. There may be only a radiation, a kind of energy still unknown, an ether-vibration, a wave coming in contact with a brain and giving it an illusion of external reality. All the objects which we see, in fact, are perceptible to us only through images and reach our minds only as images.¹

What we conceived of intuitively in 1900, has been actually shown to be true, to-day.

Through a historical coincidence worthy of attention, our present metaphysical conclusions synchronize with one of the most marvelous discoveries of physical science: the radio telegraph and telephone. A performance, a concert, a speech may be seen and heard, when we are hundreds of kilometers away; they may be gathered in by a receiving apparatus, without being transmitted by any wire whatsoever. In the open ocean the passengers and crew of a ship may see and hear a performance being played and sung in Paris. I had dared to predict this progress in "*Lumen*" (in 1866), on page 273, where the following may be found: "The telephoneoscope makes all the most important or the most interesting happenings known everywhere. A play given in Chicago or in Paris, is heard and seen in all the cities of the world." The genius of inventors has made such progress possible in our times—progress which I had thought of as taking place only in future centuries—and, to-day, makes us begin to understand telepathic transmission, which was denied only a few years ago.

We may now try to discover what apparitions consist of, since their authenticity has been proved. What is their nature? Are phantoms *real*?

¹ *L'Inconnu*, p. 276.

In the first place, what is reality? What is our criterion of reality?

The usual answer is: "That which is *objective*, outside ourselves, is real; that which is *subjective*, a product of our own sensations, is not real."

This definition is highly debatable. An inner sensation may correspond to reality, above all with regard to psychic occurrences. A friend who has just died at a distance, *appears to you*, in a dream or otherwise, announces his death, tells you that he has been drowned, crushed beneath a train, or murdered. He is dripping with water, or you can see his wounds; in a word, his image corresponds to reality. We have had a large number of examples of this. These are subjective impressions, but real.

The first half of the definition is equally debatable. We are told that that which is objective, outside ourselves, is real. But in what consists the reality of the rainbow which you see, which you measure, which you analyze, which you take a photograph of? It is but an optical phenomenon. Your neighbor sees a rainbow different from the one you see; your left eye does not see the same one as your right eye. In what, then, does the reality of the rainbow lie? Or that of a landscape depicted by the atmosphere, in the form of a mirage? The stick which, when you thrust it into the water, is broken by refraction, furnishes merely an example of an illusion. Et cetera.

Our reasoning must be guided by such considerations as these.

Yes, phantoms are real. But in what does their reality lie?

Madame Ballet-Gallifet's father, who had been dead for two years, really appeared to his daughter, to his son-in-law, and to their dog, in their house in Lyons (Chapter I, page 16). Robert Mackenzie really appeared to tell his employer that he had not committed suicide (page 26). The young

woman who died of the cholera in St. Louis, and whose face had been scratched by her mother when she was being attired for the funeral, really appeared to her brother, in broad daylight (page 32). Monsieur Castex-Dégrange's aunt actually saw her woman friend, in a costume of which the aunt knew nothing (Chapter II, page 52). Russell, a member of the church choir, really appeared, with a roll of music in his hand, to his colleague, who did not know of his death (page 64). The Colorado Indian was actually seen, at Interlaken, by Mrs. Bishop (page 67). Mrs. Bellamy's friend really appeared to Mr. Bellamy (page 69). A father really appeared to his daughter to ask her to pay a debt of which she was ignorant (Chapter III, page 77); there was the same sort of apparition in the case of Count Czacki (page 78). Mrs. Simpson's friend really appeared to her, and asked her to pay a small debt (page 79). The voice of a father was really heard by his daughter—a voice which revealed the secret whereabouts of a sum of money (page 84). Drisko, the captain of a ship, was actually saved by his friend Burton just as his ship was about to be wrecked (page 91). Michael Coulay really appeared to his daughter, in the clothing in which he had been dressed for burial (page 94). The Copenhagen teacher really saw her husband (Chapter IV, page 119). The child of seven really saw his father (page 120). A young man actually heard his friend speak—a friend who had just committed suicide (page 122). Rosa, the young Italian woman, really appeared, after her death, to Mademoiselle Hosmer (page 126). Mademoiselle Stella actually saw, in her room, her friend who had just died (page 127). Mrs. Tweedale actually showed herself to her grandson and her son (Chapter V, page 133). Bard the gardener actually saw Madame de Fréville (page 141). The Albany doctor really saw a young woman, who had just died, crossing his room (page 143). Madame Boullier, in Cherbourg, actually saw Madame

Arondel, who had been dead for some hours (page 154). The little Gayraud boy really saw his little girl friend, who had died the day before (page 161). Count Ubaldo Beni really appeared to his wife, to tell her about his murderer (Chapter VI, page 170). A young man who had been buried for two days was really seen by his sister, walking along before her (page 189). Monsieur Basset really saw, on a road, the phantom of a man who had been dead for a month (Chapter VII, page 212). Et cetera. We might go on in this way to the end of the volume. It would be useless to give a recapitulation of these hundreds of pages.

It is absolutely clear that these were neither illusions nor the products of the observers' minds. Phantoms of the dead exist, show themselves, manifest themselves. They are seen in full face, in profile, obliquely, and reflected in mirrors, in perfect accord with the laws of perspective. We may even think that certain of them are more or less material, like the doubles of the living which we investigated, for photographs have been taken of them (I have unquestionable proofs of this). They are, therefore, similar in certain aspects to living persons.

We have realized, on the other hand, how difficult it is to understand the transition from the visible world to the invisible world, even from the essentially materialistic angle of the atomic state. What we call matter is a visible and ponderable collection of invisible and imponderable atoms. One and the same substance may be in turn visible and invisible, the difference being effected in a lapse of a few minutes. Observe the formation of a summer cloud, and its dissipation into the blue, and you will be convinced of the possibility of this metamorphosis. Fire consumes a fragment of matter and reduces it to vapor, to invisible and imponderable molecules. Air, water, carbon, nitrogen, and the other elements are palpable in the living bodies which they have formed, as well as in inorganic substances. To our eyes, to our senses,

a fragment of marble, a piece of iron, a human being, an animal, a tree, is solid, compact, unyielding. In the case of electricity, the air offers resistance, while metal is a conductor. To minds superior to ours, endowed with other means of perception, this solid matter may seem unreal, while thoughts may be the only things real to their habitual perceptions. And this is not a purely groundless hypothesis: in that part of terrestrial nature which we perceive directly—in the animal world and, in particular, in the insect world, though we class animals and insects as inferior beings—we note faculties very superior to ours. These faculties are markedly different from those of human beings; they are disconcerting and incomprehensible. The least imaginative entomologists attest that such powers have been scientifically observed, and that they are marvelous and inexplicable.

That there is a psychic world, invisible yet real, would seem to me proved unquestionably for all future time. Doubtless, we are now committing:

The unpardonable sin of being right too soon,
but the problem will be solved in the near future.

The particular occurrences investigated in this work have shown us unquestionable physical phenomena: furniture moved, blows struck, bells rung, objects broken, et cetera. The preceding pages are full of such things. Often these noises, these rappings inside furniture, this ringing of bells, these chairs and dishes being moved, these steps that are heard, astonish us by their trivial nature. But should we base our beliefs concerning the future life on the descriptions of Plato, of Confucius, of Buddha, of Jesus? Should we think of normal life beyond the grave as going on in a world only of noble minds, of thinkers? On the day after their death are men very different from the men they were the day before? We know the worth of the great majority of them, from equatorial Africa to the poles.

We have a tendency to think that the dead are superior to the living, a tendency to see in them theosophists taught by Zoroaster, Manu, and Krishna, making conscious progress toward nirvana, and learned in the doctrines of Karma. Such an idea is erroneous. There is no testimony to prove this superiority. Take most of the dwellers on our planet, more than half of them: what can these be after death? How many human beings are there who feed their bodies greedily, but who never nourish their minds? It cannot be denied that there are very few who do otherwise. In such cases the human machine is controlled by a soul smothered in matter.

I often pass the door of a ruddy-faced wine-merchant, and always see him pouring out more or less adulterated drinks for groups of drunkards, and listening to their various political squabbles. Oaths and disputes have free sway, to the joy of the speakers. What will all those people be the day after their death?

And the millions of peasants who have never thought of anything, whose horizon is bounded by a nut-shell? And the innumerable vulgar simpletons of great cities? In a word, all the stupid, illiterate elements, all the useless or harmful persons? Look at the idlers, the actors, the dancers, the boxing enthusiasts, the petty stock-jobbers, the gamblers, the pleasure-seekers, the prostitutes; people who do nothing, who think of nothing but their own engrossing selves; these intellectual and moral nullities—all these beings who are blind and deaf in the midst of the varied spectacles offered by nature, in the midst of human evolution and the prodigious discoveries of science! They live on the snobbishness found everywhere, on material appetites that are ever unsatiated, ignorant of everything and totally indifferent to the search for truth (there are souls of animals which are superior to those of certain men). We may ask ourselves in just what their immortality lies.

An erroneous impression, the origin of which is lost in the night of time, and which successive religions have handed down for thousands of years, has perpetuated the idea that bodiless souls, by the mere fact of having left the flesh, become perfect, pure spirits. This is a false doctrine similar to the one which teaches that the sky is a beatific abode unchanged by any shadow, any disturbance, though we know from modern astronomy that the immensity of the skies is the scene of tremendous cataclysms. We perceive this constantly with our telescopes.

When the human soul leaves earthly life, it does not become angelic. Death cannot make any man omniscient. The state of the soul on the day after death cannot be very different from its state on the day before death, as we have already remarked. The ignorant man cannot take on knowledge which he did not acquire, nor can the simpleton become intelligent. The guillotine does not make a saint of a bandit. We may conclude from this that, for the most part, the dead are not intellectual, are not superior to most of the living.

On this earth, taken as a whole, nearly a hundred thousand human beings die in a day. The great majority of these dead beings are unconscious monads. The atmosphere is full of them.

It would appear that souls still at a low stage of evolution—in an embryonic state, so to speak—remain for some time in the atmosphere, and that the vast majority of them are unconscious. They constitute a cosmic environment of diffused consciousness. This mingles at times, and under certain conditions, with the individual, subconscious minds of the living, and, in the case of mediums, manifests itself in various spiritistic phenomena. If this is true—and it would seem very probable—we should have to change markedly our conception of the composition of the atmosphere. Simple chemical analysis would no longer suffice. We should have to make out a list such as the following:

Nitrogen	78.1.
Oxygen	20.9.
Watery vapor	(variable according to location and temperature).
Hydrogen	(increases with altitude; considerable quantities 300 kilometers above sea-level).
Carbonic acid	0.03.
Argon	0.00937.
Neon	0.0015.
Helium	0.0005.
Krypton	0.0001.
Xenon	0.000005.
Innumerable, invisible bacilli, by the billion.	
Ions, electrons, dynamic atoms.	
Psychic elements, which cannot be measured.	

(A long time must elapse before the last line of the foregoing can be set down in scientific treatises.)

We do not live merely in a material way, but are surrounded by a mental environment which influences our physical and moral well-being. Many incidents in our lives, which we attribute to chance, are not fortuitous.

There are psychic currents which may be likened to aërial and magnetic currents; their existence is shown by very numerous and exact coincidences. The old adage that "ideas are in the air" is not far from the truth.

The psychic elements which we spoke of a short time ago manifest themselves in particular in spiritistic experiments. I should like to give, word for word, the following statements, made by Primot¹:

To scientific observations, which bear each other out, on the part of Aksakoff, Myers, and Carl du Prel, I can add my own personal observations. In the course of the numerous mediumistic experiments which I have made (more than three hundred) with mediums of different temperaments and aptitudes (one of them went into

¹ *Psychologie d'une Conversion*, p. 671.

a trance each time and was a remarkable subject of study) I have never been able to obtain, though I asked for them at each experiment, any exact and coherent replies as to the form and conditions of life in the Beyond. Most of the time I was given information hopelessly meaningless. Very often, the spirit answered that the inhabitants of the other world were forbidden to make revelations of this nature. And when, by chance, he deigned to drop his customary triviality, it was to dictate sentences and statements more or less philosophic, some of which were not lacking in power or in literary value, but which never passed beyond the bounds of what the subconscious mind of a cultivated man could have thought of or suggested, and which, in any case, never told us anything that we should have liked to know as to the future life.

Nevertheless, it will be admitted that if there is any one subject on which a disembodied spirit might help us by giving us interesting and unlooked-for information, it is assuredly this subject of survival after death. It would even seem that this should be his chief concern and that he should spare no pains to give precise replies to those who question him on such important matters; replies which should bear the stamp of mystery, originality, and extraneousness, so to speak, which we would be justified in expecting from a spirit who has become a stranger to our terrestrial preoccupations, and who lives in a world very different from ours. Take the case of a traveler who has returned from the polar regions: has he nothing better to talk of to his friends and relatives than the unimportant news of the day and the trivialities of ordinary life?

When we consider, moreover, the motives which inspire and appear to govern the apparitions of phantoms, we see, likewise, that it is almost always terrestrial preoccupations, terrestrial monoideisms which absorb completely the very limited field of consciousness through which they manifest themselves. These preoccupations are like those of hypnotic suggestion, which also absorbs, entirely, the field of consciousness, equally limited, of a hypnotized person, and renders him insensitive to any other influence but that of the hypnotist.

It is the same with the disembodied spirit when it manifests itself through a medium. The field of consciousness which the medium displays in this manifestation, must be, like that of the

phantom, very limited, and is most often made up only of earthly recollections. The spirit's real personality, the personality which results from his new state in the Beyond, would appear to have no part in it. And it is precisely because this is true that, in France, disembodied spirits—unless it is the medium himself or those with him who play this part unconsciously—teach the doctrine of successive reincarnations, while those in America, on the contrary, condemn this doctrine. Both groups of spirits are sincere: all have found such beliefs among their earthly recollections. The reincarnationist, for example, has remembered the works of Allan-Kardee or other French spiritists whose books he might have read when he was alive, or else such things were discussed in the circles which he frequented. The anti-reincarnationist remembers certain books or the discussions in American spiritist circles where a belief in reincarnation is usually condemned (because of the negroes).

Our conclusion, after considering these various circumstances, is as follows: That part of the personality of the deceased which, in mediumistic séances, manifests itself and reaches us, is, generally speaking, but a reflection of the total consciousness: one of those transitory and fragmentary states of being which the study of hypnotism has allowed us to perceive and to define; a condition fed by terrestrial memories. It is a sort of dim dream on the part of the disembodied spirit.

It is not to be doubted, however, that intelligent forces exist around us. When, in spiritistic séances, we ask that our hands or our foreheads be touched, we feel this contact exactly in the spot designated. There is no hesitation, even in total darkness. Du Prel relates that, during a spiritistic séance in Vienna, he asked, *mentally*, that his left ear be pulled, and, since he felt nothing, that his nose be pulled: still nothing. Then he asked that his right ear be pulled. Thereupon, his left ear, his nose and his right ear were pulled consecutively, without any hesitation, and with as much assurance as if it had been done by some one who could see clearly. I know personally of fifty phenomena of this same sort.

The psychic world which is still to be discovered is immense and illimitable.

Many conceptions have been formed as to the state of the soul after death and the future life: by the Aryans in the time of Rama; by the Asiatics in the time of Zoroaster; by the Greeks in the time of Homer, of Hesiod, of Pythagoras, of Plato; by the Pharaohs known to us through excavations; the Hebrews in the time of Moses; the Hindus in the time of Buddha; the Druids in the time of the Gallic dolmens; Jesus Christ and the gospels; Mohammed and the Koran; the Swedenborgians; the spiritists; the theosophists; the scientists of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. There have been descriptions of the Elysian Fields, of paradise, of hell, of purgatory, of limbo, of the abode of the dead, of the astral plane, of ethereal journeys, of palingenesis, of reincarnation, of the multiplicity of the existences of the soul: a whole unexplored universe has been created, in comparison with which the suggestive bits of sculpture of our cathedrals are but an inadequate anthropomorphic representation. Is it possible to bring some clarity into these more or less hazy conceptions?

Analysts enumerate about fifty religions, or, rather, about fifty distinct religious beliefs, each with its own particular dogma as to the future life. These religions are not in agreement, nor do they agree with the little positive science which we may possess. But let us not forget the noteworthy pronouncement of a deep thinker, Claude Bernard: "I am fully persuaded," he wrote, "that a day will come when the physiologist, the poet, and the philosopher will speak the same language, and when all of them will agree." And let us join Edouard Schuré in regretting that science and religion are two mutually hostile and irreconcilable forces; such a state of things should not prevail. Two truths cannot be reciprocally opposed. Men know only what they have learned. We know, for example, that the earth makes a complete rotation in twenty-four hours and a complete revo-

lution about the sun in a year. These are facts; they are incontestable, proved up to the hilt. That which positive science has definitely proved is unshakable. We are justified in thinking that religious ideas will undergo a progressive evolution and that the conflicts between religion and science, rendered famous by Spencer and the other rationalists, will vanish like the fogs of dawn at the rising of the summer sun.

Louis Eblé, a distinguished author, wrote, some years ago, a discerning book¹ which aimed to show that modern science cannot teach us what the future life is, but that there can be no doubt as to the reality of that future life. This work was published in 1904. Have the investigations of the last twenty years shed any more light?

“Where are the souls of the dead?” people ask.

The various religions present various views as to the future life. Those Christians who are Protestants have taken over heaven and hell; Catholics have set purgatory between the two. The Jews refrain from putting forward a definite conception, while retaining the angels; the Mohammedans hope, rather, for a sensual paradise; the Buddhists see nirvana on destiny's celestial horizon; the Greeks had their Elysian Fields and their Tartarus; the Egyptians had their Amenti, and believed in doubles. At bottom, all these conceptions are anthropomorphic.

In the reliefs on Gallo-Roman tombs, we often see the moon represented by a crescent (to see these one should visit the Langres museum, in particular), and the idea that the souls of the dead might be borne to the moon prevailed for a long time. Upon the rise of the Christian religion, its followers immediately opposed this conception, and we frequently read the following denial in the homilies of the first centuries of our era: “*Nec in lunam incolant*” (“They do not dwell on the moon”).

¹ *La Vie future devant la sagesse antique et la science moderne* (Paris, 1904).

The question of an abiding-place does not apply to souls as it does to bodies. The spirit does not occupy any definite spot. But let us acknowledge that it is impossible for us to conceive of any form, any aspect of a future life which is dissociated from our senses.

Christians ask themselves, very naturally, where their dead loved ones are; they try to form a conception of the place where they may dwell. This is because they have been brought up with the ideas and according to the imagery of the ancient theological astronomy of the time of the Apostles, the Apocalypse, the Evangelists, and the church fathers. By this doctrine there is a paradise for the good, the saints, and the angels; this conception of things includes the descent of Jesus into hell, the Ascension, the Assumption, the Trinity, the singing bands of the chosen. It is difficult, not to say impossible, to rid ourselves of terrestrial ideas of time and space.

Nevertheless, the soul, withdrawn from human life, is free from all these restrictions of the material world.

Astronomy has always been connected with philosophic and religious speculations as to the future life. It could not be otherwise. The physical world is the framework of the spiritual world. That these two divisions of thought should be associated is inevitable. What does the expression "to be in the sky" mean? Everything is in the sky. The earth on which we live is a heavenly body in the sky, like Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Sirius, or Vega. Dante's spheres, the choirs of the Cherubim, the thrones and the heavenly hosts, the band of the chosen, the supreme domination of the Trinity—all these can no longer be accepted save in symbolic form. Eternal life has nothing to do with all this. We know to-day that nothing in the universe is either "up" or "down." A representation of Christ's ascension had a meaning when people believed that the earth was flat and at the bottom of the universe, that hell was in the lower

regions (*ad inferos*), and that the sky was above. This representation no longer has any significance, since, twelve hours afterward, by this way of thinking, Jesus would fall vertically, head downward.

What is the sky, then? It is universal space; to us it is the Milky Way. Our planet is a tiny village of this Milky Way; our sun is one of its stars; it is composed of a billion suns. According to modern calculations it may have a diameter anywhere up to three hundred thousand light years, each of these years corresponding to nine thousand four hundred and sixty-seven billion kilometers!

The reliefs on our beautiful Gothic churches show us, everywhere, representations of the Christian universe, of the last judgment, of heaven and hell; these can correspond to no reality.

For centuries and centuries Christian doctrines have taught the resurrection of the body. *Credo resurrectionem carnis*. It is an article of faith. In his Epistle to the Romans, Saint Paul said (viii, 11): "But if the Spirit of him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, he that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by his Spirit that dwelleth in you." Belief was exacted—definite, unquestioning belief. It was actually that same body which lived, suffered, and enjoyed while on earth, that was to awaken and come to life again at the last judgment. Jesus was to appear in the East, announced by angels' trumpets; the dead were to rise from the earth, and graves were placed in such a way that, in arising, those brought back to life should face the east. Such was the admitted ordinance of Christian cemeteries. This custom has been abandoned since the passing away of faith, and to-day the bodies are buried in any position, just as the opening happens to be placed. Nor are churches built to face in any particular direction. But the principle of the *Credo* is absolute. Is as unquestionable as it is unacceptable. No educated, in-

telligent, and honest-minded man admits, any longer, the resurrection of the body, unless he humbles his knowledge before a self-contradictory dogma. Such ideas belong to another age.

As for the legend of the eternal torments of hell, where the bodies of the damned were to suffer without end, we may with difficulty conceive of the possibility of human reasoning having dictated the teachings of the church, when we read, in Bossuet's books, phrases such as this: "Thus ever living and ever dying, immortal that they may suffer, too strong to die, too weak to bear their pain, they shall wail eternally on beds of flame, racked by terrible and irremediable torments."

But that is what believers in a "Good God" judged him capable of doing when he created human souls! What an aberration, and what blasphemy!

Human bodies brought to life again! The idea is, in itself, indefensible. Life beyond the grave is spent under conditions altogether different from those of earthly life. There can be no assimilation of food. What would organisms made like ours be good for? It is a state without any connection with the vital needs of human beings on our planet. Assuredly, those in the other sphere are not slaves of their digestive tubes, like the coarse dwellers on earth. They have different bodies! Are they fluid beings? In this other world, there are no Adam and Eve, nor Mars, nor Venus: "*Neque nubent, neque nubentur*," says the gospel. But it is quite impossible for us to conceive of unknown forms, and, I repeat, it is entirely out of the question. Can we even imagine what the mentality of a soul freed from earthly impressions might be? The larva, if it were capable of reasoning, could not guess what the life of the butterfly might be, though the question of its own existence is involved. And as for memory, could the butterfly—supposing that it were endowed with a memory—have any recollection of its former state?

Despite difficulties, contradictions, and antitheses, let us note that the Christian religion is in agreement with Buddhism and its four hundred million believers in asking, in the prayer for the dead, for eternal repose. *Requiem æternam dona eis Domine!* This repose bears a great resemblance to nirvana, to annihilation.

But this immobility is found nowhere. The universe is a dynamism ruled by the spirit, and matter is but an appearance, since atoms are governed by energy. All is in movement, all is in flux in the infinite. God, the Unknowable, rules all, from the infinitely large to the infinitely small. The future life is a part of this whole. The designation "future life" is, moreover, relative and anthropomorphic, since what is the future for us, is now the present for those who lived before us, and since our "present" will be "past" in an approaching future. To put it in terms of the absolute, there is but an eternal present. Those who were alive a hundred years ago are now in "the future life" which has become the present for them, and in a hundred years that life, which is now the future for us, will be the present.

A fairly large number of occurrences would lead us to grant that all phenomena are permanent or simultaneous; that they take place in the midst of a universal soul to which our ideas of time are foreign. The future is seen. The past is also seen. It is as though there were a perpetual present.

In eternity, which stands still, time does not exist. Our conception of it is connected with the movements of the earth.

If we did not have a succession of years, of seasons, of days and nights, then there would be a motionless eternity instead of our calendar, instead of days, of hours, of minutes, of seconds.

In absolute space there is no time.

Each planet makes and measures its own time. Neptune's year equals one hundred and sixty-five of ours, Uranus's eighty-four of ours, Saturn's thirty, Jupiter's twelve. A

day on Mars lasts twenty-four hours and thirty-nine minutes; our days might last as long as that or longer, and to us they would still be days.

Considered in itself, time does not exist.

Since time has no real existence, the future, as well as the past, is the present. All occurrences are determined by the causes which produce them. The human will is a part of the forces at work in nature.

This is not a theory; these are facts. Readers of this work have learned as much through the large number of future happenings seen beforehand.

Metaphysical analysis, therefore, as well as scientific observation proves that time has no existence in itself, that occurrences may be seen beforehand, and that everything is in the present.

Since time does not exist, that which remains of us after death—the soul, the spirit, the psychic entity, whatever name one gives it and whatever its nature be—ceases to belong to what we call “time” when we are alive. To the thinking being, which may live on, there are neither years, nor days, nor hours. The relative gives way to the absolute.

That which underlies appearances, “the thing in itself” of which Kant speaks, the essence of things, has nothing in common with our ideas of the past or the future, and any happening may be as easily perceived before it takes place as afterward. To a being beyond the sphere of time, our terrestrial ideas of the past and the future wear different aspects. Yesterday and to-morrow are to-day.

Nevertheless, there is a continuity. What we call the survival of the soul must not be taken to mean merely the conservation of an indestructible psychic atom, with no consciousness of itself, but the persistence of a thinking entity, endowed with memory.

The soul is an invisible, impalpable, imponderable substance; it cannot be perceived under our physical conditions

of observation. Nor can our measurements of space be applied to it any more than our measurements of time. It may manifest itself over distances of hundreds and thousands of kilometers. The occurrences given in our three volumes prove this.

In a word, therefore, time and space, as, with our ideas of measurements, we conceive them to be, do not exist. It is a question of infinitude, of eternity. The distance from the earth to Sirius is no greater part of infinitude than that which lies between your left hand and your right. Electricity has already accustomed us to rapid transmissions over distances. Light rays do not take two seconds to cross the space between the earth and the moon. There are transmissions which may be called instantaneous. Time and space sometimes become one.

Nor is space, on the other hand, what it seems to us. Our measurements of a practical nature are in three dimensions: length, breadth, and thickness. But there is a fourth dimension; there is hyperspace. The force of gravitation, which is not exerted on surfaces but penetrates bodies; the electromagnetic energy of ether; molecular chemistry—all these reveal a fourth dimension. The apparitions which we have read of have their being in this fourth-dimensional space. We saw, among other accounts, how Alfonso of Liguori was borne from his convent in the Kingdom of Naples to the bedside of Pope Clement XIV, in Rome ("At the Moment of Death," page 35); how Saint Anthony of Padua, preaching in Montpellier, showed himself in his convent (*idem*, page 36); how Saint Catharine de' Ricci, in Prato, talked with Saint Philip of Neri in Rome (*idem*, page 36). We read of Mademoiselle Sagée's double (*idem*, page 40); of Sir Carne Raschse in the House of Commons (*idem*, page 47); of Mrs. Wilman (*idem*, page 48); of Miss Rhoda Clary (*idem*, page 55), et cetera. We have already made the assertion, based on precise scientific observations (*idem*, page

59), that "a man or a woman in good health may, in the form of a phantom, be in a spot other than that in which the normal body is." We might also cite proved calculations as well as these accounts, but this is not the place to discuss them. Everything, however, is in agreement in leading us to believe in the existence of a fourth dimension. An object or a man shut into a room by the four walls, the ceiling, and the floor, may leave that room. It would seem that the ultra-terrestrial life of the soul is passed in this fourth-dimensional space, already calculable by algebraic methods.

Do souls take on a form? What is Saint Paul's "spiritual body," the theosophists' "astral body," the occultists' "ethereal body"?

Cases in which "doubles" have appeared may be instructive to us. We made a special choice of certain examples of these in Volume II, and we have encountered them during the entire course of our work. There are, indubitably, three elements in a human being: the thinking soul, the fluid double, and the physical body. This double is governed by the soul and has been analyzed under more than one aspect. It was the double which, in the middle of the last century, Reichenbach studied under the name *Od*, a word taken from the Sanskrit, meaning "that which penetrates everywhere." The word does not mean ether, however. All psychists have the works of this writer in their libraries, as well as those of the man who continued his work, Colonel A. de Rochas. The odic body is the *aura* investigated by occultists, the human emanation visible to sensitives and even to certain normal eyes, after suitable preparation. It is this fluid which comes into play in experiments in levitation, in cases of apparitions, and of more than one posthumous manifestation. It survives molecular disintegration. When I was present at the experiments of my friend Colonel de Rochas, at the Polytechnic School, and also at those of Dr. Baraduc in his laboratory, we could not help thinking that the "doubles" inves-

tigated in our era were those which figured in the rites of the ancient Egyptian religion. Innumerable representations of them have been preserved, representations four thousand years old. These traditions would seem to have been lost.

Charles du Prel, a Bavarian savant (1839-99) of French extraction,¹ to whom the psychic sciences owe important investigations, reached the conclusion, after thirty years of study, that the soul is not spirit alone but a spirit that is joined to a transcendental body, which he likens to Reichenbach's Od. According to his way of thinking, this ethereal, odic body comes into play in hypnotic and spiritistic manifestations. It is the occultists' and the theosophists' "astral body," endowed with its own special forces. According to this theory it survives the physical organism, has a direct connection with the universal ether, can penetrate matter, and creates, at times, substantial phantoms such as those described by Crookes and other observers. This astral body exists during life (it is said) as well as after death. In this connection, it reminds us of Kant's idea that "after this life the human soul is bound simultaneously to two worlds" and that "when, at last, the union of the soul and the body ceases with death, the soul's life in the Beyond is the natural continuation of the affinity which it has already had with this Beyond." ("Dreams of a Seer," 20-25.)

If the human soul survives the physical organism, it existed before this physical organism; there is the same eternity behind us as before us. The fundamental objection made to this is that we remember nothing. It is not unanswerable, for every one of us is born with personal faculties which do not come from heredity, and, on the other hand, some people have more or less definite recollections of an unknown past.

¹ Le Prel is in the possession of the Saint-Claude Monastery (Franche-Comté). See du Prel's book *La Mort, l'Au-delà, la Vie dans l'Au-delà*, published by Madame Hæmmerlé and Colonel de Rochas (Paris, 1905).

Eternal life can be understood only according to the principle of reincarnation laid down by Pythagoras, Origen, Jean Reynaud, and so many other philosophers. We have not the space in the present volume in which to discuss this tremendous question, but we must accept the principle of reincarnation.

In our total ignorance, from a scientific point of view, of the conditions of ultra-terrestrial life, we can only make conjectures as to this life. We know, and shall know henceforth, that the soul exists. To admit this survival leads us to admit preëxistence. Earthly life is but a phase in the life of the spirit. The doctrine of reincarnation is, moreover, the only one which remains admissible after we have pondered all metaphysical considerations, and it is the oldest of definite religious beliefs. There must be both a previous existence and an after life.

The discussion of this great problem would take up a whole book. From the historical point of view alone we should have to go back to Origen, one of the most learned fathers of the Church, and still farther back—to Pythagoras, to Manu, to Buddha. The arguments in favor of preëxistence have indisputable value.¹ The principal argument is the inequality of human beings, from the time of their birth. There are mental inequalities which cannot be attributed to heredity, special aptitudes for sciences and arts, innate predispositions, and convictions dating from childhood, which could not have been acquired previously, in this life. Another argument is that people have recollections more or less vague, more or less precise, of things “already seen,” of sounds “already heard”; sensations that are most marked with certain men and women, and that are inexplicable save by the hypothesis of reincarnation.

¹ See, in particular, the book by André Pezzani, the laureate of the Institute, *La Pluralité des existences de l'âme, conforme à la doctrine de la pluralité des mondes* (1865): The chapter on Jean Reynaud, Henri Martin, Flammarion.

Each of us, I repeat, enters this world with special aptitudes, the origin of which cannot be found in heredity. I know a family in which there are five boys. They differ entirely, radically, as though they were of different races. A hundred, a thousand such examples might be given.

All accumulated memories of the past remain latent in the depths of us, in a subconscious mind independent of the brain. The memory of that which occurred in a former life is not recorded on the brain.

In our tastes, our preferences, our impressions, our intuitions, our dreams, our recollections, our sympathies, and our antipathies, it is the self which existed previous to terrestrial birth that emerges more or less vaguely.

One of my friends has, as a companion, a lovable and distinguished wife. Her disposition is unfailingly gay in normal, everyday life; she is a charming model of perpetual good humor. But her dreams are terribly sad and often so painful that they make her weep.

There are two beings in us from the point of view of memory; two memories which are usually combined but are at times perfectly distinct.

The chief objection made to the theory of preëxistence is that we have no precise recollections of our previous lives. Of what use is it to have lived if we cannot remember having done so? Is memory not the essence of personality? One may answer this objection by saying that upon entering earthly life, the physical organism brings with it new conditions and a brain endowed with new recording capacities for transitory memories. It may further be answered by the statement that we do not remember the thousandth part of what has happened since our birth, and that the soul's inherent memory cannot function except during its freedom in the intervals between incarnations. In our subconscious minds there is knowledge, there are thoughts which belong to our former existences, and cerebral thoughts born

of our present existence. The first are truer, deeper than the second and more firmly based on reality.

In the case of certain people, recollections of the occurrences of a former life have been very distinct. Our previous existences have been a preparation for the present life. The present life is a preparation for the existence to come.

The soul brings with it, in assuming bodily form, the aptitudes resulting from knowledge previously acquired. Among other child prodigies we might mention Pic de la Mirandole, Pascal, Mozart, and Saint-Saëns. Parents give physical life to their children, at birth, not intellectual and moral qualities.

I have often heard the objection that if reincarnation is a law of nature, communication with the dead is impossible. We may answer that, as a matter of fact, such communication occurs infrequently, but that in any case there is nothing to prove that reincarnation takes place, of necessity, at once. Since we know, as yet, almost nothing of this other world, all is still to be learned. Our present research will result in the complete transformation of the various religious doctrines as to the future life. The dead who communicate with us speak neither of paradise, nor of hell, nor the gardens of Islam, nor the Elysian Fields of the Greeks, nor the Hindu nirvana. We may say with Monsieur Alfred Benezech and with Conan Doyle that we are witnessing an intellectual movement which will revolutionize the trend of human thought,—the most important movement since the advent of Christianity.

From the philosophic and religious point of view, let us be Pythagoreans who have reappeared in the twentieth century, with its astronomical knowledge.

Whether definite or not, the belief in a future life dominates all nations, in spite of uncertainty and denial. Under some form or other, immortality allures human hopes, to-day as in the time of the Gauls and the Romans. Revolutions

have altered this in no way; Robespierre presided at the festival of the "Supreme Being," and, until recently, on the front of the church near my observatory in Juvisy could be read this inscription, in large letters: "The French people acknowledges the existence of God and the immortality of the soul." This soul is believed in in all latitudes. In Japan, at the present day (as was recently seen at the funeral of Lafcadio Hearn, the writer, in Tokio) little cages are opened, setting birds at liberty: a touching symbol of the flight of the soul from its terrestrial prison.

From existence to existence, psychic life lifts us by a progressive evolution. Each of us has been mineral matter, vegetable matter, and animal matter before becoming a man, and Man is not the last stage. We are, as yet, most inferior.

Our life after death will vary according to our preparations for it. We are what we make ourselves. The theosophists' Karma is real. Those who live only for matter and by matter will not enjoy the pleasures of the spirit. Plainly, voluptuaries, wedded to the flesh, will be disappointed; sensualists will long be delayed in their evolution. Spiritual progress is not the same for all. Reincarnation is bound up with intellectual and moral qualities.

There is no reason for thinking that the reincarnations of the human soul are limited to our planet. Nor is it unscientific to attribute to psychic monads the faculty of voyaging through the immensities of space, of passing from one planet to another—from the earth to Mars, Venus, or some other world. Science has recently demonstrated that ions and electrons are borne almost instantaneously across the one hundred and fifty million kilometers which lie between the earth and the sun. During the magnetic storms of the solar photosphere, the sun's ions reach us; they pull the needles of compasses out of their proper direction and cause disturbances of our terrestrial electricity.

Since there can be telepathic transmissions over vast distances, it would not be unreasonable for astronomers to hope, as we remarked above, that the day is perhaps not distant when psychic communication might be established between a planet of our solar system and the earth. As regards telepathy, space is non-existent. All these aspects cannot be gone into deeply. My readers had a glimpse of them in "Lumen," half a century ago.

The conclusions which we have reached are the result of independent, individual labor, carried on without predilection for any belief or any religious system.¹ It is noteworthy, from the historical point of view, that these conclusions are in conformity with the teachings of occultism, the esoteric traditions common to India, to Egypt, to Chaldea, to Persia, to Greece, to the Hebrews, to the Essenes, to Cabbalism, and to the alchemists of the middle ages.

Most of the subjects discussed in the chapters of these three volumes—doubles, telepathic transmissions, manifestations after death, and apparitions—we find in the Book of the Dead, in the Rig-Veda, in the Zend-Avesta, in the Buddhists' Tripitaka, in the Mahabharata, in the Laws of Manu, and in the Bible. We should be less surprised by this close relation between the ancient and modern perceptions of the same truth—conclusions reached at periods several thousand years apart and by methods wholly dissimilar—than was the first Jesuit missionary who arrived in China upon learning that the myth of a child god, born of a virgin, had been taught there for five thousand years.

Are we returning, therefore, in our twentieth century, to doctrines enunciated seven thousand years ago? Yes, and no. Yes, in the sense that the ancients knew more about these things than is generally supposed. No, in the sense

¹ The first precept of Pythagoras's *Golden Verses* may be translated as follows: "Let human beings devise their religions, but have your own."

that present scientific methods have brought practical confirmation and the beginning of an explanation.

* * *

Whatever additional information may be added to that gathered from the preceding occurrences, from this time on we may be certain—and our certainty is based on scientific proofs—that the soul survives after the last earthly breath has been drawn. *The soul is independent of the material organism and continues to live on after death.*

Assuredly, we are far from knowing everything. There are difficulties, obscurities, and enigmas which remain insoluble to our human faculties. Proofs of survival are rare and exceptional. A limitless, unknown region surrounds us: we have not attained to a knowledge of reality. If we approach it in some measure, let us be satisfied; instead of slumbering in the night we shall awaken at the dawn.

Since this is the first time that a work of the sort has been written, and since no mortal has been able, thus far, to lift the veil of Isis, I dare not claim to have entirely solved our tremendous problem; but I hope that the present work will not prove fruitless. I have only cleared the ground and opened a way for the new science. The future will pass judgment on the results of my efforts. We have acted upon the counsel of Jesus: "Seek, and ye shall find." However far future discoveries may carry us, the doctrines which we have acquired may henceforth be summed up in these words: The body dies. The soul lives on in the infinite and the eternal.

